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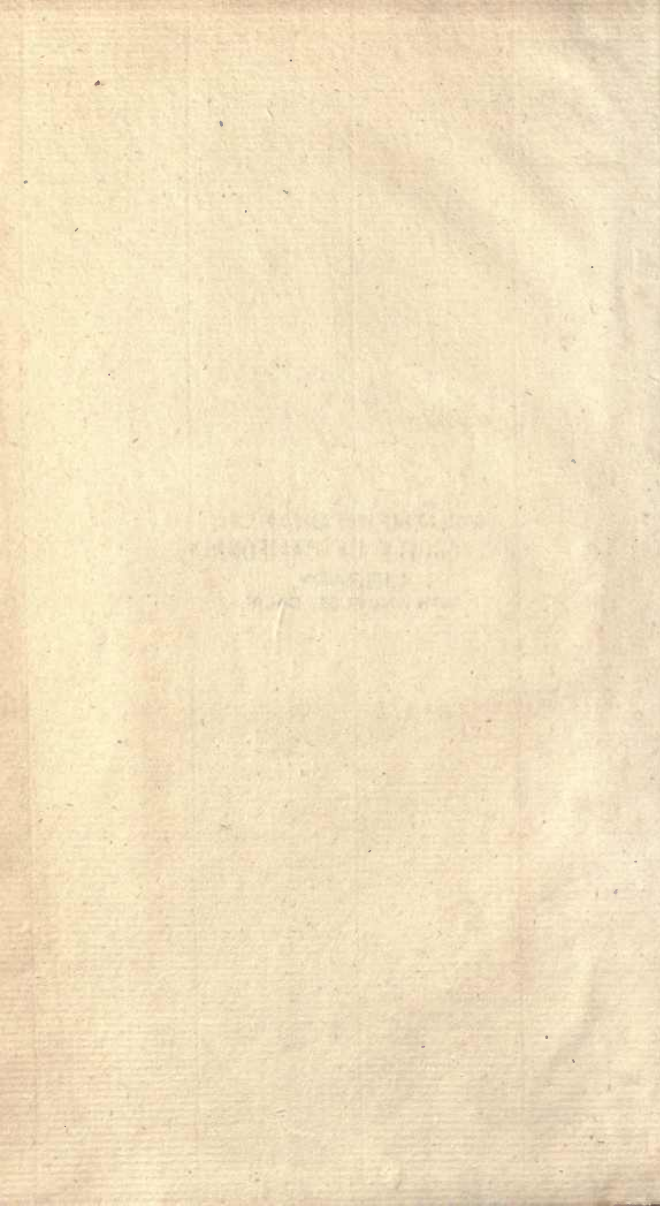
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Case 3. Div 3 (8-13)

Murphy, Arthur. The old maid. 1761.
The apprentice. 1764.
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The citizen. 1770.
What we must all come to
1764.
The desert island. 1762

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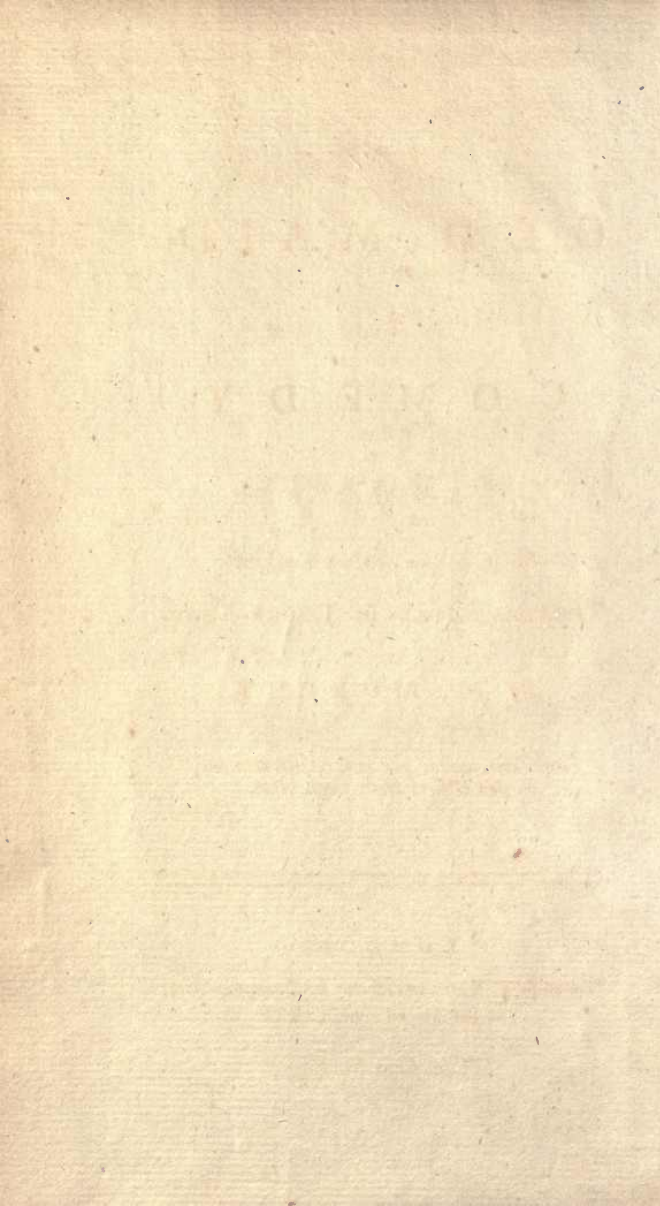
THE END OF THE WORLD

By the author of 'THE END OF THE WORLD'

Published by the author

London, 1914

Printed by the author



8

T H E
O L D M A I D.

A
C O M E D Y

In TWO ACTS,

As it is PERFORMED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

*Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantem,
Frigida Deserta Nocte jacebis Anus.*

OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing Southampton-Street
in the Strand. MDCCLXI.

(Price One Shilling.)

59589

THE
OLD MAID

COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS

As first performed at the
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By MR. MURPHY.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

1794.

LONDON.

Printed for P. A. Colclough, in the Strand, near the Theatre-Royal.

(Printed for J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.)

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3 ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the OLD MAID is now adventuring into the world, it would be proper to acquaint the mere English reader, that the subject of it, and part of the fable, were taken from a *little piece*, in one act, called, *L'Etourderie*, by Monsieur *Fagan*, but that the author of these scenes is sensible, how superfluous that information will be rendered by the assiduity of some people, who, no doubt, will make a notable discovery of this prodigious crime, and press it home with all the reproaches of *plagiarism, pilfering, borrowing, robbing, translating, &c.* But while this writer can add any thing to the decent amusements of the public, he is willing to be abused for it, in whatever manner the illiberal shall think fit.

LINCOLN'S INN,
Nov. 18, 1761.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CLERIMONT,	Mr. OBRIEN.
Capt. CAPE,	Mr. KING.
Mr. HARLOW,	Mr. KENNEDY.
Mr. HEARTWELL,	Mr. PHILLIPS.
FOOTMAN,	Mr. CASTLE.

W O M E N.

Mrs. HARLOW,	Miss HAUGHTON.
Miss HARLOW,	Miss KENNEDY.
TRIFLE,	Miss HIPPISELY.



T H E
O L D M A I D.

A C T I.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW and Miss HARLOW.

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Y dear sister, let me tell you—

M Miss H A R L O W.

But, my dear sister, let me tell
you it is in vain; you can say no-
thing that will have any effect.

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Not if you won't hear me—only hear
me—

B

Miss

The OLD MAID.

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourself talk, and so please yourself;---but I am resolved——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your resolution may alter.

Miss HARLOW.

Never.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon a little consideration.

Miss HARLOW.

Upon no consideration.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You don't know how that may be---recollect, sister, that you are no chicken---you are not now of the age that becomes giddiness and folly.

Miss HARLOW.

Age, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do but hear me, sister---do but hear me--
A person of your years——

Miss HARLOW.

My years, sister!—Upon my word——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay, no offence, sister——

Miss HARLOW.

But there is offence, ma'am :—I don't understand what you mean by it---always thwarting me with my years---my years, indeed!

deed!--when perhaps, ma'am, if I was to die of old age, some folks might have reason to look about them.

Mrs. HARLOW.

She feels it I see---oh! I delight in mortifying her---(*aside*)---sister, if I did not love you I am sure I should not talk to you in this manner---But how can you make so unkind a return now as to alarm me about myself?---in some sixteen or eighteen years after you, to be sure, I own I shall begin to think of making my will---How could you be so severe?---

Miss HARLOW.

Some sixteen or eighteen years, ma'am!--If you would own the truth, ma'am,---I believe ma'am,---you would find, ma'am, that the disparity, ma'am, is not so very great, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I vow passion becomes you inordinately---It blends a few roses with the lillies of your cheek, and---

Miss HARLOW.

And tho' you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know, ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authorised, ma'am, to take unbecoming liberties with his sister.---I am independent of my brother, ma'am,---my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and ma'am---

The OLD MAID.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! do you know now when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well?—But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age---sweet three and twenty!—you can't conceive what a deal of good it would have done your temper and your spirits, if you had married early——

Miss HARLOW.

Insolent!---provoking---female malice——

Mrs. HARLOW.

But to be waiting till it is almost too late in the day, and force one's self to say strange things;—with the tongue and heart at variance all the time——“I don't mind the hideous men”——“I am very happy as I am”——and all that time, my dear, dear sister——to be upon the tenter-hooks of expectation——

Miss HARLOW.

I upon tenter-hooks!——

Mrs. HARLOW.

And to be at this work of four grapes, till one is turned of three and forty——

Miss HARLOW.

Three and forty, ma'am!——I desire, sister——I desire, ma'am——three and forty, ma'am——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay---nay---nay---don't be angry---don't blame me---blame my husband; he is your

own brother, you know, and he knows your age——He told me so

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I see your drift——but you need not give yourself those airs, ma'am——the men don't see with your eyes, ma'am——years, indeed!——Three and forty, truly!——I'll assure you——upon my word——hah! very fine!——But I see plainly, ma'am, what you are at——Mr. Clerimont, madam!——Mr. Clerimont, sister! that's what frets you——a young husband, ma'am——younger than your husband, ma'am——Mr. Clerimont, let me tell you, ma'am——

Enter TRIFLE.

TRIFLE.

Oh! rare news, ma'am, charming news——we have got another letter——

Miss HARLOW.

From whom?——from Mr. Clerimont?——where is it?

TRIFLE.

Yes, ma'am——from Mr. Clerimont, ma'am.

Miss HARLOW.

Let me see it——let me see it——quick——
[reads

“ Madam,

“ The honour of a letter from you has
“ so filled my mind with joy and gratitude,
“ that

6 The OLD MAID.

“ that I want words of force to reach but
“ half my meaning. I can only say that
“ you have revived a heart that was expiring
“ for you, and now beats for you alone”—

There sister, mind that !---years indeed !--
[reads to herself.

Mrs. H A R L O W.

I wish you joy, sister——I wish I had not
gone to Ranelagh with her last week——
Who could have thought that her faded
beauties would have made such an impres-
sion on him ? [aside.

Miss H A R L O W.

Mind here again, sister.——(reads) “ Ever
“ since I had the good fortune of seeing
“ you at Ranelagh, your idea has been ever
“ present to me ; and since you now give
“ me leave, I shall, without delay, wait
“ upon your brother, and whatever terms
“ he prescribes, I shall readily subscribe to ;
“ for to be your slave is dearer to me than
“ liberty. I have the honour to remain

“ The humblest of your admirers,

“ CLERIMONT.”

There, sister !——

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Well ! I wish you joy again——but re-
member I tell you, take care what you do.--
He is young, and of course giddy and in-
constant.

Miss

The OLD MAID.

7

Miss HARLOW.

He is warm, passionate, and tender——

Mrs. HARLOW.

But you don't know how long that may last——and here are you going to break off a very suitable match,——which all your friends liked and approved, a match with captain Cape, who to be sure——

Miss HARLOW.

Don't name captain Cape, I beseech you, don't name him——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be despised——He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune——has a charming box of a house upon Hackney-Marsh,——and is of an age every way suitable to you.

Miss HARLOW.

There again now!——age! age! age! for ever!——years—years—my years!——But I tell you once for all, Mr. Clerimont does not see with your eyes——I am determined to hear no more of captain Cape——Odious Hackney-Marsh! —— ah! sister, you would be glad to see me married in a middling way——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I, sister!——I am sure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment——I am resolved never to visit her if Mr. Clerimont marries her——

[*aside.*
Miss

Miss HARLOW.

Well! well! I tell you, Mr. Clerimont has won my heart—young—handsome—rich——town house, country house——equi-page——To him, and only him, will I surrender myself——Three and forty, indeed!——ha! ha!——you see, my dear, dear sister, that these features are still regular and blooming;——that the love-darting eye has not quite forsook me; and that I have made a conquest which your boasted youth might be vain of——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon if I have taken too much liberty for your good——

Miss HARLOW.

I humbly thank you for your advice, my sweet dear, friendly sister——But don't envy me, I beg you won't;——don't fret yourself; you can't conceive what a deal of good a serenity of mind will do your health——I'll go and write an answer directly to this charming, charming letter—sister—yours—I shall be glad to see you, sister, at my house in Hill-street, when I am Mrs. Clerimont——and remember what I tell you——that some faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine——my dear sister——Come, Trifle——let me fly this moment——Sister, your servant. *[Exit with Trifle.]*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your servant, my dear!—well!—I am determined to lead the gayest life in nature, if she marries Clerimont.—I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing—and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another—Positively, I must outshine her there—and I'll keep up a polite enmity with her—go and see her, may be once or twice in a winter—
 “Ma'am, I am really so hurried with such a number of acquaintances, that I can't possibly find time”—And then to provoke her, “I wish you joy, sister, I hear you are breeding”—ha! ha!—that will so mortify her—“I wish it may be a boy, sister”—ha! ha!—and then when her husband begins to despise her, “Really, sister, I pity you—had you taken my advice, and married the India captain—your case is a compassionate one”—Compassion is so insolent when a body feels none at all—ha! ha!—it is the finest way of insulting—

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, my dear; how are my sister's affairs going on?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, my dear, she has had another letter from Mr. Clerimont—did you ever hear of such an odd unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why it is sudden, to be sure—

C

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon my word, I think you had better advise her not to break off with captain Cape——

Mr. HARLOW.

No— not I——I wish she may be married to one or other of them—for her temper is really grown so very sour, and there is such eternal wrangling between ye both, that I wish to see her in her own house, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do you know this Mr. Clerimont?

Mr. HARLOW.

No ; but I have heard of the family--- There is a very fine fortune---I wish he may hold his intention.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, I doubt it vastly——

Mr. HARLOW.

And truly so do I—for between ourselves, I see no charms in my sister——

Mrs. HARLOW.

For my part I can't comprehend it—how she could strike his fancy, is to me the most astonishing thing—After this, I shall be surpris'd at nothing—

Mr. HARLOW.

Well! strange things do happen ;—so she is but married out of the way, I am satisfied—an old maid in a house is the devil——

Enter

The OLD MAID.

11

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Clerimont, Sir, to wait on you——

Mr. HARLOW.

Shew him in (*Exit Servant*)——how comes this visit, pray?——

Mrs. HARLOW.

My sister wrote to him to explain himself to you——Well! it is mighty odd——but I'll leave you to yourselves. The man must be an ideot to think of her——

[*Aside and Exit.*]

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I am glad to have this pleasure.

CLERIMONT.

I presume, Sir, you are no stranger to the business that occasions this visit.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, the honour you do me and my family——

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Sir, to be allied to your family by so tender a tie as a marriage with your sister, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happiness in the most essential point.--The lady charmed me at the very first sight.

Mr. HARLOW (*aside.*)

The devil she did!

C 2

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

The sensibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the sweetness of her manner—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, you are pleased to—compliment!

CLERIMONT.

Compliment!—not in the least, Sir—

Mr. HARLOW.

The sweetness of my sister's manner (*aside*)
ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

The first time I saw her was a few nights ago at Ranelagh—Though there was a crowd of beauties in the room, thronging and pressing all around, yet she shone amongst them all with superior lustre—She was walking arm in arm with another lady—no opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidst the hurry and bustle of the place, but I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot—and learned they were Mrs. and Miss Harlow. From that moment she won my heart, and at one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty—

Mr. HARLOW.

A very candid declaration, Sir!—how can this be? The bloom has been off the peach any time these fifteen years, to my
5 know-

knowledge——(*aside*)—You see my sister with a favourable eye, Sir.

C L E R I M O N T.

A favourable eye!—He must greatly want discernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr. H A R L O W.

You do her a great deal of honour—but this affair—is it not somewhat sudden, Sir?—

C L E R I M O N T.

I grant it---you may indeed be surprised at it, Sir; nor should I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,---at least yet a while,---if she herself had not condescended to listen to my passion, and authorised me under her own fair hand to apply to her brother for his consent——

Mr. H A R L O W.

I shall be very ready, Sir, to give my approbation to my sister's happiness——

C L E R I M O N T.

No doubt you will——but let me not cherish an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tenderest passions.

Mr. H A R L O W.

To you, Sir, there can be no exception--I am not altogether a stranger to your family and fortune——His language is warm, considering my sister's age---but I won't hurt her preferment——(*aside*)——you will pardon me, Sir, one thing---you are very young——

C L E-

The OLD MAID.

CLERIMONT.

Sir,---I am almost three and twenty.

Mr. HARLOW.

But have you consulted your friends ?

CLERIMONT.

I have---my uncle, Mr. Heartwell, who proposes to leave me a very handsome addition to my fortune, which is considerable already---He, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Well ! Sir, if he has no objection, I can have none---

CLERIMONT.

He has none, Sir ; he has given his consent ; he desires me to lose no time---I will bring him to pay you a visit---He rejoices in my choice---you shall have it out of his own mouth---name your hour, and he shall attend you---

Mr. HARLOW.

Any time to-day---I shall stay at home on purpose---

CLERIMONT.

In the evening I will conduct him hither--in the mean time I feel an attachment here--The lady, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Oh ! you want to see my sister---I will send her to you, Sir, this instant---I beg your pardon for leaving you alone---ha ! ha !---who could have thought of her making a conquest at last---

Exit.

CLERIMONT (*alone.*)

Sir, your most obedient---now, Clerimont, now your heart may rest content---your doubts and fears may all subside, and joy and rapture take their place---Miss Harlow shall be mine---she receives my vows; she approves my passion,---(*sings and dances*) Soft! here she comes----Her very appearance controuls my wildest hopes, and hushes my proud heart into respect and silent admiration---

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, your servant---

CLERIMONT.

Madam (*bows respectfully*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I thought Mr. Harlow was here, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, he is but just gone---how a single glance of her eye over-awes me!

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wonder he would leave you alone, Sir---that is not so polite in his own house---

CLERIMONT.

How her modesty throws a veil over her inclinations!---my tongue falters!---I can't speak to her.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

He seems in confusion---a pretty man too!
 —That this should be my sister's luck!---

[*Aside.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam!—(*Embarassed.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I imagine you have been talking to him
 on the subject of the letter you sent this
 morning.—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I have presumed to —

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! Sir, and he has no objection, I
 hope—

CLERIMONT.

She hopes! Heavens bless her for the
 word----(*Aside.*)----Madam, he has frankly
 consented, if his sister will do me that ho-
 nour—

Mrs. HARLOW.

For his sister, I think I may venture to
 answer, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

Generous! generous creature!

Mrs. HARLOW.

You are sure, Sir, of Miss Harlow's ad-
 miration, and the whole family hold them-
 selves much obliged to you—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, this extreme condescension has
 added rapture to the sentiments I felt before;
 and

and it shall be the endeavour of my life to prove deserving of the amiable object I have dared to aspire to.—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, I make no doubt of your sincerity—I have already declared my sentiments—you know Mr. Harlow's—and if my sister is willing,—nothing will be wanting to conclude this business—If no difficulties arise from her—for her temper is uncertain—as to my consent, Sir, your air, your manner have commanded it—Sir your most obedient—I'll send my sister to you— [Exit.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bowing*) I shall endeavour to repay this goodness with excess of gratitude—Oh! she is an angel!—and yet, stupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderness I have within---it is ever so with sincere and generous love; it fills the heart with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we so exquisitely feel—Generous Miss Harlow! who could thus see thro' my confusion, interpret all appearances favourably, and with a dignity superior to her sex's little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teasing, and tormenting her admirer—I hear somebody.—Oh! here comes mistress Harlow—what a gloom sits upon her features!---She assumes authority here I find---but I'll endeavour by insinuation and respect—

D

Enter

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss HARLOW.

My sister has told me, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am——(*bowing cheerfully.*)

Miss HARLOW.

He is a sweet figure. [*Aside.*]

CLERIMONT.

She rather looks like Miss Harlow's mother than her sister-in-law—— [*Aside.*]

Miss HARLOW.

He seems abashed——his respect is the cause——(*Aside*)——My sister told me, Sir, that you was here—I beg pardon for making you wait so long——

CLERIMONT.

Oh, ma'am (*bows*) the gloom disappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain—— [*Aside.*]

Miss HARLOW.

I see he loves me by his confusion;—I'll cheer him with affability——(*Aside*)——Sir, the letter you was pleased to send, my sister has seen——and——

CLERIMONT.

And has assured me that she has no objection——

Miss HARLOW.

I am glad of that, Sir---I was afraid——

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

No, ma'am, she has none—and Mr. Harlow, I have seen him too—he has honoured me with his consent—Now, madam, the only doubt remains with you ;—may I be permitted to hope—

Miss HARLOW.

Sir, you appear like a gentleman,—and—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, believe me, never was love more sincere, more justly founded on esteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miss HARLOW.

Sir, with the rest of the family I hold myself much obliged to you, and—

CLERIMONT.

Obliged !—'tis I that am obliged—there is no merit on my side—it is the consequence of impressions made upon my heart ; and what heart can resist such beauty, such various graces !——

Miss HARLOW.

Sir, I am afraid—I wish my sister heard him (*aside*)—Sir, I am afraid you are lavish of your praise ; and the short date of your love, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

It will burn with unabating ardor—the same charms that first inspired it, will for ever cherish it, and add new fuel——But I

presume you hold this stile to try my sincerity—I see that’s your aim—but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in suspense.

Miss HARLOW.

Heavens ! if my sister saw my power over him—(*aside*)——A little suspense cannot be deemed unreasonable—Marriage is an important affair—an affair for life—and some caution you will allow necessary——

C L E R I M O N T.

Madam !—(*disconcerted*)——oh ! I dread the sourness of her look !—— [*Aside*,

Miss HARLOW.

I can’t help observing, Sir, that you dwell chiefly on articles of external and superficial merit ; whereas the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good sense, a well-regulated conduct——

C L E R I M O N T.

Oh ! ma’am, I am not inattentive to those matters——oh ! she has a notable household understanding, I warrant her—(*aside*)——but let me intreat you, madam, to do justice to my principles, and believe me a sincere, a generous lover——

Miss HARLOW.

Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are banished.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Your words recal me to new life—I shall for ever study to merit this goodness——But your fair sister---do you think I can depend upon her consent?——May I flatter myself she will not change her mind?——

Miss HARLOW.

My sister cannot be insensible of the honour you do us all——and, Sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all inclined to favour you——

CLERIMONT.

Madam---(*bows.*)

Miss HARLOW.

You have an interest in my breast that will be busy for you——

CLERIMONT.

I am eternally devoted to you, madam—
[bows.]

Miss HARLOW.

How modest, and yet how expressive he is!
[Aside.]

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I shall be for ever sensible of this extreme condescension, and shall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and esteem I bear you—I beg my compliments to Mr. Harlow, and I shall be here with my uncle in the evening——as early as possible I shall come—my respects to your sister, ma'am
—and

—and pray, madam, keep her in my interest—Madam, your most obedient—I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think (*aside*) Madam [*Bows, and Exit.*]

Miss HARLOW.

What will my sister say now?—I shall hear no more of her taunts—A malicious thing!—I fancy she now sees that your giddy flirts are not always the highest beauties—Set her up, indeed!—Had she but heard him, the dear man!—what sweet things he said! and what sweet things he looked—

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, sister!—how!—what does he say?—

Miss HARLOW.

Say, sister!—Every thing that is charming—he is the prettiest man!—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I am glad of it—but all's well that ends well—

Miss HARLOW.

Envy, sister!—Envy, and downright malice!—Oh! had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that extasy too! that tenderness! that delight restrained by modesty!—

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't know tho'; there is something odd in it still—

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! I don't doubt but you will say so—but you will find I have beauty enough left to make some noise in the world still—The men, sister, are the best judges of female beauty—Don't concern yourself about it, sister—Leave it all to them—

Mrs. HARLOW.

But only think of a lover you never saw but once at Ranelagh—

Miss HARLOW.

Very true!—but even then I saw what work I made in his heart—Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me—(*Sings*) Yes, I'll have a husband, ay! marry, &c.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, sister! how stand matters now?

Miss HARLOW.

As I could wish—I shall no more be a trouble to you—he has declared himself in the most warm and vehement manner—Tho' my sister has her doubts—she is a good friend—she is afraid of my success—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray, sister, don't think so meanly of me—I understand that sneer, ma'am.

Miss HARLOW.

And I understand you too, ma'am—

Mr.

The OLD MAID.

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, I desire we may have no quarrelling—you two are always wrangling; but when you are separated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way—Tho', sister, let me tell you I am afraid our India friend will think himself ill-treated.

Mrs. HARLOW.

That's what I fear too—that's my reason for speaking——

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! never throw away a thought on him.——Mr. Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am settled for life—Sister, I love to plague her—now I think I am settled for life—for life,—for life, my dear sister—

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Dinner is served, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Very well! come, sister, I give you joy—let us in to dinner.

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! vulgar!—I can't eat—I must go and dress my head over again, and do a thousand things;—for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can.—— [*Exit*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Is not all this amazing, my dear?—her head is turned——

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, let it all pass—don't you mind it—don't you say any thing—let her get married if she can—I am sure I shall rejoice at it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And upon my word, my dear, so shall I—and if I interfere, it is purely out of friendship.—

Mr. HARLOW.

But be advised by me,—say no more to her.—If the affair goes on, we shall fairly get rid of her—Her peevish humours, and her maiden temper, are become insupportable.—Come, let us in to dinner.—If Mr. Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be odd enough,—we shall then enjoy a little peace and quiet. *[Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

What in the world could the man see in her?—Oh! he will repent his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am sure he will—she is gone to dress now!—ha! ha!—

Oh! how she rolls her pretty eyes in spite,
And looks delightfully with all her might!
Ha! ha! delightfully she will look indeed!—

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

E

ACT



A C T II.

Enter a Servant, and Capt. C A P E.

S E R V A N T.

YES, Sir, my master is at home—he has just done dinner, Sir—

Capt. C A P E.

Very well then; tell him I would speak a word with him.

S E R V A N T.

I beg pardon, Sir; I am but a stranger in the family—who shall I say?—

Capt. C A P E.

Capt. Cape, tell him—

S E R V A N T.

Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Capt. C A P E.

I can hardly believe my own eyes———
s'death! I am almost inclined to think this letter, signed with Miss Harlow's name, a mere forgery by some enemy, to drive me into an excess of passion, and so injure us both—I don't know what to say to it—

Enter Mr. H A R L O W.

Capt. C A P E.

Sir, I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair—I can't comprehend it, Sir--
Here

Here is a letter with your sister's name—
Look at it, Sir,—is that her hand-writing?—

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, Sir—I take it to be her writing—

Capt. CAPE.

And do you know the contents?—

Mr. HARLOW.

I can't say I have read it—but—

Capt. CAPE.

But you know the purport of it?

Mr. HARLOW.

Partly.

Capt. CAPE.

You do?—and is not it base treatment,
Sir?—is it not unwarrantable?—can you
justify her?

Mr. HARLOW.

For my part, I leave women to manage
their own affairs—I am not fond of inter-
meddling—

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir—let me ask you,—Was not every
thing agreed upon?—Are not the writings
now in lawyers hands?—Was not next week
fixed for our wedding?—

Mr. HARLOW.

I understood it so.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then, and see how she treats
me—She writes me here in a contemptuous

manner, that she recalls her promise ;—it was rashly given ;—she has thought better of it ; she will listen to me no more ;—she is going to dispose of herself to a gentleman with whom she can be happy for life—and “ I desire to see you no more, Sir ”—There, that’s free and easy, is not it ?—What do you say to that ?—

Mr. HARLOW.

Why really, Sir, it is not my affair—I have nothing to say to it.—

Capt. CAPE.

Nothing to say to it !—Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been dealing with a woman, and you know—

Capt. CAPE.

Yes, I know—I know the treachery of the sex—Who is this gentleman, pray ?

Mr. HARLOW.

His name is Clerimont—they have fixed the affair among themselves, and amongst them be it for me.—

Capt. CAPE.

Very fine ! mighty fine !—is Miss Harlow at home, Sir ?—

Mr. HARLOW.

She is ; and here she comes too—

Capt.

Capt. C A P E.

Very well !—let me hear it from herself, that's all—I desire to hear her speak for herself—

Mr. H A R L O W.

With all my heart.—I'll leave you together—you know, captain, I was never fond of being concerned in those things— [*Exit.*

Enter Miss H A R L O W.

Miss H A R L O W.

Capt. Cape, this is mighty odd—I thought, Sir, I desired—

Capt. C A P E.

Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, madam, the usage is so extraordinary, that I hold myself excusable if I refuse to comply with the terms you impose upon me.—

Miss H A R L O W.

Sir, I really wonder what you can mean—

Capt. C A P E.

Mistake me not, madam; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myself again—Madam that is all blown over.—

Miss H A R L O W.

Well then, there is no harm done, and you will survive this I hope.

Capt.

Capt. C A P E.

Survive it!—

Miss H A R L O W.

Yes;—you won't grow desperate I hope—suppose you were to order somebody to take care of you, because you know fits of despair are sudden, and you may rashly do yourself a mischief—don't do any such thing, I beg you won't—

Capt. C A P E.

This insult, madam!—Do myself a mischief!—Madam, don't flatter yourself that it is in your power to make me unhappy—it is not vexation brings me hither, I assure you—

Miss H A R L O W.

Then let vexation take you away;—we were never designed for one another.—

Capt. C A P E.

My amazement brings me hither—amazement that any woman can behave—but I don't want to upbraid—I only come to ask—for I can hardly as yet believe it—I only come to ask if I am to credit this pretty epistle?—

Miss H A R L O W.

Every syllable—therefore take your answer, Sir, and truce with your importunity.—

Capt. C A P E.

Very well, ma'am, very well—your humble servant, madam—I promise you, ma'am, I
can

can repay this scorn with scorn—with tenfold scorn, madam, such as this treatment deserves—that's all—I say no more—your servant ma'am—but let me ask you—is this a just return for all the attendance I have paid you these three years past?—

Miss HARLOW.

Perfectly just, Sir,—three years!—how could you be a dangler so long?—I told you what it would come to—can you think that raising a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make sure of her at last?—you ought to have been a brisker lover, you ought indeed, Sir,—I am now contracted to another, and so there is an end of every thing between us.—

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, madam,—and yet I can't bear to be despised by her—and can you, Miss Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this disdain?—have you no compassion?—

Miss HARLOW.

No, positively none, Sir,—none—none—

Capt. CAPE.

Your own Capt. Cape,—whom you—

Miss HARLOW.

Whom I despise.—

Capt. CAPE.

Whom you have so often encouraged to adore you.—

Miss

Miss H A R L O W.

Pray, Sir, don't touch my hand—I am now the property of another——

Capt. C A P E.

Can't you still break off with him?

Miss H A R L O W.

No Sir, I can't; I won't; I love him, and Sir, if you are a man of honour, you will speak to me no more; desist, Sir, for if you don't, my brother shall tell you of it, Sir, and to-morrow Mr. Clerimont shall tell you of it.——

Capt. C A P E.

Mr. Clerimont, madam, shall fight me, for daring——

Miss. H A R L O W.

And must I fight you too, most noble, valiant captain?——

Capt. C A P E.

Laughed at too!——

Miss H A R L O W.

What a passion you are in!—I can't bear to see a man in such a passion—Oh! I have a happy riddance of you—the violence of your temper is dreadful—I won't stay a moment longer with you—you frighten me—you have your answer,—and so your servant Sir——

[Exit.

Capt. C A P E.

Ay! she is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, say I—I will never put up
3 with

with this—I will find out this Mr. Clerimont, and he shall be accountable to me—Mr. Harlow too shall be accountable to me.——

Enter Mr. and Mrs. HARLOW.

Capt. C A P E.

Mr. Harlow—I am used very ill here, Sir, by all of you, and Sir, let me tell you—

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay, don't be angry with me, Sir,—I was not to marry you——

Capt. C A P E.

But Sir, I can't help being angry—I must be angry—and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can Mr. Harlow help it, Sir, if my sister——

Mr. HARLOW.

You are too warm; you are indeed, Sir,—let us both talk this matter over a bottle——

Capt. C A P E.

No, Sir—no bottle—over a cannon, if you will——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Mercy on me, Sir,—I beg you wont talk in that terrible manner—you frighten me, Sir.——

F

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

Be you quiet, my dear,—Capt. Cape, I beg you will just step into that room with me; and if, in the dispatching one bottle, I don't acquit myself of all sinister dealing, why then—come, come, be a little moderate—you shall step with me—I'll take it as a favour—come, come, you must—

Capt. CAPE.

I always found you a gentleman, Mr. Harlow, and so with all my heart,—I don't care if I do talk the matter over with you—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I am obliged to you—I'll shew you the way—— [Exeunt.

Mrs. HARLOW.

It is just as I foresaw—my sister was sure of him, and now is she going to break off for a young man that will despise her in a little time—I wish she would have Capt. Cape.

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss HARLOW.

Is he gone, sister?—

Mrs. HARLOW.

No; and here is the deuce and all to do—he is for fighting every body—upon my word you are wrong—you don't behave genteelly in the affair.—

Miss

Miss HARLOW.

Genteelly!—I like that notion prodigi-
ously—an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, follow your own inclinations—I
won't intermeddle any more, I promise you
—I'll step into the parlour, and see what they
are about. *[Exit.*

Miss HARLOW.

As you please, ma'am—I see plainly the
ill-natured thing can't bear my success—
Heavens! here comes Mr. Clerimont—

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Miss HARLOW.

You are earlier than I expected, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

I have flown, madam, upon the wings of
love—I have seen my uncle, and he will be
here within this half hour—every thing suc-
ceeds to my wishes with him—I hope there is
no alteration here, madam, since I saw you—

Miss HARLOW.

Nothing that signifies, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

You alarm me—Mr. Harlow has not
changed his mind, I hope.

Miss HARLOW.

No, Sir—he continues in the same mind.

CLERIMONT.

And your sister—I tremble with doubt and fear—she does not surely recede from the sentiments she flattered me with.

Miss HARLOW.

Why there, indeed, I can't say much—she—

CLERIMONT.

How!

Miss HARLOW.

She—I don't know what to make of her—

CLERIMONT.

Oh! I am on the rack—in pity, do not torture me—

Miss HARLOW.

How tremblingly solicitous he is—Oh! I have made a sure conquest (*aside.*)—Why, she, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

Ay,—(*disconcerted.*)

Miss HARLOW.

She does not seem entirely to approve—

CLERIMONT.

You kill me with despair—

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! he is deeply smitten, (*aside*)—She thinks another match would suit better—

CLERIMONT.

Another match!

Miss

Miss HARLOW.

Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his proposals; but I shall take care to see him dismissed.

CLERIMONT.

Will you?

Miss HARLOW.

I promise you I will—tho' he runs much in my sister's head, and she has taken pains to bring my other relations over to her opinion.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! cruel, cruel!—I could not have expected that from her—but has she fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miss HARLOW.

Why, truly I think she has—but my will in this affair must be, and shall be consulted.

CLERIMONT.

And so it ought, ma'am—your long acquaintance with the world, madam—

Miss HARLOW.

Long acquaintance, Sir! I have but a few years experience only—

CLERIMONT.

That is, your good sense, ma'am—oh! confound my tongue! how that slipped from me (*aside*)—your good sense,—your early good sense,—and—and—inclination should be consulted.

Miss

Miss HARLOW.

And they shall, Sir—hark!—I hear her—
I'll tell you what—I'll leave you this opportunity to speak to her once more, and try to win her over by persuasion—It will make things easy if you can—I am gone, Sir.

[Curtseys affectedly, and Exit.]

CLERIMONT.

The happiness of my life will be owing to you, Madam.—The woman is really better natured than I thought she was—she comes, the lovely tyrant comes—

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

CLERIMONT.

She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined— *[Aside.]*

Mrs. HARLOW.

You seem afflicted, Sir—I hope no misfortune—

CLERIMONT.

The severest misfortune!—you have broke my heart—

Mrs. HARLOW.

I break your heart, Sir?—

CLERIMONT.

Yes, cruel fair—you,—you have undone me.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You amaze me, Sir, pray how can I—

CLERIMONT.

And you can seem unconscious of the mischief you have made— Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray unriddle, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

Madam, your sister has told me all——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! what has she told you, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

It may be sport to you—but to me 'tis death——

Mrs. HARLOW.

What is death?

CLERIMONT.

The gentleman from India, madam—I have heard it all—you can give him a preference—you can blast my hopes—my fond delighted hopes, which you yourself had cherished.

Mrs. HARLOW.

The gentleman is a very good sort of man.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! she loves him, I see—(*aside*)—Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you——

Mrs. HARLOW.

How have I fixed your doom?—if I speak favourably of captain Cape,—he deserves it, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! heavens! I cannot bear this—[*aside*].

Mrs. HARLOW.

I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praise--

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Love! love! love!—— [*aside*,

Mrs. HARLOW.

And besides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

CLERIMONT.

And must love be governed, like the business of mechanics, by the laws of tyrant custom?—Can you think so, madam?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! cruel!—no, madam, I see you are not.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And really now, Sir, reasonably speaking, my sister is for treating captain Cape very ill——He has been dancing attendance here these three years——

CLERIMONT.

Yet that you know, when you were pleased to fan the rising flame, that matchless beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Matchless beauty!—ha! ha!—I cannot but laugh at that—— [*aside*.

CLERIMONT.

Laugh, madam, if you will at the pangs you yourself occasion—yes, triumph, if you will—I am resigned to my fate, since you will have it so——

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I have it so!—you seem to frighten yourself without cause,—If I speak favourably of any body else, Sir,—what then?—I am not to marry him, you know.

CLERIMONT.

An't you?

Mrs. HARLOW.

I!—no, truly—thank heaven!—

CLERIMONT.

She revives me.

[*aside.*]

Mrs. HARLOW.

That must be as my sister pleases.

CLERIMONT.

Must it?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Must it?—to be sure it must?

CLERIMONT.

And may I hope some interest in your heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

My heart, Sir!

CLERIMONT.

While it is divided, while another has possession of but part of it.—

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't understand him!—Why, it has been given away long ago.

CLERIMONT.

I pray you do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears—if you will but bless me with the least kind return—

G

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Kind return ! what, would you have me fall in love with you ?

CLERIMONT.

It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Adore me !

CLERIMONT.

Even to idolatry.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What can he mean ?—I thought my sister was the object of your adoration.

CLERIMONT.

Your sister, ma'am ! I shall ever respect her as my friend on this occasion, but love—no—no—she is no object for that—

Mrs. HARLOW.

No !

CLERIMONT.

She may have been handsome in her time, —but that has been all over long ago—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well ! this is charming—I wish she heard him now, with her new-fangled airs, (*aside.*) —But let me understand you, Sir—adore me !—

CLERIMONT.

You !—you !—and only you !—by this fair hand—(*kisses it.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Hold, hold—this is going too far—but pray, Sir, have you really conceived a passion for me ?

CLE-

C L E R I M O N T.

You know I have—a passion of the tenderest nature.

Mrs. H A R L O W.

And was that your drift in coming hither?

C L E R I M O N T.

What else could induce me?

Mrs. H A R L O W.

And introduced yourself here, to have an opportunity of speaking to me?

C L E R I M O N T.

My angel! don't torment me thus—

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Angel! and pray, Sir, what do you suppose Mr. Harlow will say to this?

C L E R I M O N T.

Oh! ma'am—he! he approves my passion.

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Does he really?—I must speak to him about that—

C L E R I M O N T.

Do so, ma'am, you will find I am a man of more honour than to deceive you—

Mrs. H A R L O W.

Well! it will be whimsical if he does—and my sister too, this will be a charming discovery for her, (*aside.*)—Ha! ha! well! really Sir, this is mighty odd—I'll speak to Mr. Harlow about this matter this very moment—(*going.*)

C L E R I M O N T.

Oh! you will find it all true—and may I then flatter myself—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! to be sure—such an honourable project—I'll step to him this moment—and then, sister, I shall make such a piece of work for you—

[*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Very well, ma'am—see Mr. Harlow immediately—he will confirm it to you—while there is life there is hope—such matchless beauty!—

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss HARLOW.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for leaving you all this time—Well, what says my sister?

CLERIMONT.

She has given me some glimmering hopes.

Miss HARLOW.

Well, don't be uneasy about her—it shall be as I please—

CLERIMONT.

But with her own free consent it would be better—however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me seal a vow—(*kisses her hand.*)

Miss HARLOW.

He certainly is a very passionate lover—Lord! he is ready to eat my hand up with kisses—I wish my sister saw this—(*aside.*)—Hush! I hear Capt. Cape's voice—the hideous Tramontane!--he is coming this way—I would not see him again for the world—I'll withdraw a moment, Sir—you'll excuse me—

me—Mr. Clerimont—(*kisses her hand and curtsies very low*) your servant Sir—Oh! he is a charming man. [*Curtseys, and Exit.*]

Enter Capt. C A P E.

Capt. C A P E.

There she goes, the perfidious! Sir, I understand your name is Clerimont——

C L E R I M O N T.

At your service, Sir.

Capt. C A P E.

Then, Sir, draw this moment.

C L E R I M O N T.

Draw, Sir! for what?

Capt. C A P E.

No evasion, Sir.

C L E R I M O N T.

Explain the cause.

Capt. C A P E.

The cause is too plain—your making love to that lady who went out there this moment——

C L E R I M O N T.

That lady! not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Capt. C A P E.

No shuffling, Sir—draw——

C L E R I M O N T.

Sir, I can repel an injury like this—but your quarrel is groundless,—and, Sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my bosom naked to your sword,—That lady!—I resign all manner of pretension to her——

Capt.

Capt. C A P E.

You resign her, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Entirely.

Capt. C A P E.

Then I am pacified—(*puts up his sword.*)

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Sir, I never so much as thought of the lady.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, Sir—fine doings you have been carrying on here——

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been attempting my wife, I find——

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Mr Harlow——

Mr. HARLOW.

You have behaved in a very base manner, and I insist upon satisfaction; draw, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

This is the strangest accident!—I assure you, Sir,—only give me leave——

Mr. HARLOW.

I will not give you leave—I insist——

Capt. C A P E.

Nay, nay, Mr. Harlow—this is neither time or place—and besides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-hasty, and he has satisfied me—only hear him——

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I will believe my own wife—come on, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

I assure you, Mr. Harlow, I came into this house upon honourable principles—induced, Sir, by my regard for Miss Harlow—

Capt. CAPE.

For Miss Harlow!—zooks, draw—

CLERIMONT.

Again!—this is downright madness—two upon me at once—you will murder me between you—

Mr. HARLOW.

There is one too many upon him, sure enough,—and so, captain, put up—

Capt. CAPE.

Resign your pretensions to Miss Harlow—

CLERIMONT.

Resign Miss Harlow!—not for the universe—in her cause I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all—(*draws his sword.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

For heaven's sake, Capt. Cape—do moderate your anger—this is neither time or place—I have been too rash myself—I beg you will be pacified—(*He puts up.*)—Mr. Clerimont, sheath your sword—

CLERIMONT.

I obey, Sir—

Mr. HARLOW.

Capt. Cape. how can you?—you promised me you would let things take their course?—if my sister will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?—

Capt.

Capt. C A P E.

Very well, Sir—I have done—she is a worthless woman—that's all—

C L E R I M O N T.

A worthless woman, Sir!—

Capt. C A P E.

Ay! worthless—

C L E R I M O N T.

Damnation!—Draw, Sir!

Mr. H A R L O W.

Nay, nay, Mr. Clerimont, you are too warm—and there's a gentleman coming—this is your uncle, I suppose—

C L E R I M O N T.

It is——

Enter Mr. HEARTWELL.

Mr. H A R L O W (*aside.*)

I'll wave all disputes now, that I may conclude my sister's marriage.

C L E R I M O N T.

Mr. Heartwell, Sir—Mr. Harlow, Sir.—

H E A R T W E L L.

My nephew has informed me, Sir, of the honour you have done him, and I am come to give my consent.

Mr. H A R L O W.

I thought it necessary, Sir, to have the advice of Mr. Clerimont's friends, as he is very young, and my sister not very handsome.

C L E R I M O N T.

She is an angel, Sir—

H E A R T-

H E A R T W E L L.

Patience, Charles, patience.—My nephew's estate will provide for his eldest born, and upon the younger branches of his marriage I mean to settle my fortune.

Mr. H A R L O W.

Generously spoken, Sir, and so there is no occasion for delay—who waits there?—tell the ladies they are wanting—

H E A R T W E L L.

I have ever loved my nephew, and since he tells me he has made a good choice, I shall be glad to see him happy.

Capt. C A P E.

But, Sir, let me tell you, that your nephew has used me very basely, and Sir—

Mr. H A R L O W.

Nay, nay, captain,—this is wrong now; every thing was settled between us in the other room—recollect yourself—do, I beg you will—Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs. H A R L O W, and Miss.

Miss H A R L O W.

Now, sister, you shall see I have completed my conquest—

C L E R I M O N T.

Now then I am happy indeed—my lovely, charming bride—thus let me snatch you to my heart, and thus, and thus—(*embraces Mrs. Harlow.*)

Mr. H A R L O W.

Zoons! before my face—(*pushing him away.*)

H

C L E-

CLERIMONT.

Prithee, indulge my transport—my life,
my angel!—

Mr. HARLOW.

I desire you will desist, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

Nay, nay, prithee be quiet—my charming,
charming wife!—

Mr. HARLOW.

That lady is not your wife—

CLERIMONT.

How my wife,—not my wife!—extasy
and bliss!—

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, Sir—this is too much—

CLERIMONT.

Ha! ha! you are very pleasant, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Zoons! Sir, no trifling—that lady is my
wife—

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

I say, Sir, that lady is my wife!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! I see through this—it is a comedy of errors, I believe—(*sings.*)

HEARTWELL.

What does all this mean?

CLERIMONT.

Your wife, Sir!—

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, my wife—and there is my sister, if
you please to take her—

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Sir!—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, this is the lady whom you have desired in marriage.

CLERIMONT.

Who I, Sir?—I beg your pardon—that lady I took to be your wife (*pointing to Miss Harlow*,)—and that lady (*pointing to Mrs. Harlow*) I took to be your sister—

Capt. CAPE. and Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! ha!—

Miss HARLOW.

Lord! lord! have I been made a fool of all this time!—furies! torture! murder!—

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha!—my lady fair is taken in, I think—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sister, the men don't see with my eyes—ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler, ma'am.—

Mrs. HARLOW.

This is a complete conquest my sister has made—

Miss HARLOW.

I can't bear this—Sir, I desire I may not be made a jest of—did not you solicit me?—importune me?—

CLERIMONT.

For your interest in that lady, ma'am,—whom I took for Miss Harlow—I beg your

pardon if I am mistaken,——I hope there is no harm done.—

Miss HARLOW.

Yes, Sir, but there is harm done—I am made sport of—exposed to derision—Oh! I cannot bear this—I cannot bear it—(*cries.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Don't cry, sister—some faces preserve the bloom longer than others you know—ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Loll toll loll—

HEARTWELL.

I don't understand all this—is that lady your wife, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

And pray, nephew—you took that lady for Mr. Harlow's sister, I suppose—

CLERIMONT.

I did, Sir.—I beg pardon for the trouble I have given—I am in such confusion, I can hardly—

HEARTWELL.

Well, well! the thing is cleared up, and there is no harm done—but you should have known what ground you went upon—ha! ha! I can't help laughing neither—

Mr. HARLOW.

Why faith, nor I—ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

Since matters have turned so unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my mistake, and Sir, I take my leave—(*going.*)

Miss

Miss HARLOW.

And will you treat me in this manner, Sir? will you draw me into such a scrape, and not—

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am, that gentleman would cut my throat—his claim is prior to mine—and, I dare say, he will be very glad to be reconciled, madam.

Miss HARLOW.

You are a base man then, and I reject you—Capt. Cape I see my error, Sir, and I resign myself to you.

Capt. CAPE.

No, madam, I beg to be excused—I have been a dangler too long—I ought to have been a brisker lover—I shall endeavour to survive it, ma'am—I won't do myself a mischief—and I have my answer—I am off, madam—loll toll loll—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! I told you this, my dear sister—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I dare say the gentleman will think better of it—Mr. Harlow, I am sorry for all this confusion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my mistake—Mrs. Harlow, I wish you all happiness, ma'am—angelic creature!—what a misfortune to lose her!——

[*Bows and exit.*]

Capt. CAPE.

And I will follow his example—Miss Harlow I wish you all happiness,—angelic creature! what a misfortune to lose her!—upon my soul I think you a most admirable jilt, and so now you may go, and bewail your virginity in the mountains—loll toll loll— [*Exit.*]

Miss HARLOW.

Oh! oh! I can't bear to be treated in this manner—I'll go and hide myself from the world for ever—Oh! oh!—the men are all savages, barbarians, monsters, and I hate the whole sex—Oh! oh!—(*cries bitterly,*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

My dear sister, with her beauty and her conquests, ha! ha!——

Mr. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! very whimsical and ridiculous——

HEARTWELL.

Sir, my nephew is young—I am sorry for this scene of errors, and I hope you will ascribe the whole to his inexperience——

Mr. HARLOW.

I certainly shall, Sir——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I cautioned my sister sufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimsical instance of folly and affectation.

In vain the FADED TOAST her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For ridicule, sly-peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roses and the lillies dead;
And while, fond soul! she weaves her myrtle
chain,

She proves a subject of the comic strain.

F I N I S.

9

THE
APPRENTICE.

A
F A R C E.

IN
T W O A C T S.

As it is performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN
D R U R Y - L A N E.

BY MR. MURPHY.

L O N D O N,

Printed for P. VAILLANT. 1764.

THE
APPRENTICE.

A
F A R C E.

IN
TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN
DURYLANE.

BY MR. MURPHY.

L O N D O N.

Printed for P. VALENTINE, 1765.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE was Room to apprehend, before the Representation of the following Farce, that the Subject might appear extravagant and merely ideal; but the real Existence of it is displayed in such a lively and picturesque Manner by the Author of the Prologue, and was at once so universally felt by the Audience, that all Necessity of saying any Thing farther on this Head is now entirely superseded. What at present remains to be feared, is, that the APPRENTICE will not make so lively a Figure in the Closet, as on the Stage, where the Parts in general were allowed to be well performed; where *Simon* was represented with a Perfection of Folly; where the Skill of Mr. *Yates* exhibited the Impotence of a Mind, whose Ideas extend very little beyond the Multiplication Table, and whose Passions are ever in a crazy Conflict, unless when they all subside into a sordid Love of Gain; and where Mr. *Woodward's* admirable comic Genius gave such a Spirit to the Whole, that there is Reason to think, whenever he relinquishes the Part, the *Apprentice* may gain elope from his Friends, without any one's desiring him to return to his Business.

The Author has, however, endeavoured to render all its Defects as excuseable as he could; and he wishes no stronger Criticism could be brought against him, than the two following Observations, which he thinks very singular, and somewhat entertaining. "*I can't, says one, give my Opinion of the Piece, till I have Time to consider the Depth of it.*"—" *Po! says another, this is not all his own, I remember some of it in other Plays.*"—In order to assist the former in his deep Researches, and to enable the latter to make good his Charge of Plagiarism, References are made to the several Plays, from which the distempered Hero of the Piece makes up his

his motley, but characteristick Dialect. The intelligent Reader, if he thinks it worth his while to turn over these Leaves, will be pleased to remember, that a Parody does not always carry with it a Burlesque on the Lines alluded to. For (as it is judiciously remarked in a Note to Mr. Pope's Dunciad) "*It is a common, but foolish, Mistake, that a ludicrous Parody of a grave and celebrated Passage, is a Ridicule of that Passage. A Ridicule indeed there is in every Parody; but where the Image is transferred from one Object to another, there the Ridicule falls not on the Thing imitated, but imitating.*" Thus, for Instance, when

Old Edward's Armour beams on Gibber's Breast †,

It is without Doubt an Object ridiculous enough; but then, I think, *it falls neither on old King Edward, nor his Armour, but on his Armour-Bearer only.*

But this is prefacing a Farce, as if it were a Thing of Moment; I shall therefore dismiss it to the Press, without adding any Thing farther, except my grateful Acknowledgments for the very favourable Reception with which the Public has honoured the trifling Scenes of

Tavistock-Row,
5th Jan. 1756.

Their most obliged,

and most obedient Servant.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

† Line of Pope's in a ludicrous Account of the Coronation in Henry the VIIIth.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the Piece—in mournful Verse;

*As Undertakers—walk before the Hearse;
Whose doleful March may strike the harden'd Mind,
And wake its Feelings—for the Dead—behind.
To Night no smuggled Scenes from France we show,
'Tis English—English, Sirs!—from Top to Toe.
Tho' coarse the Colours, and the Hand unskill'd,
From real Life our little Cloth is fill'd.*

*The Hero is a Youth,—by Fate design'd
For culling Simples,—but whose Stage-struck Mind,
Nor Fate could rule, nor his Indentures bind.
A Place there is where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB,—a glorious
Treat!*

*Where 'prentic'd Kings—alarm the gaping Street!
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight Taper;
Who all the DAY enacts—a Woollen Draper.
There Hamlet's Ghost stalks forth with doubl'd Fist,
Cries out with hollow Voice,—“Lift, Lift, O Lift!”
And frightens Denmark's Prince—a young Tobacconist.
The Spirit too, clear'd from his deadly White,
Rises—a Haberdasher to the Sight!*

*Not young Attorneys—have this Rage withstood,
But change their Pens for TRUNCHEONS, Ink for
BLOOD;*

And (strange Reverse!)—die for their Country's Good.

*To check these Heroes, and their Laurels crop,
To bring 'em back to Reason,—and their SHOP,
Our Author wrote;—O you Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!
Who hold the Ballance, or who gild the Pill;—*

Who

*Who weild the Yard, and smpering pay your Court,
And at each Flourish, snip an Inch too short!
Quit not your Shops; there Thrift and Profit call,
Whilst here young Gentlemen are apt to fall!*

[Bell rings.]

*But soft!—the Prompter calls!—brief let me be—
Her Groans you'll hear, and flying Apples see,
Be damn'd, perhaps;—farewell!—Remember me.*

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Wingate, a passionate old Man, particularly fond of Money and Figures, and involun- tarily uneasy about his Son,</i>	} <i>Mr. YATES.</i>
<i>Dick, his Son, bound to an Apothecary, and fond of going on the Stage,</i>	
<i>Gargle, an Apothecary,</i>	<i>Mr. BURTON.</i>
<i>Charlotte, Daughter to Gargle,</i>	<i>Miss MINORS.</i>
<i>Simon, Servant to Gargle,</i>	<i>Mr. H. VAUGHAN.</i>
<i>Scotchman,</i>	<i>Mr. BLAKES.</i>
<i>Irishman,</i>	<i>Mr. JEFFERSON.</i>
<i>Catchpole, a Bailiff,</i>	<i>Mr. VAUGHAN.</i>

Spouting-Club, Watchmen, &c.

THE



THE
APPRENTICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WINGATE and SIMON.

WINGATE.
NAY, but I tell you I am
convinced—I know it is so,—and
so, Friend, don't you think to
trifle with me ;—I know you're in
the Plot, you Scoundrel, and if you don't dis-
cover all, I'll—

Simon. Dear Heart, Sir, you won't give a
Body Time.

Wingate. Zookers ! a whole Month mis-
sing, and no Account of him far or near,—
Wounds ! 'tis unaccountable——Look ye,
Friend,——don't you pretend——

B

Simon.

Simon. Lord, Sir,—you're so main passionate, you won't let a Body speak.

Wingate. Speak out then,—and don't stand muttering——What a lubberly Fellow you are! ha! ha!——Why don't you speak out, you Blockhead?

Simon. Lord, Sir, to be sure the Gentleman is a fine young Gentleman, and a sweet young Gentleman—but, lack-a-day, Sir,—how should I know any thing of him?

Wingate. Sirrah, I say he could not be Prentice to your Master so long, and you live so long in one House with him, without knowing his Haunts and all his Ways—and then, Varlet, what brings you here to my House so often?

Simon. My Master *Gargle* and I, Sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the Town since Morning to enquire for un;—and so in my way, I thought I might as well call here—

Wingate. A Villain, to give his Father all this Trouble——And so you have not heard any Thing of him, Friend?

Simon. Not a Word, Sir, as I hope for Marcy; tho', as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, Master, the Gypsies have gotten hold on un, and we shall have un come home as thin as a Rake,—like the young Girl in the City,—with living upon nothing but Crusts and Water for six-and-twenty Days.—

Wingate. The Gypsies have got hold of him, ye Blockhead!—Get out of the Room—
—Here, you *Simon*—

Simon. Sir,——

Wingate. Where are you going in such a Hurry?——Let me see; what must be done?——A ridiculous Numskull, with his damned *Cassanders* and *Cloppatra's* and Trumpery; with his *Romances*, and his *Odyssey Popes*, and a Parcel of Rascals not worth a Groat;——wearing Stone Buckles, and cocking his Hat;——I never wear Stone Buckles,——never cock my Hat—but, Zookers, I'll not put myself in a Passion—*Simon*, do you step back to your Master, my Friend *Gargle*, and tell him I want to speak with him—though I don't know what I should send for him for——a fly, slow, hesitating Blockhead!——he'll only plague me with his Physical Cant and his Nonsense——Why don't you go, you Booby, when I bid you?——

Simon. Yes, Sir——

[*Exit.*

Wingate. This Fellow will be the Death of me at last——I can't sleep in my Bed sometimes for him.——An absurd insignificant Rascal,——to stand in his own Light!——Death and Fury, that we can't get Children, without having a Love for 'em!——I have been turmoiling for the Fellow all the Days of my Life, and now the Scoundrel's run away——Suppose I advertise the Dog, and promise a Reward to any one that can give an Account of him——well, but,——why should I throw away my Money after him?——why, as I don't say what Reward, I may give

what I please when they come——ay, but if the Villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead,——why then he tricks me out of Two Shillings——my Money's flung into the Fire——Zookers, I'll not put myself in a Passion——let him follow his Nose——'tis nothing at all to me——what care I?——What do you come back for, Friend?——

Re-enter Simon.

Simon. As I was going out, Sir, the Post came to the Door, and brought this Letter.

Wingate. Let me see it——The Gypsies have got hold of him! ha! ha! what a pretty Fellow you are! ha! ha! why don't you step where I bid you, Sirrah!——

Simon. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Wingate. Well, well,——I'm resolved, and it shall be so——I'll advertise him To-morrow Morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven:——And when the Block-head comes, I may do as I please——ha! ha! I may do as I please!——Let me see:——He had on——a Silver-loop'd Hat:——I never liked those vile Silver Loops:——A Silver-loop'd Hat;——and——and——Slidikins, what signifies what he had on?——I'll read my Letter, and think no more about him.——Hey! what a Plague have we here? [*mutters to himself.*] Bristol——a——what's all this?——

“*Esteemed Friend,*

“Last was 20th *ultimo*, since none of
“thine, which will occasion Brevity. The

“Rea-

“ Reason of my writing to thee at present,
 “ is to inform thee that thy Son came to our
 “ Place with a Company of Strollers, who
 “ were taken up by the Magistrate, and com-
 “ mitted as Vagabonds, to Jail.—

Zookers ! I’m glad of it——a Villain of a
 Fellow ! Let him lie there——

“ I am sorry thy Lad should follow such pro-
 “ fane Courses ; but out of the Esteem I
 “ bear unto thee, I have taken thy Boy out
 “ of Confinement, and sent him off for your
 “ City in the Waggon, which left this four
 “ Days ago. He is consigned to thy Ad-
 “ dress, being the needful from thy Friend
 “ and Servant,

“ *Ebeneezor Broadbrim.*”

Wounds ! what did he take the Fellow out
 for ?——a Scoundrel, Rascal !——turn’d Stage-
 Player——I’ll never see the Villain’s Face.——
 Who comes there ?——

Enter Simon.

Simon. I met my Master on the Way, Sir ;
 —our Cares are over :——Here he is,
 Sir.——

Wingate. Let him come in——and do you
 go down Stairs, you Blockhead.——

[*Exit Simon.*

Enter

Enter Gargle.

Wingate. So, Friend *Gargle*,—Here's a fine Piece of Work—*Dick's* turned Vagabond!—

Gargle. He must be put under a proper Regimen directly, Sir—He arrived at my House within these ten Minutes, but in such a Trim;—He's now below Stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had prepared you for his Reception.—

Wingate. Death and Fire! what could put it into the Villain's Head to turn Buffoon?

Gargle. Nothing so easily accounted for:—Why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading over Plays, and Farces, and *Shakespeare*.—

Wingate. Ay, that damned *Shakespeare*!—I hear the Fellow was nothing but a Deer-stealer in *Warwickshire*:—Zookers! if they had hanged him out of the Way, he would not now be the Ruin of honest Men's Children.—But what Right had he to read *Shakespeare*!—I never read *Shakespeare*!—Wounds! I caught the Rascal, myself, reading that nonsensical Play of *Hamblet*, where the Prince is keeping Company with Strollers and Vagabonds: A fine Example, Mr. *Gargle*!—

Gargle. His Disorder is of the malignant Kind, and my Daughter has taken the Infection from him—bless my Heart!—She was as innocent as Water-gruel, till he spoilt her:

her :——I found her, the other Night, in the very Fact.

Wingate. Zookers ! you don't say so !—— caught her in the Fact !——

Gargle. Ay, in the very Fact of reading a Play-book in Bed.

Wingate. O, is that the Fact you mean ?—— Is that all ?——tho' that's bad enough.

Gargle. But I have done for my young Madam :——I have confined her to her Room, and locked up all her Books.

Wingate. Look ye, Friend *Gargle*, I'll never see the Villain's Face :——Let him follow his Nose and bite the Bridle.

Gargle. Lenitives, Mr. *Wingate* !——Lenitives are properest at present :——His Habit requires gentle Alteratives :——but leave him to my Management ;——about twenty Ounces of Blood, with a Cephalic Tincture,——and he may do very well.

Wingate. Where is the Scoundrel ?

Gargle. Dear Sir, moderate your Anger, and don't use such harsh Language.

Wingate. Harsh Language !——Why, do you think, Man, I'd call him a Scoundrel, if I had not a Regard for him ?——You don't hear me call a Stranger a Scoundrel.

Gargle. Dear Sir, he may still do very well ; the Boy has very good Sentiments.

Wingate. Sentiment !——a Fig for Sentiment ! let him get Money, and never miss an Opportunity——I never missed an Opportunity ; got up at Five in the Morning,——struck a Light,——made my own Fire,——worked my Finger's Ends——and this Vagabond

gabond of a Fellow is going his own Way—
with all my Heart—what care I;—let him
follow his Nose,—let him follow his Nose—
a ridiculous——

Gargle. Ay, ridiculous indeed, Sir—Why
for a long Time past, he could not converse
in the Language of common Sense.—Ask
him but a trivial Question, and he'd give
some cramp Answer out of some of his Plays
that had been running in his Head, and so
there's no understanding a Word he says.—

Wingate. Zookers! this comes of his keep-
ing Company with Wits, and be damned to
'em for Wits—ha!—ha!—Wits! a fine
Thing indeed—ha! ha! 'Tis the most beg-
garly, rascally,——contemptible Thing on
Earth.—

Gargle. And then, Sir, I have found out
that he went three Times a Week to a Spout-
ing-Club.

Wingate. A Spouting-Club, Friend *Gargle*!
—What's a Spouting-Club?

Gargle. A Meeting of 'Prentices and Clerks
and giddy young Men, intoxicated with Plays;
and so they meet in Public-Houses to act
Speeches; there they all neglect Business, de-
spise the Advice of their Friends, and think of
nothing but to become Actors.—

Wingate. You don't say so!—a Spouting-
Club! wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gargle. Ay, mad indeed, Sir:—Madness
is occasioned in a very extraordinary Manner,—
the Spirits flowing in particular Channels.—

Wingate. 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as
any of them.—

Gargle.

Gargle. And continuing to run in the same Ducts——

Wingate. Ducks! Damn your Ducks!——
Who's below there?

Gargle. The Texture of the Brain becomes disorder'd, and [*Wingate walks about uneasily, and Gargle follows*] thus, by the Pressure on the Nerves, the Head is disturbed, and so your Son's Malady is contracted.——

Wingate. Who's without there?——Don't plague me so, Man.

Gargle. But I shall alter the morbid State of the Juices, correct his Blood, and produce laudable Chyle.——

Wingate. Zookers, Friend *Gargle*, don't tease me so——Don't plague me with your physical Nonsense——Who's below there?——Tell that Fellow to come up.——

Gargle. Dear Sir, be a little cool——Inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do, pray, Sir, moderate your Passions.——

Wingate. Prithee, be quiet, Man——I'll try what I can do——Here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Now, my good Father, what's the Matter? *

Wingate. So, Friend,——you have been upon your Travels, have you?——You have had your Frolic?——Look-ye, young Man,——I'll not put myself in a Passion:——But, Death and Fire, you Scoundrel,——what

C

Right

Right have you to plague me in this Manner?—Do you think I must fall in Love with your Face, because I am your Father?—

Dick. A little more than Kin, and less than Kind.——*

Wingate. Ha! ha!—what a pretty Figure you cut now?—ha! ha!—why don't you speak, you Blockhead?—Have you nothing to say for yourself?—

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself?—What an old Prig it is!

Wingate. Mind me, Friend—I have found you out—I see you'll never come to Good.—Turn Stage-player!—Wounds! you'll not have an Eye in your Head in a Month——ha! ha!——you'll have 'em knocked out of the Sockets with withered Apples—remember I tell you so.—

Dick. A Critic too! [*whistles*] Well done, old Square-toes.—

Wingate. Look-ye, young Man—take Notice of what I say:—I made my own Fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds!—if I were placed at the Bottom of *Chancery-Lane*, with a Brush and Black-ball,—I'd make my own Fortune again—you read *Shakespeare*!—Get *Cocker's Arithmetick*—you may buy it for a Shilling on any Stall—best Book that ever was wrote.—

Dick. Pretty well, that;—Ingenious, Faith!—Egad, the old Fellow has a pretty Notion of Letters.

Wingate.

Wingate. Can you tell how much is *five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound*?—Five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound—Ay, ay, I see you're a Blockhead:—Look-ye, young Man,—if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, study Figures and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.—

Dick. *How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the Uses of this World!—

Wingate. Mind the Scoundrel now.—

Gargle. Do, Mr. *Wingate*, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently:—Come, come, young Man, lay aside this sulky Humour, and speak as becomes a Son.

Dick. † O *Jeptba*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!—

Wingate. What does the Fellow say?

Gargle. He relents, Sir—Come, come, young Man, he'll forgive.—

Dick. ‡ They fool me to the Top of my Bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em,—a truant Disposition, good my Lord:—No, no, stay, that's not right—I have a better Speech.—“ || It is as you say—when
“ we are sober, and reflect but ever so little
“ on our Follies, we are ashamed and sorry;
“ and yet, the very next Minute, we rush
“ again into the very same Absurdities.”—

Wingate. Well said, Lad, well said—mind me, Friend: Commanding our own Passions, and artfully taking Advantage of other People's, is the sure Road to Wealth:—Death and

* Hamlet. † Ditto. ‡ Ditto. || Suspicious Husband.

Fire!——but I won't put myself in a Passion:——'Tis my Regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a Scoundrel, 'tis for your Good.

Dick. Without Doubt, Sir. [*stifling a Laugh.*]

Wingate. If you want any Thing, you shall be provided:——Have you any Money in your Pocket?—ha! ha! what a ridiculous Numskul you are now?—ha! ha!—Come, here's some Money for you.—[*Pulls out his Money and looks at it*]—I'll give it to you another Time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.——

Dick. * Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land!

Wingate. Zookers! you Blockhead, you'd better stick to your Business, than turn Buffoon, and get Truncheons broke upon your Arm, and be tumbling upon Carpets.——

Dick. † I shall in all my best obey you, Sir.——

Wingate. Very well, Friend,——very well said——you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful, and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go Home to your Business——and mind me, young Man,——let me see no more Play-Books, and let me never find that you wear a lac'd Waistcoat——you Scoundrel, what right have you to wear a lac'd Waistcoat?——I never wore a lac'd Waistcoat!——never wore one till

* Richard III.

† Hamlet.

till I was Forty——But I'll not put myself in a Passion——go and change your Dress, Friend.

Dick. I shall, Sir——

* I must be cruel, only to be kind,
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind!

Cocker's Arithmetick, Sir?

Wingate. Ay, *Cocker's* Arithmetick——study Figures, and they'll carry you through the World——

Dick. Yes, Sir, [*siffling a Laugh*] *Cocker's* Arithmetick! [*Exit.*

Wingate and Gargle.

Wingate. Let him mind me, Friend *Gargle*, and I'll make a Man of him.

Gargle. Ay, Sir, you know the World——the young Man will do very well——I wish he were out of his Time; he shall then have my Daughter——

Wingate. Yes, but I'll touch the Cash——he shan't finger it, during my Life——I must keep a tight Hand over him——[*Goes to the Door.*]——Do ye hear, Friend!——Mind what I say, and go home to your Business immediately——Friend *Gargle*, I'll make a Man of him.——

Enter

* Hamlet.

Enter Dick.

Dick. † Who called on *Achmet*?—Did not *Barbarossa* require me here?

Wingate. What's the Matter now?—
Barossa!—Wounds!—What's *Barossa*?
—Does the Fellow call me Names?—
What makes the Blockhead stand in such
Confusion?

Dick. That *Barbarossa* should suspect my
Truth!—

Wingate. The Fellow's stark staring mad
—get out of the Room, you Villain, get
out of the Room.

[Dick stands in a sullen Mood.]

Gargle. Come, come, young Man, every
Thing is easy, don't spoil all again—go
and change your Dress, and come Home to
your Business—nay, nay, be ruled by me
[Thrusts him off.]

Wingate. I'm very peremptory, Friend
Gargle; if he vexes me once more, I'll have
nothing to say to him—well, but, now I
think of it—I have *Cocker's* Arithmetick
below Stairs in the Counting-House—I'll
step and get it for him, and so he shall take
it Home with him—Friend *Gargle*, your
Servant.

Gargle. Mr. *Wingate*, a good Evening to
you—you'll send him Home to his Bu-
siness—

Wingate.

† The last new Play called *Barbarossa*.

Wingate. He shall follow you Home directly.
Five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound!
——multiply the Numerator by the Denominator; five times Sixteen is ten times Eight, ten times Eight is Eighty, and——a——a——carry One. [Exit.]

Enter Dick and Simon.

Simon. Lord love ye, Master——I'm so glad you're come back——come, we had as good e'en gang Home to my Master *Gargle's*——

Dick. No, no, *Simon*, stay a Moment——this is but a scurvy Coat I have on——and I know my Father has always some *Jemmy Thing* lock'd up in his Closet——I know his Ways——He takes 'em in Pawn, for he'll never part with a Shilling without Security.

Simon. Hush! he'll hear us——stay, I believe he's coming up Stairs.

Dick. [Goes to the Door and listens.] No, no,—no,—he's going down, growling and grumbling—ay,—say ye so “Scoundrel, “Rascal—Let him bite the Bridle”——“Six “times Twelve is Seventy-two”——all's safe Man, never fear him—Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this Business in a Crack.——

Simon. Blessings on him! what is he about now?—why the Door is locked, Master.——

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the Lock—you shall see me do it as well as any *Sir John Brute* of 'em all—this right Leg here is the best

best Locksmith in *England*—so, so,—[*forces the Door and goes in.*]

Simon. He's at his Plays again—Odds my Heart, he's a rare Hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any Concern—I must be main cautious——Lord bless his Heart, he's to teach me to act *Scrub*.——He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jesuit before a went out of Town:——
 “ * *Scrub*—Coming, Sir,—Lord, Ma'am,
 “ I've a whole Packet full of News—some
 “ say one Thing and some say another; but,
 “ for my Part, Ma'am,——I believe he's a
 “ Jesuit”—that's main pleasant—“ *I believe*
 “ *he's a Jesuit.*”

Re-enter Dick.

Dick. † I have done the Deed—Didst thou not hear a Noise?

Simon. No, Master; we're all snug.—

Dick. This Coat will do charmingly—I have bilked the old Fellow nicely——† In a dark Corner of his Cabinet, I found this Paper; what it is the Light will shew.

I promise to pay——ha!——

I promise to pay to Mr. *Moneytrap*, or Order, on Demand—'tis *his Hand*—a Note of *his*—yet more—The Sum of seven Pounds fourteen Shillings and Seven Pence, Value received, by me

London this 15th *June*, 1755.—'Tis wanting what should follow——*his Name* should fol-

* Stratagem. † *Macbeth.* ‡ *Vide the Mourning Bride.*

follow—but 'tis torn off—because the Note is paid.—

Simon. O Lud! Dear Sir, you'll spoil all—I wish we were well out of the House—Our best Way, Master, is to make off directly.—

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this Coat—*Simon*, you shall be my Dresser—you'll be fine and happy behind the Scenes.—

Simon. O Lud! it will be main pleasant—I have been behind the Scenes in the Country, when I liv'd with the Man that shew'd wild Beastices.—

Dick. Hark-ye, *Simon*,—when I am playing some deep Tragedy, and * cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech, you must stand between the Scenes and cry bitterly. [*Teaches him.*]

Simon. Yes, Sir.

Dick. And when I'm playing Comedy, you must be ready to laugh your Guts out [*Teaches him.*] for I shall be very pleasant—Tolde-
roll—[*Dances.*]

Simon. Never doubt me, Sir.—

Dick. Very well; now run down and open the Street-Door; I'll follow you in a Crack.

Simon. I am gone to serve you, Master.—

Dick. † To serve theyself—for, look-ye, *Simon*, when I am Manager, claim thou of me the Care o'th' Wardrobe, with all those Moveables, whereof the § Property-Man now stands posselt.—

D

Simon.

* Hamlet.

† Richard III.

§ The Property-Man, in the Play-House Phrase, is the Person who gives Truncheons, Daggers, &c. to the Actors, as Occasion requires.

Simon. O Lud! this is charming—Hush! I am gone. [Going.]

Dick. Well, but hark-ye, *Simon*, come hither——* what Money have you about you, Master *Matthew*?

Simon. But a Tester, Sir.

Dick. A Tester!——That's something of the least, Master *Matthew*,——let's see it.

Simon. You have had fifteen Sixpences now——

Dick. Never mind that——I'll pay you all at my Benefit——

Simon. I don't doubt that, Master——but mum. [Exit.]

Dick, solus.

† Thus far we run before the Wind.——An Apothecary!——make an Apothecary of me!——‡ what, cramp my Genius over a Pestle and Mortar, or mew me up in a Shop with an Alligator stuf, and a beggarly Account of empty Boxes!——to be culling Simples, and constantly adding to the Bills of Mortality.——No! no! It will be much better to be palted up in Capitals, *The Part of Romeo by a young Gentleman, who never appeared on any Stage before!*——My Ambition fires at the Thought——But hold,——mayn't I run some Chance of failing in

* Every Man in his Humour.

† Richard III.

‡ *Vide* Romeo and Juliet.

in my Attempt——Hissed,——Pelted,——
 Laughed at,——Not admitted into the Green-
 Room——That will never do——* Down,
 busy Devil, down, down.—Try it again.—
 Loved by the Women, envied by the Men,
 applauded by the Pit, clapped by the Gallery,
 admired by the Boxes. “Dear Colonel, is not
 “he a charming Creature?” “My Lord,
 “don’t you like him of all Things?”——
 “Makes Love like an Angel!”——“What
 “an Eye he has!——fine Legs!”——
 “I’ll certainly go to his Benefit.”——Ce-
 lestial Sounds!——And then I’ll get in
 with all the Painters, and have myself put
 up in every Print-Shop—in the Character of
Macbeth! “This is a sorry Sight.” [*stands an*
Attitude.] In the Character of *Richard* [*Give*
me another Horse, bind up my Wounds.]——
 this will do rarely——and then I have a
 Chance of getting well married——O
 glorious Thought!——† By Heaven I will
 enjoy it, though but in Fancy——But,
 what’s o’Clock?——it must be almost Nine.
 I’ll away at once; this is Club-night.——
 ’Egad I’ll go to ’em for a while——the
 Spouters are all met——little they think
 I’m in Town——they’ll be surprized to
 see me——Off I go, and then for my Af-
 signation with my Master *Gargle’s* Daughter
 ——Poor *Charlotte*!——she’s lock’d up,
 but I shall find Means to settle Matters for
 her Escape——She’s a pretty Theatrical

D 2

Genius

* Venice Preserv’d.

† Tamerlane.

Genius——If she flies to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, it will be so rare an Adventure, and so Dramatic an Incident;——

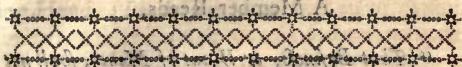
* Limbs do your Office, and support me well;
Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can.

* The Orphan.

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Scene discovers the Spouting-Club, the Members seated and roaring out Bravo, while one stands at a Distance repeating——

1st. Member. CURS'D be your Senate,
CURS'd your Constitution;
The Curse of growing Factions and Divisions
Still vex your Councils.*——

2d. Memb. Don't you think his Action a
little confined?

1st. Memb. Psha! you Blockhead, don't
you know that I'm in Chains?——

2d. Memb. Blockhead, say ye?—Was not I
the first that took Compassion on you, when
you lay like a sneaking Fellow under the
Counter, and swept your Master's Shop in
a Morning? when you read nothing but the
Young Man's Pocket Companion, or the *True
Clerk's Vade Mecum*, did not I put *Chrononho-
tontologos* in your Hand?

All. Bravo! Bravo!——

President. Come, Gentlemen, let us have
no Disputes. Consider, Gentlemen, this is the
Honourable Society of Spouters; and so, to
put an End to all Animosities, read the seventh
Rule of this Society.

A Mem-

* Venice Preserv'd.

A Member Reads,

"That Business, or Want of Money, shall not
 "be received as an Excuse for Non-Attendance;
 "nor the Anger of Parents or other Relations;
 "nor the Complaints of our Masters be ever heard;
 "by which Means this Society will be able to boast
 "its own mimic Heroes, and be a Nursery of
 "Young Actorlings for the Stage, in Spight of
 "the Mechanic Genius of our Friends."

President. That is not the Rule I mean;—
 but come, * we'll fill a Measure the Table
 round—now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
 and Health on both.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!—

President. Come, Gentlemen, let us have
 no Quarrels.

All. Huzza, huzza!—

Scotchman. Come now I'll gee you a Touch
 of *Macbeeth*.—

1st. Memb. That will be rare. Come let's
 have it.——

Scotchman. What do'st lier at Mon?—I have
 had muckle Applause at *Edinburgh*, when I
 enacted in the *Réégiccede*,—and I now intend
 to do *Macbeeth*—I seed the Degger Yesterneet,
 and I thought I should ha' killed every one
 that came in my Way.——

Irishman. Stand out of the way, Lads, and
 you'll see me give a Touch of *Othello*, my Dear—
 [Takes the Cork and burns it, and blacks his Face.]
 The Devil burn the Cork—it would not do it
 fast enough.

1st.

* *Macbeth*.

1st. Memb. Here, here, I'll lend you a helping Hand. [*Blacks him.*]

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

2d. Memb. *Open Locks, whoever knocks.—

Enter Dick.

Dick. † How now, ye Secret, Black, and Midnight Hags?—what is't ye do?

All. Ha! the Genius come to Town—Huzza! huzza!—the Genius—

Dick. How fare the honest Partners of my Heart?—*Jack Hopeless*, give us your Hand—*Guildersten*, yours—Ha! *Rosencrofs*—Gentlemen, I rejoice to see ye—But come, the News, the News of the Town!—Has any Thing been damned?—Any new Performers this Winter?—How often has *Romeo* and *Juliet* been acted?

--Come, my Bucks, inform me, I want News.--

1st. Memb. You shall know all in good Time—But prithee, my dear Boy, how was it?—You play'd at *Bristol*, let's hear.—

2d. Memb. Ay, let's have it, dear Dick.—

Dick. Look-ye there now—‡ Let's have it, dear Boy, and dear Dick.—

1st. Memb. Nay, nay, but how was you receiv'd?—

Dick. *Romeo* was my Part—I touch'd their Souls for 'em,—every pale Face from the Wells was there, and so on I went—but rot 'em,—never mind them—|| What bloody Scene has *Roscins* now to act?—

1st.

* Macbeth.

† Ditto.

‡ Suspicious Husband.

|| Richard III.

1st. Memb. Several Things—But, Genius, why did you come to us so late?—Why did not you come in the Beginning of the Night?

Dick. Why, I intended it: But who should I meet in my Way but by Friend *Catcall*, a devilish good Critic;—and so he and I went together and had our Pipes, to*close the Orifice of the Stomach you know;—and what do you think I learn'd of him?

1st. Memb. I can't say.

Dick. Can you tell, now, whether the Emphasis should be laid upon the *Epitaph*†, or the *Substantive*?

1st. Memb. Why, no.——

Dick. Ever, while you live, lay your Emphasis upon the *Epitaph*.——

Irishman. Arrah, my Dear, but what is that same Epitaph now?

Dick. ‡ Arrah, my dear Cousin *Mackshane*, won't you put a Remembrance upon me?——

Irishman. Ow! but is it mocking you are?—Look-ye, my Dear, if you'd be taking me off—Don't you call it taking off!—By my Shoul I'd be making you take yourself off——What? If you're for being obstreperous, I would not matter you three Skips of a Flea.——

Dick. Nay, prithee, no Offence—I hope we shall be Brother-players.

Irishman. Ow! then we'd be very good Friends; for you know two of a Trade can never agree, my Dear.

——*Scotchman.*

* Every Man in his Humour.

† By Mistake for *Epithet*.

‡ Stratagem.

Scotchman. *Locke* is certainly reet in his Chapter aboot innate Ideas ; for this Mon is born without any at all—and the other Mon yonder, I doot, is no greet Heed-piece.—

Dick. What do you intend to appear in ?

Irishman. *Othollo*, my Dear ; let me alone ; you'll see how I'll *bodder* 'em—Tho' by my Shoul, myself does not know but I'd be frightened when every Thing is in a *Hub-bub*, and nothing to be heard, but "*Throw him over*"—"over with him"—"*off, off, off the Stage*"—"Music"—"*Won't y' ba' some Orange-chips*"—"won't y' ba' some Non-pareills ?"—Ow!—but may-be the dear Cratur in the Boxes will be *lucking* at my Legs—Ow! to be sure—the Devil burn the *Luck* they'll give 'em.—

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the Fellow's Face.—

Irishman. Ow ! never mind it—let me alone, my Dear——may-be I'd see a little round Face from *Dublin* in the Pit, may-be I wou'd ; but then, won't I be the first Gentleman of my Name that turn'd Stage-play'r?—My Coufins would rather see me starve like a Gentleman, with Honour and Reputation—Myself does be asham'd when I think of it.—

Scotchman. Stay till you hear me give a Specimen of Elocution.

Dick. What, with that Impediment, Sir ?

Scotchman. Impeediment ! what Impeediment ? I do not leesp——do I ?——I do no squeent—I am well leem'd, am I not ?——

Irishman. By my Shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them,

E

and

and shall make a Figure in genteel and top Comedy.—

Scotchman. I'll give you a Specimen of *Mockbeeth*.——

Irishman. Make haste, then, and I'll begin *Othello*.——

Scotchman. —Is this a Dagger that I see before me, &c.

Irishman. [*collaring him.*] * Willain, be sure you prove my Love a Whore, &c.

[*Another Member comes forward with his Face powdered, and a Pipe in his Hand.*]

—I am thy Father's Spirit, *Hamlet*——

Dick. Po! Prithee! you're not fat enough for a Ghost.——

Mem. I intend to make my first Appearance in it for all that, only I'm puzzled about one Thing—I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a Bow to the Audience?

Another Mem. Now, Gentlemen, for the true way of dying—[*spreads a Blanket.*]—now for a little Phrenzy——[*Repeats a dying Speech, and rolls himself up in the Blanket.*]—

[*Watch behind the Scenes; Past Five o'Clock, cloudy Morning.*]

Dick. Hey! past Five o'Clock—'Sdeath, I shall miss my Appointment with *Charlotte*—I have staid too long, and shall lose my Profelyte—Come, let us adjourn.——

All. Ay, let us fally forth.——

Irishman. With all my Heart; tho' I should have bodder'd 'em finely if they had staid.

Scotch-

* Venice Preserv'd.

Scotchman. I should have sheen'd in *Mock-beeth*——but never meend it——I'll go now to my Friend the Bookseller, and translate *Cornelius Tacitus*, or *Grotius de Jure Belli*,——and so, Gentlemen, your Servant.—

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Dick. * We'll scower the Watch——Confusion to Morality——I wish the Constable were married——Huzza, Huzza——

Irishman. By my Shoul, myself did not care if I had a Wife, with a good Fortune, to be hindering me from going on——But no matter——I may meet with a willing Cratur somewhere——

[*Exit singing.*

All. Huzza, Huzza!——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Street.

Enter a Watchman.

Past Five o'Clock, cloudy Morning. Mercy on us——all mad I believe in this House——They're at this Trade three Nights in the Week, I think——Past Five o'Clock, a cloudy Morning.

All. Huzza! [*without.*]

Watchman. What in the Name of Wonder are they all at?

Hurra, Hurra, without. Enter the Spouters.

Dick. † Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!

E 2

1st. Memb.

* Sir John Brute.

† Hamlet.

1st. Memb. * By Heavens I'll tear you Joint by Joint, and strew this hungry Church-yard with your Limbs.

Dick. † Avant, and quit my Sight——thy Bones are marrowless——There's no Speculation in those Eyes, that thou dost glare withal.

Watchman. Prithee don't distrub the Peace——

A Member. ‡ Be sure you write him down an Afs.

Dick. § Be alive again, and dare me to the Defart with thy Pole,———take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves shall never tremble——

Watchman. Soho! Soho!

Enter Watchmen from all Parts, some drunk, some coughing, &c.

2d. Watchman. What's the Matter there?—

1st. Watchman. Here are the Disturbers of the Peace——I charge 'em all——

Dick. || Unmanner'd Slave, advance your Halbert higher than my breast, or by St. Paul, I'll strike thee down, and spurn thee, Beggar, for this Insolence——

[They fight, Dick is knocked down. Exeunt Watchmen fighting the rest.]

Dick. ** I have it; it will do;—'Egad, I'll make my Escape now——O I am Fortune's Fool———

[Exit. Re-

* Romeo. † Macbeth. ‡ Much ado about
Nothing. § Macbeth. || Richard.
** Romeo.

Re-enter Watchmen, &c.

Watchman. Come, bring 'em along——

1st. Memb. * Good Ruffians, hold a while——

2d. Memb. † I am unfortunate, but not ashamed of being so.

Watchman. Come, come, bring 'em along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, another Street.

Enter Dick, with a Lanthorn and a Ladder.

All's quiet here ; the Coast's clear ;—now for my Adventure with *Charlotte*—this Ladder will do rarely for the Business—tho' it would be better, if it were a Ladder of Ropes—but hold ; have not I seen something like this on the Stage ?—yes I have, in some of the Entertainments—Ay, ‡ I remember an Apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—this is my Master *Gargle's* ;—being dark the Beggar's Shop is shut—what, ho ! Apothecary !—but soft,—what Light breaks thro' yonder Window—It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun ; arise fair Sun, &c.

Charlotte. Who's there ? my *Romeo* ?

Dick. The same, my Love, if it not thee displease.——

Charlotte. Hush ! not so loud, you'll waken my Father.—

Dick. § Alas ! there's more peril in thy Eye.

Char-

* Revenge. † Oroonoko. ‡ Romeo. § Romec.

Charlotte. Nay, but prithee now—I tell you you'll spoil all—what made you stay so long?

Dick. * Chide not, my Fair, but let the God of Love laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart.—

Charlotte. As I am a living Soul, you'll ruin every Thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you.— [Going.

Dick. No, no, not so fast—*Charlotte*—let us act the Garden Scene first.—

Charlotte. A Fiddlestick for the Garden Scene.—

Dick. Nay, then I'll act *Ranger*—up I go, Neck or nothing.

Charlotte. Dear Heart, you're enough to frighten a Body out of one's Wits—Don't come up—I tell you there's no Occasion for the Ladder—I have settled every Thing with *Simon*, and he's to let me thro' the Shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give a Farthing for it without the Ladder, and so, up I go.

Enter Simon at the Door.

Simon. Sir, Sir, Madam, Madam—

Dick. Prithee be quiet, *Simon*—I am ascending the high Top-gallant of my Joy—

Simon. An't please you, Master; my young Mistress may come thro' the Shop—I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow—

Char-

Charlotte. That will do purely—and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me—— [Exit from above.

Dick. No, no, but that won't take—you shan't hinder me from going thro' my Part [goes up] * a Woman, by all that's lucky—neither old nor crooked——in I go—— [goes in] and for Fear of the Pursuit of the Family, I'll make sure of the Ladder.

Simon. Hift! hift! Master——leave that there, to save me from being suspected——

Dick. With all my Heart, *Simon*—— [Exit from above.

Simon alone. Lord love him, how comical he is!——it will be fine for me, when we're playing the Fool together, to call him Brother *Martin*. “† Brother *Martin*.”

Enter Charlotte.

Charlotte. O Lud! I'm frightened out of my Wits, where is he?——

Simon. He's a coming, Ma'am——[calls to him] “ Brother *Martin*.”

Enter Dick.

Dick. ‡ Cuckold him, Ma'am, by all Means——I'm your Man.

Charlotte. Well now, I protest and vow, I wonder how you can serve a Body so——feel with what a Pit-a-pat Action my Heart beats——

Dick.

* Suspicious Husband.

† Stratagem.

‡ Suspicious Husband.

Dick. * 'Tis an Alarm to Love——quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* Arms, &c.

Watchman behind the Scenes. Past Six o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning——

Charlotte. Dear Heart, don't let us stand fooling here——as I live and breathe we shall both be taken——do, for Heaven's Sake, let us make our Escape.

Watch. Past Six o'Clock, a cloudy Morning——

Charlotte. It comes nearer and nearer; let us make off——

Dick. Give us your Hand then——my pretty little Adventurer I attend you.

† Yes, my dear *Charlotte*, we will go together,

Together to the Theatre we'll go,

There to their ravish'd Eyes our Skill }
we'll show,

And point new Beauties--to the Pit below. }

Simon. Heavens bless the Couple of 'em; but mum.

[*Exit, and shuts the Doors after him.*]

Enter Bailiff and his Follower.

Bailiff. That's he yonder, as sure as you're alive—Ay, it is—and he has been about some Mischief here.

Follower. No, no, that an't he—that one wears a laced Coat—tho' I can't say—as sure as a Gun, it is he——

Bailiff. Ay, I smoked him at once——Do you run that Way and stop at the Bottom of
Ca-

* Old Batchelor.

† *Vide* Distress'd Mother.

Catherine-Street; I'll go up *Drury-Lane*, and between us both, it will be odds if we miss him.— [Exit.]

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Past Six a Clock, and a cloudy Morning.—Hey-day! what's here, a Ladder, at Master *Gargle's* Window?—I must alarm the Family—Ho! Master *Gargle*— [Knocks at the Door.]

Gargle, above. What's the Matter?—How comes this Window to be open?—ha!—a Ladder!—Who's below there?

1st. Watch. I hope you an't robbed, Master *Gargle*?—As I was going my Rounds, I found your Window open.

Gargle. I fear this is some of that young Dog's Tricks—Take away the Ladder; I must enquire into all this.— [Exit.]

Enter Simon, like Scrub.

Simon. * Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Popery!—

Watch. What's the Matter with the Fellow?

Simon. Spare all I have, and take my Life—

Watchman. Any Mischief in the House?

Simon. They broke in with Fire and Sword—they'll be here this Minute—Five and Forty—*This will do charmingly*—
“ my young Master taught me this.” [Aside.]

F

1st.

1st. Watchman. What, are there Thieves in the House?

Simon. With Sword and Pistol, Sir,——
Five and Forty.

Watch. Nay, then 'tis Time for me to go,
——for, mayhap, I may come to ha' the
worst on't—— [Exit Watchman.

Enter Gargle.

Gargle. Dear Heart! dear Heart——she's
gone, she's gone——my Daughter! my
Daughter!——what's the Fellow in such a
Fright for?

Simon. Down on your Knees——down on
your Marrowbones——(this will make him
think, I know nothing of the Matter——
Bless his Heart for teaching me)——Down on
your Marrowbones.——

Gargle. Get up, you Fool, get up——
Dear Heart, I'm all in a Fermentation.

Enter Wingate reading a News-Paper.

“Wanted, on good Security, Five hundred
“Pounds, for which lawful Interest will be
“given, and a good Præmium allowed:
“Whoever this may suit, Enquire for S. T.
“at the *Crown and Rolls* in *Chancery-Lane*.”
This may be worth looking after.—I'll have a
good Præmium—If the Fellow's a Fool, I'll
fix my Eye on him—Other People's Follies
are an Estate to the Man that knows how to
make himself useful—So, Friend *Gargle*,——
you're up early, I see——nothing like rising
early

early—nothing to be got by lying in Bed, like a lubberly Fellow—What's the Matter with you?—ha! ha! you look like a—ha! ha!—

Gargle. O—no Wonder—My Daughter, my Daughter!

Wingate. Your Daughter!—what signifies a foolish Girl?

Gargle. Oh dear Heart! dear Heart!—out of the Window.

Wingate. Fallen out of the Window!—well, she was a Woman, and 'tis no Matter—if she's dead, she's provided for.—Here, I found the Book—could not meet with it last Night—Here it is—there's more Sense in it, than in all their *Macbeths* and their Trumpery [*reads*] *Cocker's Arithmetick*—Look ye here now, Friend *Gargle*,—suppose you have the Sixteenth Part of a Ship, and I buy one Fifth of you, what Share of the Ship do I buy?—

Gargle. Oh dear, Sir, 'tis a melancholy Case—

Wingate. A melancholy Case indeed to be so ignorant—why should not a Man know every Thing? One Fifth of one Sixteenth, what Part have I of the Whole? Let me see—I'll do it a short Way.—

Gargle. Lost beyond Redemption.—

Wingate. Zookers, be quiet Man, you put me out—Seven times Seven is Forty-nine, and Six times Twelve is Seventy-two,—and—and—and—a—Here, Friend *Gargle*, take the Book, and give it that Scoundrel of a Fellow.—

Gargle. Lord, Sir,—He's returned to his Tricks.—

Wingate. Returned to his Tricks!—What, —broke loose again?—

Gargle. Ay, and carried off my Daughter with him.—

Wingate. Carried off your Daughter—How did the Rascal contrive that?

Gargle. Oh, dear Sir,——the Watch alarmed us a while ago, and I found a Ladder at the Window——so I suppose my young Madam made her Escape that Way.—

Wingate. Wounds! what Business had the Fellow with your Daughter?

Gargle. I wish I had never taken him into my House—He may debauch the poor Girl—

Wingate. And suppose he does——she's a Woman, an't she?—Ha! ha! Friend *Gargle*, Ha! ha!—

Gargle. Dear Sir, how can you talk thus to a Man distracted?

Wingate. I'll never see the Fellow's Face,

Simon. Secrets! Secrets! *

Wingate. What, are you in the Secret, Friend?—

Simon. To be sure, there be Secrets in all Families——but, for my Part, I'll not speak a Word *pro* or *con*, till there's a Peace.

Wingate. You won't speak, Sirrah!—I'll make you speak——Do you know nothing of this Numskull?

Simon. Who I, Sir?——He came home last Night from your House, and went out again directly.—

Wingate.

Wingate. You saw him then—

Simon. Yes, Sir—saw him to be sure, Sir—he made me open the Shop Door for him—he stopp'd on the Threshold and pointed at one of the Clouds, and asked me if it was not like an *Ouzel* *?—

Wingate. Like an *Ouzel*—Wounds! what's an *Ouzel*?—

Gargle. And the young Dog came back in the Dead of Night to steal away my Daughter.

Wingate. I'll tell you what, Friend *Gargle*—I'll think no more of the Fellow—let him bite the Bridle—I'll go mind my Business, and not miss an Opportunity.

Gargle. Good now, Mr. *Wingate*, don't leave me in this Affliction,—consider, when the animal Spirits are properly employed, the whole System's exhilarated, a proper Circulation in the smaller Ducts or Capillary Vessels—

Wingate. Look-ye there now—the Fellow's at his *Ducks* again, ha! ha!

Gargle. But when the Spirits are under Influence—

Wingate. Ha! ha! what a fine fellow you are now?—you're as mad with your physical Nonsense, as my Son with his *Shakespeare* and *Ben Thompson*—

Gargle. Dear Sir, let us go in quest of him—he shall be well phlebotomized; and for the future I'll keep his Solids and Fluids in proper Balance—

Wingate. Don't tell me of your Solids—I tell you he'll never be solid—and so I'll go and

and mind my Business——let me see where is this Chap——[reads] ay, ay, at the *Crown and Rolls*——good Morning, Friend *Gargle*——don't plague yourself about the Numskull——study Fractions Man; Vulgar Fractions will carry you through the World, Arithmetical Proportion is when the Antecedent and Consequent,—a— [going.]

Enter a Porter.

Wingate. Who are you, pray?—what do you want?——

Porter. Is one Mr. *Gargle* here?

Gargle. Yes——who wants him?——

Porter. Here's a Letter for you?——

Gargle. Let me see it. O dear Heart!—[reads] *To Mr. Gargle at the Pestle and Mortar*——'Slidikins, this is a Letter from that unfortunate young Fellow——

Wingate. Let me see it, *Gargle*——

Gargle. A Moment's Patience, good Mr. *Wingate*, and this may unravel all—[reads]—Poor young Man!——his Brain is certainly turned——I can't make Head or Tale of it——

Wingate. Ha! ha!—you're a pretty Fellow—give it me, Man—I'll make it out for you—'tis his Hand sure enough [reads]

To Mr. Gargle, &c.

“ Most Potent, Grave* and Reverend Doctor,
 “ my very noble and approv'd good Master, that
 “ I have ta'en away your Daughter it is most
 “ true, true I will marry her;—†'tis true 'tis
 “ Pity,

* Othello.

† Hamlet.

"Pity, and Pity 'tis, 'tis true."—What in the Name of Common Sense is all this? " * I have done your Shop some Service, and you know it; no more of that—† yet I could wish, that at this Time, I had not been this Thing—What can the Fellow mean?—" For Time ‡ may have yet one fated Hour to come, which, wing'd with Liberty, may overtake Occasion past"—overtake Occasion past!—Time and Tide waits for no Man—" § I expect Redress from thy noble Sorrows—thine and my poor Country's ever." R. Wingate. Mad as a March Hare! I have done with him—let him stay till the Shoe pinches, a crack-brained Numskull!

Porter. An't please ye, Sir, I fancys the Gentleman is a little beside himself—he took hold un me here by the Collar, and called me Villain **, and bid me prove his Wife a Whore—Lord help him, I never see'd the Gentleman's Spouse in my born Days before.

Gargle. Is she with him now?

Porter. I believe so—There's a likely young Woman with him, all in Tears.—

Gargle. My Daughter to be sure—

Wingate. Let the Fellow go and be hang'd—Wounds! I would not go the Length of my Arm to save the Villain from the Gallows. Where was he, Friend, when he gave you this Letter?—

Porter. I fancy, Master, the Gentleman's under

* Othello. † Mourning Bride. ‡ Ditto.
§ Venice Preserv'd. ** Othello.

under Troubles———I brought it from a Spunging-House.

Wingate. From a Spunging-House!

Porter. Yes, Sir, in *Grays-Inn-Lane*.

Wingate. Let him lie there, let him lie there——I am glad of it——

Gargle. Do, my dear Sir, let us step to him——

Wingate. No, not I, let him stay there——this it is to have a Genius——ha! ha!——a Genius!——ha! ha!——a Genius is a fine Thing indeed!——ha! ha! [Exit.

Gargle. Poor Man! he has certainly a Fever on his Spirits——do you step in with me, honest Man, till I slip on my Coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate Boy.

Porter. Yes, Sir,—'tis in *Grays-Inn-Lane*. [Exit.

Scene a Spunging-House, Dick and Bailiff at a Table, and Charlotte sitting in a disconsolate Manner by him.

Bailiff. Here's my Service to you, young Gentleman——Don't be uneasy——the Debt is not much——why do you look so sad?——

Dick. Because * Captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear Diverson.

Bailiff. Never look sulky at me—I never use any Body ill—Come, it has been many a good Man's Lot——here's my Service to you—but we've no Liquor—come we'll have t'other Bowl——

Dick.

* Mourning Bride.

Dick. * I've now not Fifty Ducats in the World—yet still I am in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.—

Bailiff. What do you say?—you've Fifty Shillings, I hope.—

Dick. † Now, thank Heaven! I'm not worth a Groat.—

Bailiff. Then there's no Credit here, I can tell you that—you must get Bail, or go to *Newgate*——who do you think is to pay House-rent for you?—You see your Friends won't come near you—They've all answered in the old Cant—"I've promised my Wife never to be Bail for any Body;" or, "I've sworn not to do it"—or, "I'd lend you the Money if I had it, but desire to be excused from bailing any Man."—The Porter you just now sent, will bring the same Answer, I warrant.—Such Poverty-struck Devils as you shan't stay in my House—you shall go to *Quod*, I can tell you that—

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Bailiff. Coming, coming, I am coming—I shall lodge you in *Newgate*, I promise you, before Night—not worth a Groat!——you're a fine Fellow to stay in a Man's House—You shall go to *Quod*. [Exit.

Dick. Come, clear up, *Charlotte*, never mind this—come, now—let us act the Prison-Scene in the *Mourning Bride*—

Charlotte. How can you think of acting Speeches, when we're in such Distress?—

Dick. Nay, but my dear Angel—

G

Enter

* Venice Preserv'd.

† Ditto.

Enter Wingate and Gargle.

Gargle. Hush ! Do, dear Sir, let us listen to him—I dare say he repents——

Wingate. Wounds !——what Cloaths are those the Fellow has on ?——Zookers, the Scoundrel has robbed me.——

Dick. Come, now we'll practise an Attitude—How many of 'em have you ?——

Charlotte. Let me see—one—two—three—and then in the fourth Act, and then——O Gemini, I have ten at least——

Dick. That will do swimmingly——I've a round Dozen *myself*—Come now begin——you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you—now mind—— [*They stand in Attitudes.*

Wingate. Only mind the Villain.——

Dick. O thou soft fleeting Form of *Linda-mira* !——

Charlotte. * Illusive Shade of my beloved Lord !

Dick. † She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy.——

Wingate. You lie, you Villain, you shan't be happy.—— [*Knocks him down.*

Dick. [*on the Ground.*] ‡ Perdition catch your Arm, the Chance is thine.——

Gargle. So, my young Madam—I have found you again.——

Dick. ¶ *Capulet* forbear; *Paris* let loose your Hold—She is my Wife——our Hearts are twined together.——

Wingate.

* *Romeo and Juliet.*

¶ *Romeo.*

† *Ditto.*

‡ *Richard III.*

Wingate. Sirrah ! Villain ! I'll break every Bone in your Body— [Strikes.

Dick. * Parents have flinty Hearts, no Tears can move 'em : Children must be wretched—

Wingate. Get off the Ground, you Villain ; get off the Ground.—

Dick. 'Tis a Pity there are no Scene-drawers to lift me—

Wingate. A Scoundrel, to rob your Father ; you Rascal, I've a Mind to break your Head.

Dick. † What, like this ? [Takes off his Wig, and shews two Patches on his Head.]

Wingate. 'Tis mighty well, young Man—Zookers ! I made my own Fortune ; and I'll take a Boy out of the *Blue-coat-Hospital*, and give him all I have.—Look-ye here, Friend *Gargle*.—You know I'm not a hard-hearted Man—The Scoundrel, you know, has robbed me ; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him,—I'll only transport the Fellow—And so, Mr. *Catchpole*,—you may take him to *Newgate*.—

Gargle. Well, but, dear Sir, you know I always intended to marry my Daughter into your Family ; and if you let the young Man be ruined, my Money must all go into another Chancel.—

Wingate. How's that !—into another Chancel !—Must not lose the handling of his Money—Why, I told you, Friend *Gargle*, I'm not a hard-hearted Man.—

Gargle. Why no, Sir—but your Passions—However, if you will but make the young Gentleman serve out the last Year of his Apprenticeship, you know I shall be giving over, and I may put him into all my Practice.—

G 2

Wingate.

* *Romeo and Juliet.* † *Barbarossa.*

Wingate. Ha! ha!—Why—if the Block-head would but get as many crabbed physical Words from *Hyppocrites* and *Allen*, as he has from his nonsensical Trumpery,—ha! ha;—I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good Physician.—

Dick. * And must I leave thee, *Juliet*?—

Charlotte. Nay, but, prithee now have done with your Speeches——You see we are brought to the last Distress, and so you had better make it up— [Aside to *Dick*.]

Dick. Why, for your Sake, my Dear, I could almost find in my Heart—

Wingate. You'll settle your Money on your Daughter?—

Gargle. You know it was always my Intention.—

Wingate. I must not let the Cash slip thro' my Hands [Aside]: Look-ye here, young Man——I am the best-natured Man in the World——How came this Debt, Friend?

Bailiff. The Gentleman gave his Note at *Bristol*, I understands, where he boarded—'tis but Twenty Pounds.—

Wingate. Twenty Pounds! Well, why don't you send to your Friend *Shakespeare* now to bail you—ha! ha! I should like to see *Shakespeare* give Bail—ha! ha!—Mr. *Catchpole*, will you take Bail of *Ben Thompson*, and *Shakespeare* and *Odyssey Popes*?—

Bailiff. No such People have been here, Sir—are they House-keepers?—

Dick. † You do not come to mock my Miseries?—

Gargle. Hush! young Man, you'll spoil all—Let me speak to you—How is your Digestion?

Dick.

* *Romeo and Juliet.* † *Mourning Bride.*

Dick. * Throw Phyfic to the Dogs, I'll none of it——

Charlotte. Nay, but dear *Dick*, for my Sake——

Wingate. What says he, *Gargle*?——

Gargle. He repents, Sir——he'll reform.——

Wingate. That's right, Lad——now you're right——and if you will but serve out your Time, my Friend *Gargle* here will make a Man of you——Wounds! you'll have his Daughter and all his Money——And if I hear no more of your Trumpery, and you mind your Business, and stick to my little *Charlotte*, and make me a Grandfather in my old Days,——Egad, you shall have all mine too——that is, when I'm dead.——

Dick. *Charlotte*,——that will do rarely, and we may go to the Play as often as we please——

Charlotte. O *Gemini*, it will be the purest Thing in the World, and we'll see *Romeo* and *Juliet* every Time it is acted.——

Dick. Ay, and that will be a hundred Times in a Season at least——Besides, it will be like a Play, if I reform at the End——† Sir, free me so far in your most generous Thoughts, that I have shot my Arrow o'er the House, and hurt my Brother——

Wingate. What do you say, Friend?——

Charlotte. Nay, but prithee now do it in plain *English*——

Dick. Well, well, I will——He knows nothing of Metaphors——Sir, you shall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the Satisfaction in our Power.——

Wingate. Very well, that's right——you may do very well——Friend *Gargle*, I'm overjoy'd——

Gargle.

* Macbeth.

† Hamlet.

Gargle. Chearfulness, Sir, is the principal Ingredient in the Composition of Health.—

Wingate. Wounds! Man, let's hear no more of your Physick—Here, young Man, put this Book in your Pocket, and let me see how soon you'll be Master of Vulgar Fractions.—Mr. *Catchpole*, step home with me, and I'll pay you the Money—you seem to be a notable Sort of a Fellow, Mr. *Catchpole*,—could you nab a Man for me?

Catchpole. Fast enough, Sir, when I've the Writ—

Wingate. Very well, come along—I lent a young Gentleman a Hundred Pounds, —a cool Hundred he call'd it—ha! ha!—it did not stay to cool with him—I had a good Præmium; but I sha'n't wait a Moment for that—Come along, young Man;—What Right have you to Twenty Pounds?—give you Twenty Pounds?—I never was obliged to my Family for Twenty Pounds—but I'll say no more—if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, make yourself useful, is the *Golden Rule*.

Dick. My dear *Charlotte*, as you are to be my Reward, I will be a new Man—

Charlotte. Well, now I shall see how much you love me—

Dick. It shall be my Study to deserve you—and since we don't go on the Stage, 'tis some Comfort that the World's a Stage, and all the Men and Women merely Players.

Some play the upper, some the under Parts,
And most assume what's foreign to their Hearts;
Thus, Life is but a Tragic-comic Jett,
And all is Farce and Mummery at best.

E P I L O G U E,

Written by a F R I E N D.

Spoken by Mrs. C L I V E.

Enters reading the Play Bill.

A Very pretty Bill,—as I'm alive !
The Part of—Nobody——by Mrs. Clive !
A paltry, scribbling Fool——to leave me out—
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not Spout.
Malice and Envy to the last Degree !
And why ?—I wrote a Farce as well as He.
And fairly ventur'd it, without the Aid
Of Prologue dress'd in Black, and Face in Masquerade ; }
O Pit—have Pity—see how I'm dismay'd !
Poor Soul !—this canting Stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his Hangman too.
But granting that from these same Obsequies,
Some Pickings to our Bard in Black arise ;
Should your Applause to Joy convert his Fear,
As Pallas turns to Feast—Lardella's Bier ;
Yet 'twould have been a better Scheme by half
T'have thrown his Weeds aside, and learnt with me to
laugh.

I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting Junto of the Female Kind.
There dwells a Milliner in yonder Row,
Well dress'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for Shew,
Who, when in Rage, she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, Damn'd Dissembler !—thinks she's more than
ZARA.

She has a Daughter too that deals in Lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy Chase,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's Place.

}
And

E P I L O G U E.

*And in her cock'd up Hat, and Gown of Camblet,
 Presumes on something—touching the Lord Hamlet.
 A Cousin too she has, with squinting Eyes,
 With wadling Gait, and Voice like London Cries;
 Who, for the Stage too short by half a Story,
 Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her Glory.
 And, while she's traversing the scanty Room,
 Cries—" Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home !"
 In short, there's Girls enough for all the Fellows,
 The Ranting, Whining, Starting, and the Jealous, }
 The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
 Oh ! little do those silly People know,
 What dreadful Trials—Actors undergo.
 Myself—who most in Harmony delight,
 Am scolding here from Morning until Night.
 Then take Advice from me, ye giddy Things,
 Ye Royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings ;
 Young Men beware, and shun our slipp'ry Ways,
 Study Arithmetic, and burn your Plays ;
 And you, ye Girls, let not our Tinsel Train
 Enchant your Eyes, and turn your madd'ning Brain ;
 Be timely wise, for oh ! be sure of this !—
 A Shop with Virtue is the Height of Bliss.*

F I N I S.

10

THE
UPHOLSTERER,

OR,

What NEWS?

A

F A R C E,

In TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

——— O Bone (*nam te*
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, (oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? ———

By Mr. MURPHY.

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MDCCLXV.

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THE

UPHOLSTERER

OF

WHITNEY NEWS

A

F. A. R. C. F.

IN TWO VOLUMES

AND A PICTURE

THEATRICAL

IN

GOVERNMENT

WITH ALLEGATIONS AND ADDITIONS

By Mr. MURPHY
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Now first published

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LONDON

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MDCCLXX

[Price One Shilling]

PROLOGUE.

*WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil Hour,
 Ambition aim'd at universal Pow'r ;
 When the fierce Man of Macedon began
 Of a new Monarchy to form the Plan ;
 Each Greek——(as fam'd Demosthenes relates)
 Politically mad !——wou'd rave of States !
 And help'd to form, where'er the Mob could meet,
 An Areopagus in ev'ry Street.
 What News, what News? was their eternal cry ;
 Is Philip sick ! *——then soar'd their Spirits high,—
 Philip is well !——Dejection in each Eye. }
 Athenian Cobblers join'd in deep Debate,
 While Gold in secret undermin'd the State ;
 Till Wisdom's Bird the Vultur's Prey was made ;
 And the Sword gleam'd in Academus' Shade.*

*Now modern Philips threaten this our Land,
 What say Britannia's Sons?——along the Strand
 What News? ye cry——with the same Passion smit ;
 And there at least you rival Attic Wit.
 A Parliament of Porters here shall muse
 On state Affairs——“swall'wing a Taylor's News ;”
 For Ways and Means no starv'd Projector sleeps ;
 And ev'ry Shop some mighty Statesman keeps ;
 He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill ;
 Supply th' EXCHEQUER, and neglect his Till.
 In ev'ry Ale-house Legislators meet ;
 And Patriots settle Kingdoms in the Fleet.*

• *Vide the first Philippic.*

P R O L O G U E.

*To shew this phrenzy in its genuine Light,
A modern Newsmonger appears to Night;
Trick'd out from Addison's accomplish'd Page,
Behold! th' Upholsterer ascends the Stage.*

*No Minister such Trials e'er hath flood;
He turns a BANKRUPT for the public Good!
Undone himself, yet full of England's Glory!
A Politician!——neither Whig nor Tory——
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote call;
“He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents ye all.”*

*As for the Bard,——to you he yields his Plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where ye can.
One only praise he claims,——no Party-stroke
Here turns a public Character to joke.
His Panacæa is for all Degrees,
For all have more or less of this Disease.
Whatever his Success, of this he's sure,
There's Merit even to attempt the Cure.*



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M E N.

QUIDNUNC, the Upholsterer,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
PAMPHLET,	Mr. SHUTER
RAZOR, a Barber,	Mr. WOODWARD.
FEEBLE,	Mr. HAYES.
BELLMOUR,	Mr. WHITE.
ROVEWELL,	Mr. DAVIS.
CODICIL, a Lawyer, *	
BRISK,	
Watchman,	Mr. WELLER.

W O M E N.

HARRIET,	Miss MILLER.
TERMAGANT.	Miss ELLIOT.
Maid to FEEBLE,	Miss COCKAYNE.

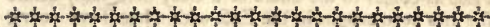
** For the sake of Brevity, Codicil's Scene is omitted in the Representation, as are likewise a few passages in the second Act.*



THE
UPHOLSTERER,

O R,

What N E W S ?




A C T I.


SCENE BELLMOUR's Lodging.

Enter BELLMOUR beating BRISK.

BRISK.

 R. *Bellmour*,—let me die, Sir,—as I hope to
be saved, Sir——

BELL.

 Sirrah ! Rogue ! Villain !——I'll teach you,
I will, you Rascal, to speak irreverently of her
I love.

BRISK.

As I am a Sinner, Sir, I only meant——

BELL.

Only meant ! You could not mean it, Jackanapes,—
you had no Meaning, Booby.——

BRISK.

BRISK.

Why, no, Sir,—that's the very Thing, Sir,—I had no Meaning.

BELL.

Then Sirrah, I'll make you know your Meaning for the future.——

BRISK.

Yes, Sir,—to be sure, Sir,—and yet upon my Word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you'd find I am not much to blame—Besides Master, you can't conceive the good it would do your Health, if you will but keep your Temper a little.——

BELL.

Mighty well, Sir, give your Advice.

BRISK.

Why really now this same Love hath metamorphosed us both very strangely, Master,—for to be free; here have we been at this Work these six Weeks,—stark-staring mad in Love with a Couple of Baggages not worth a Groat,—and yet Heav'n help us! they have as much Pride as comes to the Share of a Lady of Quality before she has been caught in the Fact with a handsome young Fellow,—or indeed after she has been caught, for that Matter.——

BELL.

You won't have done Rascal——

BRISK.

In short, my young Mistress and her Maid have as much Pride and Poverty as—as—no matter what, they have the Devil and all,—when at the same Time every Body knows the old broken Upholsterer Miss Harriet's Father, might give us all he has in the World, and not eat the worse Pudding on a Sunday for it.

BELL.

Impious, execrable Atheist! What detract from Heaven! I'll reform your Notions, I will you saucy——

[beats him.]

BRISK.

Nay, but my dear Sir!—a little Patience,—not so hard——

Enter

Enter ROVEWELL.

ROVE.

Bellmour your Servant,—what at Loggerheads with my old Friend *Brisk*.

BELL.

Confusion ! Mr. *Rovewell* your Servant,—this is your doing, Hang-dog.—*Jack Rovewell* I am glad to see thee.—

ROVE.

Brisk used to be a good Servant,—he has not been tampering with any of his Master's Girls, has he ?

BELL.

Do you know *Rovewell* that he has had the Impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my Mistress ?—

BRISK.

For which Sir, I have suffered inhumanly and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

BELL.

Will you leave prating, Booby ?

ROVE.

Well, but *Bellmour*, where does she live ?—I'm but just arrived you know, and I'll go and beat up her Quarters.—

BELL.

[*Half aside.*]

Beat up her Quarters !—(*looks at him smilingly, then half aside.*)

*Favours to none ; to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

[*stands musing.*]

ROVE.

Hey ! What, fallen into a Reverie !—Prithee *Brisk* what does all this mean ?

BRISK.

Why, Sir, you must know—I am over Head and Ears in Love.—

ROVE.

But I mean your Master ; what ails him ?

BRISK.

That's the very Thing I'm going to tell you Sir,—as I said, Sir,—I am over Head and Ears in Love with a

B

whim-

whimsical, queer kind of a Piece, here in the Neighbourhood, and so nothing can serve my Master, but he must fall in Love with her Mistress,—look at him now Sir,——

[*Bellmour continues musing and muttering to himself.*]

ROVE.

Ha, ha, ha,—Poor *Bellmour*, I pity thee with all my Heart——

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, then ludicrously repeats.*]

Ye Gods annihilate both Space and Time,—

And make two Lovers happy.——

BELL.

My dear *Rovewell*, such a Girl,—ten Thousand *Cupids* play about her Mouth, you Rogue.——

ROVE.

'Ten Thousand Pounds had better play about her Pocket.—What Fortune has she?

BRISK.

Heaven help us, not much to crack of.——

BELL.

Not much to crack of Mr. *Brazen*,—prithee *Rovewell*, how can you be so ungenerous as to ask such a Question? You know I don't mind Fortune, though by the way she has an Uncle who is determined to settle very handsomely upon her; and on the Strength of that, does she give herself innumerable Airs.——

ROVE.

Fortune not to be minded!—I'll tell you what *Bellmour*, tho' you have a good one already, there's no kind of Inconvenience in a little more.—I'm sure if I had not minded Fortune, I might have been in *Jamaica* still, not worth a Sugar-Cane; but the Widow *Molosses* took a Fancy to me;—Heaven, or a worse Destiny has taken a Fancy to her, and so after ten Years Exile, and being turn'd a-drift by my Father, here am I again a warm Planter, and a Widower, most woefully tired of Matrimony;—but my dear *Bellmour* we were both so overjoy'd to meet one another yesterday Evening, just as I arrived in Town, that I did not hear a Syllable from you of your Love Fit: How, when, and where did this happen?

BELL.

BELL.

Oh!—by the most fortunate Accident that ever was,—I'll tell thee *Roverwell*: I was going one Night from the Tavern about six Weeks ago,—I had been there with a Parcel of Blades whose only Joy is center'd in their Bottle, and faith till this Accident I was no better myself,—but ever since I am grown quite a new Man.

ROVE.

Ay, a new Man indeed!—Who in the Name of Wonder would take thee, sunk as thou art into a musing, moping, melancholy Lover, for the gay *Charles Bellmour* whom I knew in the *West-Indies*?

BELL.

Poh, that is not mentioned!—you know my Father took me against my Will from the University, and consigned me over to the academic Discipline of a Man of War; so that to prevent a Dejection of Spirits, I was oblig'd to run into the opposite Extreme,—as you yourself were wont to do.

ROVE.

Why, yes, I had my Moments of Reflection, and was glad to dissipate them—You know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my Story; and so there is still, I suppose it must be cleared up in a few Days now—I'm in no hurry about it tho'; I must see the town a little this Evening, and have my Frolick first. But to the Point *Bellmour*, you was going from the Tavern you say.—

BELL.

Yes, Sir, about two in the Morning, and I perceived an unusual Blaze in the Air,—I was in a rambling Humour, and so resolv'd to know what it was.

BRISK.

I and my Master went together, Sir.—

BELL.

Oh! *Roverwell*! my better Stars ordain'd it to light me on to Happiness;—by sure Attraction led, I came to the very Street where a House was on Fire; Water-Engines playing, Flames ascending, all Hurry, Confusion, and Distress; when on a sudden the Voice of Despair, Silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very Heart;—poor

B 2

dear,

dear, little Soul, what can she do, cried the Neighbours? Again she scream'd, the Fire gathering Force, and gaining upon her every Instant;—here Ma'am said I, leap in, to my Arms, I'll be sure to receive you;—and wou'd you think it?—down she came,—my dear *Rovewell*, such a Girl! I caught her in my Arms you Rogue, safe, without Harm.—The dear naked *Venus*, just risen from her Bed, my Boy,—her slender Waist *Rovewell*, the downy Smoothness of her whole Person, and her Limbs “harmonious, swell'd by Nature's softest Hand.”——

ROVE.

Raptures, and Paradise!—What Seraglio in *Covent-Garden* did you carry her to?

BELL.

There again now! Do, prithee correct your Way of Thinking, take a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous Love, and purify your Ideas.—Her lovely Bashfulness, her delicate Fears,—her Beauty heighten'd and endear'd by Distress, dispers'd my wildest Thoughts, and melted me into Tenderness and Respect.——

ROVE.

But *Bellmour*, surely she has not the Impudence to be modest after you have had Possession of her Person.—

BELL.

My Views are honourable I assure you, Sir; but her Father is so absurdly positive—The Man's distracted about the Balance of Power, and will give his Daughter to none but a Politician—When there was an Execution in his House, he thought of nothing but the Camp at *Pyrna*, and now he's a Bankrupt, his Head runs upon the Ways and Means, and Schemes for paying off the national Debt: The Affairs of *Europe* engross all his Attention, while the Distresses of his lovely Daughter pass unnoticed.

ROVE.

Ridiculous enough!—But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to Bed to the Wench at once?—Take her into Keeping Man.——

BELL.

How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—Have not I told

told you tho' her Father is ruin'd, still she has great Expectancies from a rich Relation?—

R O V E.

Then what do you stand watering at the Mouth for? If she is to have Money enough to pay for her China, her Gaming Debts, her Dogs, and her Monkeys, marry her then, if you needs must be ensnar'd; be in a Fool's Paradise for a Honey-Moon, then come to yourself, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honest Fellows again;—carry her off I say, and never stand whining for the Father's Consent.—

B E L L.

Carry her off!—I like the Scheme,—will you assist me?

R O V E.

No, no, there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the Satyrift says,—“ Never marry while
“ there's a Halter to be had for Money, or a Bridge to
“ afford a convenient Leap.”

B E L L.

Prithee leave Fooling.

R O V E.

I am in serious Earnest I assure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any Scheme or Frolic with you, but war Matrimony.—Nay, if you'll come to the Tavern this Evening, I'll drink your Mistress's Health in a Bumper; but as to your conjugal Scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that Business positively.—

B E L L.

Well, well, I'll take you at your Word, and meet you at ten exactly at the same Place we were at last Night; then and there I'll let you know what further Measures I've concerted.

R O V E.

Till then, farewell, *a-propos*,—do you know that I've seen none of my Relations yet?

B E L L.

Time enough To-morrow.

R O V E.

Ay, ay, To-morrow will do,—well, your Servant.

[Exit Rovewell.]

BELL.

Rowewell, yours,—see the Gentleman down Stairs,—and d'ye hear, come to me in my Study that I may give you a Letter to *Harriet*, and hark ye, Sir,—Be sure you see *Harriet* yourself; and let me have no Messages from that officious Go-between, her Mrs. *Slipshod* of a Maid, with her unintelligible Jargon of hard Words, of which she neither knows the Meaning nor Pronunciation.—(*Exit Brisk.*) I'll write to her this Moment, acquaint her with the soft Tumult of my Desires, and, if possible, make her mine this very Night.— [*Exit repeating, Love first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid, Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid.*—

SCENE *The Upholsterer's House.*

Enter HARRIET and TERMAGANT.

TERM.

WELL, but Ma'am, he has made Love to you six Weeks *successfully*; he has been as constant in his 'Moors poor Gentleman, as if you had the *Subversion* of 'State to settle upon him—and if he slips thro' your Fingers, now Ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourself.

HAR.

Lard *Termagant*, how you run on!—I tell you again and again my pride was touched, because he seemed to presume on his Opulence, and my Father's Distresses.

TER.

La, Miss *Harriet*, how can you be so *paradropsical* in your 'Pinions?

HAR.

Well, but you know tho' my Father's Affairs are ruin'd I am not in so desperate a Way; consider my Uncle's Fortune is no Trifle, and I think that Prospect intitles me to give myself a few Airs before I resign my Person.

—TER.

I grant ye Ma'am, you have very good Pretensions; but then it's waiting for dead Men's Shoes: I'll venture to be perjurd Mr. *Bellmour* ne'er *disclaim'd* an *Idear* of your Father's Distress—

HAR.

H A R.

Supposing that.

T E R M.

Suppose Ma'am—I know it *disputably* to be so.

H A R.

Indisputably I guess you mean ;——but I'm tired of wrangling with you about Words.

T E R M.

By my troth you're in the right on't ;—there's ne'er a she in all old *England*, (as your Father calls it) is Mistress of such *phistology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their Words together with such a *Curacy* as myself. I once lived with a *Mistus*, Ma'am,—*Mistus* !—She was a Lady—a great Brewer's Wife !—and she wore as fine Cloaths as any Person of Quality, let her get up as early as she will—and she used to call me—*Tarmagant*, says she,—What's the *Signification* of such a Word—and I always told her—I told her the *Importation* of all my Words, though I could not help laughing, Miss *Harriet*, to see so fine a Lady, such a downright *Ignoranimus*.

H A R.

Well,—but pray now *Tarmagant*, would you have me directly upon being asked the Question, throw myself into the Arms of a Man ?

T E R M.

O' my Conscience you did throw yourself into his Arms with scarce a Shift on, that's what you did.

H A R.

Yes, but that was a Leap in the Dark, when there was no Time to think of it.

T E R M.

Well, it does not signify *Argifysing*, I wish we were both warm in Bed ; you with Mr. *Bellmour*, and I with his Coxcomb of a Man ; instead of being *manured* here with an old crazy Fool—*axing* your pardon Ma'am, for calling your Father so—but he is a Fool, and the worst of Fools with his *Policies*—when his House is full of *Statues of Bangcreffy*.

H A R.

H A R.

It's too true *Tarmagant*,—yet he's my Father still, and I can't help loving him.

T E R M.

Fiddle faddle—Love him!—he's an *Anecdote* against Love.

H A R.

Hush! here he comes!—

T E R M.

No, it's your Uncle *Feeble*, poor Gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *Infirmaries*, to be taking such pains with a Madman.

Enter FEEBLE.

H A R.

Well Uncle, have you been able to console him?

F E E B.

He wants no Consolation Child,—lackaday,—I'm so infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the Map, Prince *Charles* of *Lorraine*' Passage over the *Rhine*, and comparing it with *Julius Cæsar*'s.

T E R M.

An old Blockhead—I've no Patience with him with his Fellows coming after him every Hour in the Day with News. Well now I wishes there was no such a Thing as a News-paper in the World, with such a Pack of Lies, and such a deal of *Jab-jab* every Day.

F E E B.

Ay, there were three or four shabby Fellows with him, when I went into his Room—I can't get him to think of appearing before the Commissioners To-morrow, to disclose his Effects; but I'll send my Neighbour Counsellor *Codicil* to him,—don't be dejected *Harriet*, my poor Sister, your Mother was a good Woman; I love you for her sake, Child, and all I am worth shall be yours—But I must be going,—I find myself but very ill; good Night, *Harriet*, good Night.

[Exit Feeble.]

H A R.

You'll give me leave to see you to the Door, Sir.

[Exit Harriet.]

T E R M.

T E R M.

O' my Conscience this Master of mine within here, might have pick'd up his Crums as well as Mr. *Feeble*, if he had any *Idear* of his business, I'm sure if I had not hopes from Mr. *Feeble*, I should not tarry in this House—By my Troth, if all who have nothing to say to the 'fairs of the Nation, would mind their own Business, and those who should take care of our 'fairs, would mind their Business too, I fancy poor old *England* (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy Pate within here—playing the Fool—when the Man is past his grand *Clytemnester*.
[Exit Termagant.]

SCENE discovers QUIDNUNC at a Table, with News Papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.

Q U I D.

Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 Million—199 Thousand, 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the Specie? Here, here—with about 15 Million in Specie, all this great Circulation! good, good,—why then how are we ruined?—how are we ruined? What says the Land-Tax at 4 Shillings in the Pound, two Million! now where's my new Assessment?—here,—here, the 5th part of Twenty, 5 in 2 I can't but 5 in 20 (*pauses*) right, 4 times—why then upon my new Assessment there's 4 Million—how are we ruined?—what says, Malt, Cyder, and Mum,—eleven and carry one, nought and go 2—good, good, Malt, Hops, Cyder, and Mum; then there's the Wine Licence, and the Gin Act—The Gin Act is no bad Article—If the People will shoot Fire down their Throats, why in a Christian Country they should pay as much as possible for Suicide—Salt! good—Sugar, very good—Window lights—good again!—Stamp Duty, that's not so well—It will have a bad Effect upon the News-Papers, and we shan't have enough of Politics—But there's the Lottery—where's my new Scheme for a Lottery?—Here it is—Now for the Amount of the
C whole

whole—How are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought—
nought and carry 1——

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Sir, Sir,—

QUID.

Hold your Tongue you Baggage, you'll put me out—
nought and carry 1.

TERM.

Counsellor *Codicil* will be with you presently—

QUID.

Prithee be quiet Woman—how are we ruined?

TERM.

Ay, I'm *confidous* as how you may thank yourself for
your own *Ruination*.

QUID.

Ruin the Nation!—hold your Tongue you Jade, I'm
raising the Supplies within the Year,—how many did I
carry?

TERM.

Yes, you've carried your Pigs to a fine Market—

QUID.

Get out of the Room, Hufley—you Trollop, get out
of the Room—
(*turning her out.*)

Enter RAZOR, with *Suds on his Hands*, &c.

QUID.

Friend *Razor*, I am glad to see thee—well hast got
any News?

RAZOR.

A Budget! I left a Gentleman half shaved in my Shop
over the way; it came into my Head of a sudden, so I
could not be at ease till I told you—

QUID.

That's kind, that's kind, Friend *Razor*—never mind
the Gentleman, he can wait.—

RAZOR.

Yes, so he can, he can wait.—

QUID.

QUID.

Come, now let's hear, what is't?

RAZOR.

I shaved a great Man's Butler to Day.—

QUID.

Did ye?

RAZOR.

I did.

QUID.

Ay;

RAZOR.

Very true.

(both shake their Heads.)

QUID.

What did he say?

RAZOR.

Nothing,

QUID.

Hum—how did he look?

RAZOR.

Full of Thought,

QUID.

Ay! full of Thought—what can that mean?

RAZOR.

It must mean something.

(staring at each other.)

QUID.

Mayhap somebody may be going out of Place.

RAZOR.

Like enough,—there's something at the Bottom, when a great Man's Butler looks grave, things can't hold out in this Manner, Master *Quidnunc*!—Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed.

(Stares at him.)

QUID.

Pray now, Friend *Razor*, do you find Business as current now as before the War?

RAZOR.

No, no, I have not made a Wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor Country.

QUID.

That's generous, Friend *Razor*—

C 2

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Yes, I can't gi'my Mind to any for thinking of my Country, and when I was in *Bedlam*, it was the same, I cou'd think of nothing else in *Bedlam*, but poor old *England*, and so they said as how I was incurable for it.—

QUID.

S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

RAZOR.

So they might—well, your Servant Mr. *Quidnunc*, I'll go now and shave the rest of the Gentleman's Face—Poor Old *England*. (*sighs and shakes his Head*) going.

QUID.

But hark ye, Friend *Razor*, ask the Gentleman if he has got any News.—

RAZOR.

I will, I will:

QUID.

And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.—

RAZOR.

I will, I will—poor Old *England* (*going returns*) O, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Gemini! Gemini!—How can a Man have so little *Difference* for his Customers—

QUID.

I tell you, Mrs. *Malapert*.—

TERM.

And I tell you the Gentleman keeps such a Bawling yonder, for shame, Mr. *Razor* — you'll be a *Bankrupter* like my Master, with such a House full of Children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will—

RAZOR.

I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. *Termagant*—I say Mr. *Quidnunc*, I can't sleep in my Bed for thinking what will come of the Protestants, if the Papists should get the better in the present War—

QUID.

I'll tell you—The Geographer of our Coffee-house was saying the other Day, that there is an huge Tract of
Land

Land about the Pole, where the Protestants may retire, and that the Papiſts will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern Powers hold together, and the grand *Turk* make a Diversion in their Favour.

R A Z O R.

That makes me eaſy—I'm glad the Proteſtants will know where to go if the Papiſts ſhou'd get the better (*going returns*) Oh! Mr. *Quidnunc*—hark'ye—*India* Bonds are riſen.

Q U I D.

Are they?—how much?

R A Z O R.

A *Jew* Pedlar ſaid in my Shop as how they are riſen three Sixteenths—

Q U I D.

Why then that makes ſome Amends for the Price of Corn—

R A Z O R.

So it does, ſo it does, if they but hold up, and the Proteſtants know where to go, I ſhall then have a Night's Reſt mayhap.—

[*Exit Razor.*]

Q U I D.

I ſhall never be rightly eaſy till thoſe careening Wharfs at *Gibraltar* are repaired—

T E R M.

Fiddle for your *Dwarfs*, impair your ruin'd Fortune, do that.

Q U I D.

If only one Ship can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it—and then, why ſhould Watering be ſo tedious there?

T E R M.

Look where your Daughter comes, and yet you'll be ruining about *Give-a-balter*, while that poor thing is breaking her Heart.

Enter HARRIET.

Q U I D.

It's one Comfort, however, they can always have freſh Proviſions in the *Mediterranean*—

H A R.

H A R.

Dear Papa, what's the *Mediterranean* to People in our Situation?—

Q U I D.

The *Mediterranean*, Child? Why if we should lose the *Mediterranean*, we're all undone.

H A R.

Dear Sir, that's our Misfortune—we are undone already.

Q U I D.

No, no,—here, here Child—I have raised the Supplies within the Year.

T E R M.

I tell you, you're a *lunadic* Man.

Q U I D.

Yes, yes, I'm a Lunatic to be sure—I tell you, *Harriet*, I have saved a great deal out of my Affairs for you—

H A R.

For Heav'n's sake, Sir, don't do that—you must give up every thing, my Uncle *Feeble's* Lawyer will be here to talk with you about it—

Q U I D.

Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I am about;—you shall have my Books and Pamphlets, and all the Manifestoes of the Powers at War.—

H A R.

And so make me a Politician, Sir?

Q U I D.

It would be the Pride of my Heart to find I had got a Politician in Petticoats—a Female *Machiavel*!—S'bodkins, you might then know as much as most people that talk in Coffee-houses, and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or—

H A R.

Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by Politics?

Q U I D.

Pshaw! my Country's of more Consequence to me, and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your Country in these worst of Times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that Affairs in the North, and the Protestant Interest, begin to grow TICKLISH.

T E R M.

T E R M.

And your Daughter's Affairs are very TICKLISH too, I'm sure.——

H A R.

Prithee *Termagant*——

T E R M.

I must speak to him—I know you are in a TICKLISH Situation, Ma'am.

Q U I D.

I tell you, you Trull——

T E R M.

But I am convicted it is so—and the posture of my Affairs is very TICKLISH too—and so I imprecate that Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd come, and——

Q U I D.

Mr. *Bellmour* come! I tell you Mrs. *Saucebox*, that my Daughter shall never be married to a Man that has not better Notions of the Balance of Power.

T E R M.

But what *Purvision* will you make for her now with your Balances?

Q U I D.

There again now!—Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the Papers for a Match for you, Child; there's often good Matches advertised in the Papers—Evil betide it,—Evil betide it!—I once thought to have struck a great Stroke, that would have astonished all *Europe*,—I thought to have married my Daughter to *Theodore King of Corsica*——

H A R.

What, and have me perish in a Jail, Sir!

Q U I D.

S'bodikins my Daughter would have had her Coronation-Day;—I should have been allied to a crowned Head, and been FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY OF CORSICA?—But come,—now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the *Gazette* comes in—I shan't sleep to night unless I see the *Gazette*.

Enter

Enter CODICIL.

CODIC.

Mr. *Quidnunc* your Servant—the Door was open, and I entered upon the Premises—I'm just come from the Hall.

QUID.

S'bodikins! This Man is now come to keep me at Home.

CODIC.

Upon my Word Miss *Harriet*'s a very pretty young Lady, as pretty a young Lady as one would desire to have and to hold. Ma'am your most obedient; I have drawn my Friend *Feeble*'s Will, in which you have all his Goods and Chattles, Lands and Hereditaments.

HAR.

I thank you Sir, for the Information——

CODIC.

And I hope soon to draw your Marriage Settlement for my friend Mr. *Bellmour*.

HAR.

O Lud! Sir, not a Word of that before my Father—I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his Affairs——

CODIC.

Why yes, I have Instructions for that Purpose; Mr. *Quidnunc*, I am instructed to expound the Law to you.

QUID.

What, the Law of Nations?

CODIC.

I am instructed, Sir, that you're a Bankrupt——*Quasi bancus ruptus*—*Banque route faire*—and my Instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the Commissioners To-morrow——

QUID.

That may be, Sir, but I can't go To-morrow, and so I shall send 'em Word—I am to be To-morrow at *Slaughter's* Coffee-house with a private Committee about Business of great Consequence to the Affairs of *Europe*——

CODIC.

Then, Sir, if you don't go, I must instruct you, that you'll be guilty of a Felony: it will be deem'd to be done
malis

malò Animo—it is held so in the Books—and what says the Statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not surrendering or imbezzeling is Felony without Benefit of Clergy.

QUID.

Ay,—you tell me News—

CODIC.

Give me leave, Sir,—I am instructed to expound the Law to you; Felony is thus described in the Books *Felonia*, saith *Hotoman*, *de Verbis feudalibus, significat capitale facinus*, a capital Offence.

QUID.

You tell me News, you do indeed.

CODIC.

It was so apprehended by the *Goths* and the *Longobards*, and what saith Sir *Edward Coke*? *Fieri debeat felleo animo*.

QUID.

You've told me News—I did not know it was Felony; but if the *Flanders Mail* should come in while I am there—I shall know nothing at all of it—

CODIC.

But why should you be uneasy? *cui bono*, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *cui bono*?

QUID.

Not uneasy! If the *Papists* should beat the *Protestants*.

CODIC.

But I tell you, they can get no Advantage of us. The Laws against the further Growth of Popery will secure us—there are *Provisoës* in Favour of *Protestant Purchasers* under *Papists*—10th *Geo.* I. *Cap.* 4. and 6 *Geo.* II. *Cap.* 5.

QUID.

Ay!

CODIC.

And besides *Papish* *Recusants* can't carry Arms, so can have no Right of Conquest, *Vi & armis*.

QUID.

That's true—that's true—I'm easier in my Mind—

CODIC.

To be sure, what are you uneasy about? The *Papists* can have no Claim to *Silesia*—

D

QUID.

QUID.

Can't they?

CODIC.

No, they can set up no Claim—If the Queen on her Marriage had put all her Lands into *Hotchpot* then indeed—and it seemeth, saith *Littleton*, that this Word *Hotchpot* is in *English* a Pudding——

QUID.

You reason very clearly, Mr. *Codicil*, upon the Rights of the Powers at War, and so now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my Affairs.

CODIC.

Nor does the Matter rest here; for how can she set up a Claim, when she has made a Conveyance to the House of *Brandenburgh*? the Law, Mr. *Quidnunc*, is very severe against fraudulent Conveyances——

QUID.

S'bodikins, you have satisfied me——

CODIC.

Why therefore then—if he will levy Fines and suffer a common Recovery, he can bequeathe it as he likes in *feodum simplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ses Heres*.

QUID.

I'm heartily glad of it,—so that with regard to my Effects——

CODIC.

Why then suppose she was to bring it to a Tryal at Bar——

QUID.

I say with regard to the full Disclosure of my Effects——

CODIC.

What wou'd she get by that?—it would go off upon a special Pleading—and as to Equity——

QUID.

Pray must I now surrender my Books and my Pamphlets?

CODIC.

What wou'd Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her, he might keep her at least twenty Years before a Master to settle the Account——

QUID.

QUID.

You have made me easy about the Protestants in this War, you have indeed—so that with regard to my appearing before the commissioners.

CODIC.

And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that, For all Tenures by *Knight's service* are abolished, and the Statute 12 *Char. II.* has declared all Lands to be held under a *Common Socage*.

QUID.

Pray now, Mr. *Codicil*, must not my Creditors appear to prove their debts?—

CODIC.

Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Socage*, I submit it to the Court,—whether the Empire can have any Claim to *Knight's Service*;—they can't call to him for a single Man for the Wars—*Unum Hominem ad Guerram*;—for what is *Common Socage*?—*Socagium idem est quod Servitium focæ*—the Service of the Plough,

QUID.

I'm ready to attend 'em—But pray now, when my Certificate is signed,—it is of great Consequence to me to know this. I say, Sir, when my Certificate is signed, Mayn't I then—Hey! (*starting up*) Hey!—What do I hear?

CODIC.

I apprehend,—I humbly conceive when your Certificate is signed—

QUID.

Hold your Tongue Man—did not I hear the *Gazette*? *Newsman*, (*within*) Great News in the *London Gazette*.

QUID.

Yes, yes it is—it is the *Gazette*—*Termagant* run you Jade (*turns her out*) *Harriet* fly, it is the *Gazette*—(*turns her out*).

CODIC.

The Law in that Case, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *prima facie*.—

QUID.

I can't hear you,—I have not Time,—*Termagant*, run, make Haste.— [*stamps violently.*]

CODIC.

I say, Sir, it is held in the Books—

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QUID.

QUID.

I care for no Books—I want the Papers.—(*Stamping.*)

CODIC.

Throughout all the Books,—Bo! the Man is *non compos*, and his Friends, instead of a Commission of Bankruptcy, should take out a Commission of Lunacy. [*Exit* Cod.]*Enter* TERMAGANT.

TERM.

What do you keep such a Bauling for? the Newsmen says as how the Emperor of *Mocco* is dead.

QUID.

The Emperor of *Morocco*!

TERM.

Yes, him.

QUID.

My poor dear Emperor of *Morocco*! (*bursts into Tears*)

TERM.

Ah! you old Don *Quiksett*!—Ma'am, Ma'am,—Miss *Harriet*, go your ways into the next Room, there's Mr. *Bellmour*'s Man there, Mr. *Bellmour* has sent you a Billydore.——

HAR.

Oh, *Termagant*, my Heart is in an Uproar,—I don't know what to say,—where is he? let me run to him this Instant. (*Exit* Harriet.)

QUID.

The Emperor of *Morocco* had a Regard for the Balance of *Europe*, (*sighs*) well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

TERM.

The Newsmen would not trust, because you're a *Bankrupter*, and so I paid two Pence Halspenny for it.—

QUID.

Let's see,—let's see—

TERM.

Give me my Money then— (*running from him.*)

QUID.

Give it me this Instant, you Jade— (*after her.*)

TERM.

Give me my Money, I say— (*from him.*)

QUID.

I'll teach you, I will you Baggage. (*after her.*)

TERM.

T E R M.

I won't part with it till I have my Money. (*from him.*)

Q U I D.

I'll give you no Money, Hussy. (*after her.*)

T E R M.

Your Daughter shall marry Mr. Bellmour. (*from him.*)

Q U I D.

I'll never accede to the Treaty, (*after her.*)

T E R M.

Go you old Fool. (*from him.*)

Q U I D.

You vile Minx, worse than the Whore of *Babylon*.
(*after her.*)

T E R M.

There, you old crack'd brain'd Politic,—there's your
Paper for you. (*throws it down, and Exit.*)Q U I D. (*sitting down.*)

Oh ! Heavens !—I'm quite out of Breath,—a Jade, to keep my News from me—what does it say ? what does it say ? what does it say ? (*Reads very fast while opening the Paper.*) “ Whereas a Commission of Bankrupt is awarded and issued forth against *Abraham Quidnunc*, of the Parish of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, Upholsterer, Dealer, and *Chapman*, the said Bankrupt is hereby required to surrender himself.” Po, what signifies this Stuff ? I don't mind myself, when the Balance of Power is concerned.—However, I shall be read of, in the same Paper, in the *London Gazette*, by the Powers abroad ; together with the *Pope*, and the *French King*, and the *Mogul*, and all of 'em—good, good, very good,—here's a Pow'r of News,—let me see, (*reads*) “ Letters from the Vice Admiral, dated *Tyger off Calcutta*.”—(*mutters to himself very eagerly*) Oddsheart, those Baggages will interrupt me, I hear their Tongues a-going, clack, clack, clack, I'll run into my closet, and lock myself up.—A Vixen !—a Trollop,—to want Money from me,—when I may have occasion to buy *The State of the Sinking Fund*, or *Faction Detected*, or *The Barrier Treaty*,—or,—and besides, how could the Jade tell but To-morrow we may have a *Gazette Extraordinary* ? [*Exit.*]






End of the First A C T.



A C T II,

SCENE, *the UPHOLSTERER's House.**Enter* QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

 HERE, where, where is he?—Where's
 W  Mr. Pamphlet?—Mr. Pamphlet!—Termagant,
 Mr. a—a—Termagant, Harriet, Termagant.
 you vile Minx, you faucy—

Enter TERMAGANT.

Here's a Racket indeed !

QUID.

Where's Mr. Pamphlet? you Baggage if he's gone—

TERM.

Did not I *intimidate* that he's in the next Room—why sure the Man's out of his Wits.

QUID.

Shew him in here then—I would not miss seeing him for the Discovery of the North-East Passage.

TERM.

Go you old Gemini Gomini of a Politic. [*Exit* Term.

QUID.

Shew him in I say,—I had rather see him than the whole State of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris A-la-main*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or—Here he comes—the best political Writer of the Age.

Enter

Enter PAMPHLET.

(*With a Surtout Coat, a Muff, a long Campaign Wig out of Curl, and a Pair of black Garters, buckled under the Knees.*)

QUID.

Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you,—as glad as if you were an Express from the Groyn, or from Berlin, or from Zell, or from Calcutta over Land, or from—

PAMPH.

Mr. Quidnunc, your Servant,—I'm come from a Place of great Importance.—

QUID.

Look ye there now!—well, where, where?

PAMPH.

Are we alone?

QUID.

Stay, stay, till I shut the Door,—now, now, where do you come from?

PAMPH.

From the Court of Requests.

(*laying aside his Surtout Coat.*)

QUID.

The Court of Requests, (*whispers*) are they up?

PAMPH.

Hot work.—

QUID.

Debates arising may be.

PAMPH.

Yes, and like to fit late.

QUID.

What are they upon?

PAMPH.

Can't say,—

QUID.

What carried you thither?

PAMPH.

I went in hopes of being taken up.—

QUID.

Lookye there now. (*shaking his head*)

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

I've been aiming at it these three Years.—

QUID.

Indeed! (*staring at him.*)

PAMPH.

Indeed,—Sedition is the only thing an Author can live by now.—Time has been I could turn a Penny by an Earthquake; or live upon a Jail-Distemper; or dine upon a bloody Murder;—but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roasting a Minister—or telling the People, that they are ruined—the People of *England* are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

QUID.

Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a Scheme for paying off the national Debt.

PAMPH.

Let's see, let's see (*puts on his Spectacles*) well enough! well imagined,—a new Thought this—I must make this my own (*aside*) silly, futile, absurd,—abominable, this will never do—I'll put it in my Pocket and read it over in the morning for you—now look you here—I'll shew you a Scheme (*rummaging his Pockets*) no that's not it—that's my conduct of the Ministry, by a Country gentleman—I prov'd the Nation undone here, this sold hugely,—and here now, here's my Answer to it, by a noble Lord;—this did not move among the Trade.—

QUID.

What, do you write on both Sides?

PAMPH.

Yes, both Sides,—I've two hands Mr. *Quidnunc*,—alway impartial, *Ambo dexter*.—Now here, here's my Dedication to a great Man—touch'd Twenty for this—and here,—here's my Libel upon him—

QUID.

What, after being obliged to him?

PAMPH.

Yes, for that Reason,—it excites Curiosity—White-wash and Blacking-ball Mr. *Quidnunc*! *in utrumque paratus*—no thriving without it.

QUID.

QUID.

What have you here in this Pocket?

(prying eagerly.)

PAMPH.

That's my Account with *Jacob Zorobabel*, the *Broker*, for writing Paragraphs to raise or tumble the Stocks or the Price of Lottery Tickets, according to his Purposes.

QUID.

Ay, how do you do that?

PAMPH.

As thus,—To-day the Protestant Interest declines, *Madness* is taken, and *England's* undone; then all the long Faces in the Alley look as dismal as a Blank, and so *Jacob* buys away and thrives upon our Ruin.—Then Tomorrow, we're all alive and merry again, *Pondicherry's* taken; a certain Northern Potentate will shortly strike a Blow, to astonish all *Europe*, and then every true born *Englishman* is willing to buy a Lottery Ticket for twenty or thirty Shillings more than its worth; so *Jacob* sells away, and reaps the Fruits of our Success.

QUID.

What, and will the People believe that now?

PAMPH.

Believe it!—believe any thing,—no Swallow like a true-born *Englishman's*—a Man in a Quart Bottle, or a Victory, it's all one to them,—they give a Gulp—and down it goes,—glib, glib,——

QUID.

Yes, but they an't at the Bottom of Things?

PAMPH.

No, not they, they dabble a little, but can't dive——

QUID.

Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you think of our Situation?

PAMPH.

Bad, Sir, bad,—and how can it be better?—the people in Power never send to me,—never consult me,—it must be bad—Now here, here, [*goes to his loose Coat*] here's a Manuscript!—this will do the Business, a Master-piece,—I shall be taken up for this.—

E

QUID.

QUID.

Shall ye?

PAMPH.

As sure as a Gun I shall,—I know the Bookseller's a Rogue, and will give me up.

QUID.

But pray now what shall you get by being taken up?

PAMPH.

I'll tell you—(*whispers*) in order to make me hold my Tongue.

QUID.

Ay, but you won't hold your Tongue for all that.

PAMPH.

Po, po, not a Jot of that,—abuse 'em the next Day.

QUID.

Well, well, I wish you Success,—but do you hear no News? have you seen the *Gazette*?

PAMPH.

Yes, I've seen that,—great News, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—but harkye!—(*whispers*) and kiss Hands next week.

QUID.

Ay!

PAMPH.

Certain.

QUID.

Nothing permanent in this World.—

PAMPH.

All his Vanity.—

QUID.

Ups and Downs.—

PAMPH.

Ins and Outs.—

QUID.

Wheels within Wheels —

PAMPH.

No smoak without Fire.

QUID.

All's well that Ends well.

Each in deep Thought without looking at the other.

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

It will last our Time.

QUID.

Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the Matter.

PAMPH.

Time will tell all.

QUID.

Ay, we must leave all to the Determination of Time.
Mr. *Pamphlet*, I'm heartily oblig'd to you for this Visit,—
I love you better than any Man in *England*.

PAMPH.

And for my part Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I love you better than
I do *England* itself.

QUID.

'That's kind, that's kind,—there's nothing I would not
do Mr. *Pamphlet*, to serve you.

PAMPH.

Mr. *Quidnunc*, I know you're a Man of Integrity and
Honour,—I know you are,—and now since we have
open'd our Hearts, there is a Thing Mr. *Quidnunc*, in
which you can serve me,—you know, Sir,—this is in the
Fullness of our Hearts,—you know you have my Note
for a Trifle,—hard dealing with Assignees, now, could
not you to serve a Friend, could not you throw that Note
into the Fire?

QUID.

Hey ! but would that be honest ?

PAMPH.

Leave that to me, a refin'd Stroke of Policy,—Papers
have been destroyed in all Governments.

QUID.

So they have,—it shall be done, it will be political, it
will indeed—Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you take
to be the true political Balance of Power ?

PAMPH.

What do I take to be the Balance of Power ?

QUID.

Ay, the Balance of Power.

E 2

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

The Balance of Power,—what do I take to be the Balance of Power, the Balance of Power (*shuts his Eyes*) what do I take to be the Balance of Power?

QUID.

The Balance of Power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen sits.

PAMPH.

No, no,—

QUID.

Yes, yes.—

PAMPH.

No, no, the Balance of Power is when the Foundations of Government and the Superstructures are natural.

QUID.

How d'ye mean natural?

PAMPH.

Prithee be quiet Man,—this is the Language.—The Balance of Power is—when Superstructures are reduc'd to proper Balances, or when the Balances are not reduc'd to unnatural Superstructures.

QUID.

Po, po, I tell you it is when the Fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demolish'd.

PAMPH.

But I tell you Mr. *Quidnunc*.

QUID.

I say Mr. *Pamphlet*.

PAMPH.

Hear me Mr. *Quidnunc*.

QUID.

Give me leave Mr. *Pamphlet*.

PAMPH.

I must observe, Sir,

QUID.

I am convinc'd Sir.

PAMPH.

That the Balance of Power—

QUID.

That the Fortifications at *Dunquerque*.

PAMPH.

Both in a Passion.

PAMPH.

Depends upon the Balances and Superstructures.—

QUID.

Constitute the true Political Equilibrium.——

PAMPH.

Nor will I converse with a Man——

QUID.

And Sir, I never desire to see your Face,——

PAMPH.

Of such anti-constitutional Principles.——

QUID.

Nor the Face of any Man who is such a *Frenchman* in his Heart, and has such Notions of the Balance of Power.

[*Exeunt.*]

QUIDNUNC (*Re-enters.*)

Ay, I've found him out,—such abominable Principles, I never desire to converse with any Man of his Notions,—no, never while I live.——

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

PAMPH.

Mr. *Quidnunc*, one Word with you if you please:

QUID.

Sir, I never desire to see your Face.——

PAMPH.

My Property, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I shan't leave my Property in the House of a Bankrupt, (*twisting his Handkerchief round his Arm*) a silly, empty, incomprehensible Blockhead.

QUID.

Blockhead! Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

PAMPH.

A Blockhead to use me thus, when I have you so much in my Power.——

QUID.

In your Power!

PAMPH.

In my Power, Sir,—it's in my Power to hang you.

QUID.

To hang me!

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

Yes, Sir; to hang you——(*drawing on his Coat*) Did not you propose, but this Moment, did not you desire me to combine and confederate to burn a Note, and defraud your Creditors——

QUID.

I desire it!

PAMPH.

Yes, Mr. *Quidnunc*, but I shall detect you to the World. I'll give your Character.——You shall have a Six-penny touch next Week.

Flebit et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe. [Exit Pamphlet.

QUID.

Mercy on me, there's the Effect of his anti-constitutional Principles.——The Spirit of his whole Party, I never desire to exchange another Word with him.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Here's a Pother indeed!——did you call me?

QUID.

No, you Trollop, no.——

TERM.

Will you go to Bed?

QUID.

No, no, no, no,—I tell you, no.

TERM.

Better to go to Rest, Sir; I heard a Doctor of Physic say as how, when a Man is past his grand CRIME,—what the *Deuce* makes forget my Word?—his Grand CRIME-HYSTERIC, nothing is so good against *Indiscompositions* as Rest taken in its *prudish natalibus*.——

QUID.

Hold your prating,——I'll not go to Bed, I'll step to my Brother *Feeble*, I want to have some Talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. ! [Exit Quidnunc.

TERM.

Go thy ways for an old *Hocus-pocus* of a News-monger——You'll have good Luck if you find your Daughter here when you come back, Mr. *Bellmour* will be here in the Intrim, and if he does not carry her off why

why then I shall think him a mere *shilly shally Feller*; and by my Troth I shall think him as bad a *Politishin* as yourself.—Well, as I live and breathe, I wonders what the *Dickens* the Man sees in these News-Papers to be for ever *toxicated* with them—Let me see one of them, to try if I can *vestigate* any thing——(*takes the News-Paper and reads.*)

“Yesterday at Noon arrived at his Lodgings in *Pall-Mall*, *John Stukely*, Esq; for the Remainder of the “Winter-Season.”

Where the *Dewil* has the Man been?—who knows him, or cares a minikin Pin about him?—He may go to *Jericho* for what I cares.——

“The same Day, Mr. *William Tabby*, an eminent “Man-Milliner was married to Miss *Jenkins*, Daughter “of Mr. *Jenkins*, a considerable *Haberdasher* in Bear- “binder Lane.”——

What the *Dickens* is this to me?—can't Miss *Jenkins* and her Man-Milliner go to Bed, and hold their Tongues?—why must they kiss and tell?

“By Advices from *Violen*na—this is *Policies* now— (*reads to herself*)—“and promises a general Peace.”— Why can't that make the old *Curmudgeon* happy?—

“By Letters from *Paris*”—this is more *Policies*— (*reads to herself*) “and all seems tending to a general *Rupture*.”—What the *Dewil* does the *Feller* mean?—Did not he tell me this Moment there was to be Peace, and now its bloody News again—To go to tell me such an impudent Lie to my Face!

“At the Academy in *Essex-Street*, Grown People are “taught to dance.”

Grown People are taught to dance—I likes that well enough—I should like to be *betterer* in my dancing—I likes the *Figerre* of a Minute as well as a *Figerre* in Speech—(*dances and sings*) But such *Trumpry* as the News is, with Kings, and Cheesemongers, and Bishops, and *Highwayrman*, and Ladies Prayer-Books, and Lap-Dogs, and the *Domodary* and *Camomile*, and Ambassadors, and Hair-Cutters, all *biggledy piggledy* together——As I hope for *Marcy* I'll never read another Paper—and I wishes old *Quidnunc* would do the same—if the Man would do as I do, there would be some Sense in it,—if instead of his *Policies*, he would *manure* his Mind like me, and read good *Altars*, and improve.

improve himself in fine *Langidge*, and *Bombast*, and *polite Accollishments*——— [Exit singing.]

SCENE the Street.

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL and BRISK, in Liquor.

BELL.

Women ever were, and ever will be fantastic Beings, vain, capricious, and fond of Mischief——

BRISK.

Well argued, Master.

ROVEWELL. (*sings.*)

*Deceit is in every Woman,
But none in a Bumper can be my brave Boys,
But none in a Bumper can be.*

BELL.

To be insulted thus, with such a contemptuous Answer to a Message of such tender Import, she might methinks at least have treated me with good Manners, if not with a more grateful Return.——

ROVE.

Split her Manners, let's go and drink t'other Bumper to drown Sorrow.

BELL.

I'll shake off her Fetters,—I will *Brisk*, this very Night I will——

BRISK.

That's right, Master, and let her know we have found her out, and as the Poet says,

*'She that will not when she may,
'When she will, she shall have nay,* Master.

BELL.

Very true, *Brisk*, very true, the Ingratitude of it touches to the quick,—my dear *Rovewell*, only come and see me take a final Leave.——

ROVE.

No truly, not I, none of your virtuous Minxes for me, I'll set you down there, if you've a mind to play the Fool—I know she'll melt you with a Tear, and make a Puppy of you with a Smile, and so I'll not be Witness to it.

BELL.

You're quite mistaken, I assure you,—you'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her Ingratitude, and with more Joy than a fugitive Galley Slave, escape from the Oar, to which I have been chain'd.

BRISK.

BRISK.

Master, Master, now's our Time, for look by the Glimmering of yonder Lamp, who comes along by the Wall there.—

BELL.

Her Father, by all that's Lucky,—my dear *Rovewell*, let's drive off.

ROVE.

I'll speak to him for you, Man—

BELL.

Not for the World—prithee come along— [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, with a dark Lanthorn.

QUID.

If the Grand *Turk* should actually commence open Hostility, and the *House-bug Tartars* make a Diversion upon the Frontiers, why then it's my Opinion—Time will discover to us a great deal more of the Matter.

WATCH (*within.*)

Past Eleven o'Clock, a Cloudy Night.

QUID.

Hey! past Eleven o'Clock,—'Sbodikins, my Brother *Feeble* will be gone to bed,—but he shan't sleep till I have some Chat with him. Hark'ye Watchman, Watchman.

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCH.

Call, Master.

QUID.

Ay, step hither, step hither, have you heard any News?

WATCH.

News, Master!

QUID.

Ay, about the *Prussians* or the *Russians*?

WATCH.

Russians, Master.

QUID.

Yes, or the Movements in *Pomerania*?

WATCH.

La, Master, I knows nothing———poor Gentleman (*pointing to his Head*) Good Night to you Master,—past Eleven o'Clock. [*Exit Watchman.*

QUID.

That Man now has a Place under the Government, and he

he won't speak. But I'm losing Time (*knocks at the Door*)
 Hazy Weather (*looking up.*) The Wind's fix'd in that Quar-
 ter, and we shan't have any Mails this Week to come,—
 come about good Wind, do, come about.

Enter a Servant Maid.

MAID.

La, Sir, is it you?

QUID.

Is your Master at home, Child?

MAID.

Gone to Bed, Sir.

QUID.

Well, well, I'll step up to him.

MAID.

Must not disturb him for the World, Sir.——

QUID.

Business of the utmost Importance.——

MAID.

Pray consider, Sir, my Master an't well.——

QUID.

Prithee be quiet Woman; I must see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Room in FEEBLE's House.

Enter FEEBLE, in his Night Gown.

FEEB.

I was just stepping into Bed;—bless my Heart what
 can this Man want?—I know his Voice,—I hope no
 new Misfortune brings him at this Hour.

QUID.

Hold your Tongue you foolish Hussy,—he'll be glad
 to see me.—Brother Feeble,—Brother Feeble, (*within.*)

FEEB.

What can be the Matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

Brother Feeble, I give you Joy,—the Nabob's demolish'd,
 (*sings*) Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

FEEB.

Lackaday, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you serve me thus?

QUID.

Suraja Dowla is no more.

FEEB.

Poor Man! he's stark staring mad.——

QUID.

QUID.

Our Men diverted themselves with killing their Bullocks and their Camels, till they dislodg'd the Enemy from the Octagon, and the Counterscarp, and the Bunglo.—

FEEB.

I'll hear the rest to-morrow Morning,—oh! I'm ready to die.

QUID.

Odsheart Man be of good Chear,—the new Nabob, *Jaffier Aliy Cawn*, has acceded to a Treaty; and the *English* Company have got all their Rights in the *Phirmaud* and the *Hushbulboorums*

FEEB.

But dear heart Mr. *Quidnunc*, why am I to be disturb'd for this?

QUID.

We had but two Seapoys killed, three Chokeys, four Gaul-walls, and two Zemidars. (*sings*) *Britons never shall be Slaves.*

FEEB.

Would not to-morrow Morning do as well for this?

QUID.

Light up your Windows, Man, light up your Windows. *Chandernagore* is taken.

FEEB.

Well, well, I'm glad of it—good Night. (*going*)

QUID.

Here, here's the *Gazette*.——

FEEB.

Oh, I shall certainly faint. (*sits down*)

QUID.

Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. (*Reads.*) nay, don't run away—I've more News to tell you, there's an Account from *Williamsburgh* in *America*—the Superintendent of *Indian Affairs*—

FEEB.

Dear Sir, dear Sir,—(*avoiding him*)

QUID.

Has settled Matters with the *Cherokees*—(*following him*)

FEEB.

Enough, enough,—(*from him*)

F 2

QUID.

38 The UPHOLSTERER;

QUID.

In the same Manner he did before with the *Catabaws*.
(after him.)

FEEB.

Well, well, your Servant.—(from him)

QUID.

So that the back Inhabitants—(after him)

FEEB.

I wish you would let me be a quiet Inhabitant in my own House.—

QUID.

So that the back Inhabitants will now be secur'd by the *Cherokees* and *Catabaws*.—

FEEB.

You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commissioners.—

QUID.

Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the Matter over at our Coffee-house.—

FEEB.

Do so, do so.—

QUID.

(Returning) Mr. Feeble,—I had a Dispute about the Balance of Power,—pray now can you tell—

FEEB.

I know nothing of the Matter—

QUID.

Well, another Time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that (going, returns) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an Erratum in the last *Gazette*.—

FEEB.

With all my Heart—

QUID.

Page 3d, Line 1, Col. 1st, and 3d, for *Bombs* read *Booms*.

FEEB.

Read what you will—

QUID.

Nay, but that alters the Sense, you know,—well, now your Servant. If I hear any more News I'll come and tell you.—

FEEB.

For Heaven's Sake no more—

QUID.

QUID.

I'll be with you before you're out of your first Sleep—

FEEB.

Good-night, Good-night— [Runs off.

QUID.

I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of *Morocco* is dead—
(bawling after him) so—now I've made him happy—
I'll go and knock up my Friend *Razor*, and make him
happy too;—and then I'll go and see if any Body is up at
the Coffee-houses,—and make them all happy there too.
—[Exit. Quidnunc,

SCENE a STREET. *A shabby House with a Barber's
Pole up,—and Candles burning on the outside.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, with a dark Lanthorn.

QUID.

Ah Friend *Razor*!—he has a great Respect for a re-
joicing Night.—Who knows but he has heard some more
Particulars.— [knocks.

RAZOR looking out of the Window.

RAZOR.

Anan!

QUID.

Friend *Razor*.

RAZOR.

My Master *Quidnunc*! I'm rejoicing for the News.—
will you partake of a pipe?—I'll open the Door.

QUID.

Not now, Friend *Razor*.

RAZOR.

I've something to tell you—I'll come down.

QUID.

This may be worth staying for—What can he have
heard!

*Enter RAZOR, in a Cap, a Pipe in his Mouth, and a
Tankard in his hand.*

RAZOR.

Say, here's to you, Master *Quidnunc*:

QUID.

What have you heard? What have you heard?—

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

The Consumers of Oats are to meet next Week:

QUID.

Those Consumers of Oats have been meeting any time these ten Years to my Knowledge, and I never cou'd find what they are about.

RAZOR.

Things an't right, I fear—its enough to put down a Body's Spirits.—— [Drinks.

QUID.

No, nothing to fear—I can tell you some good News—a certain great Potentate has not heard High-Mass, the Lord knows when.

RAZOR.

That puts a Body in Spirits again. (*drinks*) Here, drink no wooden Shoes.

QUID.

With all my Heart—(*drinks*) Good Liquor this, Master Razor, of a cold Night.

RAZOR.

Yes,—I put a Quatern of British Brandy in my Beer—whu!—Do you know what a Rebel my Wife is.

QUID.

A Rebel!

RAZOR.

Ay, a Rebel—I earned Nineteen-pence half-penny to Day, and she wanted to lay out all that great Sum upon the Children—whu—but I bought those Candles for the good of my Country, to rejoice with as a Body may say—a little Virginy for my Pipe and this Sup of Hot.—whu——

QUID.

Ay, you're an Honest Man, and if every body did like you and me, what a Nation we shou'd be.—

RAZOR.

Ay, very true,—(*shakes his Head*)

QUID.

I can give you the Gazette to read.

RAZOR.

Can you! a thousand Thanks,—I'll take it Home to you when I have done.—(*drinks and staggers.*)

QUID.

QUID.

Friend Razor, you begin to be a little in for't.

RAZ.

Yes, I have a whirligigg of a Head. — but a body shou'd get drunk sometimes for the good of one's Country.

QUID.

Well, I shall be at home in half an Hour! — Hark'ye.

RAZ.

—Anan!

QUID.

I have made a rare discovery, — Florida will be able to supply Jamaica with Peet for their Winters firings. I had it from a deep Politician.

RAZ.

Ay! I am glad the Poor People of Jamaica will have Florida Peet to burn. — *Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Upholsterer's House.**Enter* BELLMOUR, and HARRIET.

HAR.

MR. Bellmour, pray Sir — I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from Room to Room.

BELL.

Indulge me but a moment.

HAR.

No, Mr. Bellmour, I've seen too much of your Temper, — I'm touch'd beyond all Enduring at your unmanly Treatment.

BELL.

Unmanly, Madam.

HAR.

Unmanly, Sir, to presume upon the Misfortunes of my Family, and insult me with the formidable menaces that, "Truly you have done, you'll be no more a Slave to me." — Oh fye, Mr. Bellmour, I did not think a Gentleman capable of it.

BELL.

But you won't consider.

HAR.

Sir, I wou'd have Mr. Bellmour understand, that tho'
my

my Father's Circumstances are Embarass'd, I have still an Uncle, who can, and will place me in a State of Affluence, and then, Sir, your Declarations. —

BELL.

My dearest Harriet, they were but hasty Words, let me now entreat you suffer me to convey you hence, far from your Father's Roof, where we may at length enjoy that Happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the loved Idea.—What say you, Harriet.

HAR.

I don't know what to say—my Heart's at my Lips. — Why don't you take me then.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TER.

Undone, Undone! I'm all over in a frustration—old Jimini Gomini's coming.

HAR.

O Lud, what is to be done now?

TER.

The Devil! what can be done? I have it—don't frustrate yourself—I'll find some Nonsense News for him—away with you both into that Room. Quick, quick.

[They Exit.]

Let me see—have I nothing in my Pocket for the Old Hocus Pocus to read? Pawsh! that's Mr. Bellmour's Letter to Miss Harriet—I envelop'd that Secret for all Pains to purvent me.—Old Politic must not have an Ideer of that Business—Stay, stay, is there ne'er an old Trumpery News-paper?—this will do.—*[Puts it in her Pocket.]* Now let the Gazette of a Fellow come as soon as he will.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

Fy upon it—fy upon it!—all the Coffee Houses shut up—Where is my Salmon's Gazetteer, and my map of the World?—In that Room I fancy—I won't sleep till I know the Geography of all these Places. *Going.]*

TERM.

Sir, Sir, Sir!

QUID.

Q U I D.

What's the Matter?

T E R M.

Here has been Mr. ——— He with the odd Name.

Q U I D.

Mr. D ——— that writes the pretty Verses upon all Public Occasions——

T E R M.

Ay, Mr. *Reptile*—the same. He says as how there are some Assays of his in this Paper—(*searches her Pockets*) And he desires you will give him your Ideer of them.

Q U I D.

That I will—let me see!—

T E R M.

The Deuce fetch it—here is something disintangles in my Pocket—there, there it is.—(*gives the Paper and drops the letter*) Pray amuse it before you go to Bed—or had not you better go, and read it in Bed—

Q U I D.

No, I'll read it here.—

T E R M.

Do so,—he'll call in the morning,—I'll get him to Bed I warrant me, and then Miss *Harriet* may Elope as fast as she will.— [Exit.

Q U I D.

Hey!—this is an old News-Paper, I see.—What's this? (*takes up the Letter*) here may be some News.—“To Miss *Harriet Quidnunc*.”—Let me see—[reads.

“My dearest *Harriet*,

“Why will you keep me in a state of suspense? I
 “have given you every proof of the sincerest Constancy
 “and Love. Surely then, now that you see your Fa-
 “ther's Obstinacy, you may determine to consult your
 “own Happiness; if you will permit me to wait on you
 “this Evening, I will convey you to a Family, who
 “will take the tenderest Care of your Person, till you
 “resign it to the Arms of

“Your Eternal Admirer

“*Bellmour*.”

G

So

So, so, here's Policy detected—why *Harriet*, Daughter!—*Harriet*!—She has not made her Escape I hope—
So Madam.——

Enter HARRIET and BELLMOUR.

Hey, the Enemy in our camp.

H A R.

Mr. *Bellmour* is no Enemy, Sir.—

Q U I D.

No! What does he lurk in my House for?

B E L L.

Sir, my Designs are honourable, you see Sir, I am above concealing myself.

Q U I D.

Ay, thanks to *Termagant*, or I shou'd have been undermined here by you.——

T E R M. (*looking in*)

What the Devil is here to do now?—I am all over in a Quandery.

Q U I D.

Now, Madam, an't you a false Girl—an undutiful Child?—But I can get intelligence you see—*Termagant* is my Friend, and if it had not been for her——

Enter TERMAGANT.

T E R M.

Oh my Stars and Garters! here's such a piece of work—What shall I do?—My poor dear Miss *Harriet*—(*cries bitterly.*)

Q U I D.

What is there any more News? What has happen'd now?

T E R M.

Oh Madam, Madam, forgive me my dear Ma'am—I did not do it purpose—I did not, as I hope for Mercy I did not——

Q U I D.

Is the Woman crazy?——

T E R M.

I did not intend to give it him;—I would have seen him gibbeted first, I found the Letter in your Bed-Cham-

Chamber—I knew it was the same I delivered to you—and my Curiosity did make me peep into it, says my Curiosity, “Now *Termagant*, you may gratify yourself “by finding out the Contents of that Letter, which you “have so violent an itching for.”—My Curiosity did say so—and then I own my respect for you did say to me, “Hussey, how dare you meddle with what does not “belong to you? Keep your Distance, and let your “Mistress’s Secrets alone.” And then upon that, in comes my Curiosity again, “Read it, I tell you, *Termagant*, a Woman of Spirit shou’d know every thing.” “Let it alone, you Jade,” says my Respect, “it’s as “much as your Place is worth,” “What signification’s “a Place with an old Bankrupt,” says my Curiosity, “there’s more Places than one, and so read it, I tell “you, *Termagant*.”—I did read it, what could I do,—Heav’n help me—I did read it, I don’t go to deny it, I don’t,—I don’t—I don’t— [crying very bitterly.]

QUID.

And I have read it too, don’t keep such an Uproar, Woman—

TERM.

And after I had read it, thinks me, I’ll give this to my Mistress again, and her Germanocus of a Father shall never see it—and so as my ill Stars would have it, as I was giving him a News Paper, I run my Hand into the Lion’s Mouth.— [crying.]

BELL.

What an unlucky jade she has been.

[aside.]

HAR.

Well, there’s no Harm done, *Termagant* ; for I don’t want to deceive my Father.

QUID.

Yes, but there is harm done. (*knocking.*) Hey, what’s all this knocking—Step and see, *Termagant*.

TERM.

Yes, Sir.—

[Exit.]

QUID.

A Waiter from the Coffee-house mayhap with some News — You shall go to the Round House, Friend — I’ll carry you there myself, and who knows but I may meet

meet a Parliament Man in the Round House to tell him some Politicks.

Enter ROVEWELL.

ROVE.

But I say I will come in, my Friend shan't be murder'd amongst you——

BELL.

'Sdeath, *Rovewell*! what brings you here?

ROVE.

I have been waiting in a Hackney Coach for you these two Hours, and split me, but I was afraid they had smother'd you between two Feather Beds.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

More Misfortunes—here comes the Watch.

QUID.

The best News I ever heard.

Enter WATCHMAN.

QUID.

Here, Thieves, Robbery, Murder, I charge 'em both, take 'em directly.

WATCH.

Stand and deliver in the King's Name, seize 'em, knock 'em down——

BELL.

Don't frighten the Lady — here's my Sword — I surrender.

ROVE.

You Scoundrels—Stand off Rascals——

WATCH.

Down with him—down with him——

[fight.]

Enter RAZOR in his first Cloaths — with the Gazette in his Hand.——

RAZOR.

What, a fray at my Master *Quidnunc*'s — knock him down,— knock him down — *[folds up the Gazette, and strips to fight.]*

QUID.

QUID.

That's right, that's right—hold him fast.—*Watchmen seize Rove. and Razor puts on his Cloaths.*

ROVE.

You have overpowered me, you Rascals—

TERM.

I believe as sure as any thing, as how he's a Highwarman, and as how it was he that robb'd the Mail.

QUID.

What rob the Mail and stop all the News,—search him—search him—he may have the Letters belonging to the Mail in his Pockets now—Ay, here's one Letter—
“To Mr. *Abraham Quidnunc*,”—Let's see what it is—
“Your dutiful Son, *John Quidnunc*.”

ROVE.

That's my Name, and *Roverwell* was but assumed.

QUID.

What and am I your Father?

RAZOR.

(*looks at him*) Oh my dear Sir, (*embraces him and powders him all over*) 'tis he sure enough—I remember the Mole on his Cheek—I shav'd his first Beard.

QUID.

Just return'd from the West-Indies, I suppose.

ROVE.

Yes, Sir; the owner of a rich Plantation.

QUID.

What by studying Politicks?

ROVE.

By a rich Planter's Widow; and I have now Fortune enough to make you happy in your old Age.

RAZOR.

And I hope I shall shave him again.

ROVE.

So thou shalt, honest *Razor*,—in the mean time let me entreat you bestow my Sister upon my Friend *Bellmour* here.

QUID.

He may take her as soon as he pleases,—'twill make an excellent Paragraph in the News Papers.

TERM.

TERM.

There, Madam, calcine your Person to him.

QUID.

What are the Spaniards doing in the Bay of Honduras?

ROVE.

Truce with Politicks for the Present, if you please Sir.—We'll think of our own Affairs first—before we concern ourselves about the Balance of Power.

RAZOR.

With all my Heart, I'm rare happy.

*Come Master Quidnunc now with News ha' done,
Bless'd in your Wealth, your Daughter and your Son ;
May Discord cease, Faction no more be seen,
Be High and Low for Country King and Queen.*

F I N I S.



THE
CITIZEN.
A
FARCE.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

THE THIRD EDITION.

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit. Hor.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED for P. VAILLANT, T. CASLON,
W. GRIFFIN, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL,
T. BECKET, and S. BLADON. 1770.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

CITIZEN

THE ARCADE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

GOVERNMENT-GARDENS

THE THIRD EDITION

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

Adapted to the present state of the theatre

LONDON:

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J. BECKETT, and S. BARNARD. 1770

[Price One Guinea]

Lincoln's-Inn, 25th Jan. 1763.

THE Author's compliments to Miss ELLIOT, and he desires to inscribe to her the following scenes. She need not be alarmed at a dedication, the propriety of which will strike every reader, who remembers that Miss ELLIOT and the CITIZEN made their first appearance on the stage together, and that her uncommon talents gave the piece the best and most effectual protection. Elegance of figure; a voice of pleasing variety, a strong expression of humour, not impaired, but rendered exquisite, by delicacy; these were circumstances that secured the farce at first, and have since brought it into favour. No author ever met with a better patronage; and though the CITIZEN, like other *things of this kind*, has many faults, yet it has this peculiar merit, that it produced, in the character of MARIA, a genuine comic genius. The CITIZEN claims another praise. When all the little arts of theatrical malice were conspiring against her, it recommended Miss ELLIOT to the notice of Mr. BEARD, and obtained for her that generous treatment, which *that manager* seems determined to extend to real merit. The Author, therefore, desires Miss ELLIOT's acceptance of this Farce, for the defects of which he makes no apology, because, should the most severe judge in this kind resolve to arm himself with criticisms, let him but look at the acting of MARIA, and he will forget them all.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

Old Philpot,
Young Philpot,
Sir Jasper Wilding,
Young Wilding,
Beaufort,
Dapper,
Quilldrive,

Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. King.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Vaughan.
Mr. Ackman.

WOMEN.

Maria,
Corinna,

Miss Elliot.
Mrs. Hippisley.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

Old Philpot,
Young Philpot,
Sir Jasper Wilding,
Young Wilding,
Beaufort,
Dapper,
Quilldrive,

Mr. Shuter.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Dunstall.
Mr. Dyer.
Mr. Baker.
Mr. Costollo.
Mr. Perry.

WOMEN.

Maria,
Corinna,

Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss Cockayne.

Servants, &c.

T H E
C I T I Z E N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, and WILL
following.

Wilding.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turn'd ancle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Pr'ythee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms——

Wild. Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister! Ha, ha, poor Beaufort! —Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, Sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, Sir.

Wild. Very Well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her —(*Exit Will.*) You will be glad to see her I suppose, Charles.

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

B

Beau.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. That's more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me—This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale!—My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's Coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair, and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow—

Wild. Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul I forget her name—

Beau. Well! that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay! very true—Miss Sally Philpot—she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me—and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. And you are willing to marry her without having one spark of love for her?

Wild. Love!—why I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things!—My dear Beaufort, one sees so many people breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dining their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance; "My dear Ma'am, don't you think him a sweet man? a charmer creature never was." Then he, on his side—"My life, my angel, oh! she's a paradise of ever blooming sweets." And then in a month's time, "He's a perfidious wretch! I wish I had never seen his face—the devil was in me when I had any thing to say to him"—"Oh! damn her for an inanimated piece—I wish she'd poison'd herself with all my heart." That is

ever the way; and so you see love is all nonsense; well enough to furnish romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

Beau. Pho! this is all idle talk; and, in the mean time, I am ruin'd.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd your sister away.

Wild. Bargain'd her away! and will you pretend you are in love?—Can you look tamely on and see her barter'd away at Garraway's, like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart—She is very long a coming—I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—But, perhaps, she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother.

Beau. Oh, no! he's her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be—my father-in-law and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, Sir! a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit!—he drives a phaeton two story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

Wild. Oh, brave!—and the father——

Beau. The father, Sir——But here comes Maria; take his picture from her. *[She sings within.]*

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay! and such a lover as you too! tho' still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and

treat you as she does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, sooth you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Ecce signum!*

Enter MARIA singing.

Wild. The same giddy girl!—Sister; come, my dear—

Maria. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do?

Maria. I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman then? Will you speak to him?

Maria. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him; it's my humour to sing. [*Sings.*]

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Maria. Oh! sweet Sir, you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr. Beaufort—mind it—Brother, how do you do? [*kisses him*] Say nothing, don't interrupt me—[*Sings.*]

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Maria. No; but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria!

Maria. Yes, long to see him—[*Beaufort fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful.*] Brother, brother! [*goes to him softly, beckons him to look at Beaufort*] do you see that? [*mimicks him*] mind him; ha, ha.

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria; so you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

Maria. And would not you have me marry, Sir? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I? upon my word you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [*Sings.*]

Can it be, or by law, or by equity said,

That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little—this will never do.

Maria. My cross, ill-natur'd brother! but it will do—Lord! what do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—*à l'honneur, à l'honneur—*
[*running away.*] *à l'honneur.*

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back, pray Madam, come back——[*Forces her back.*]

Maria. Lord of Heaven! what do you want!

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolicks, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Maria. Have you? Well, come, I will be sensible—there, I blow all my folly away—'Tis gone, 'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense; come——Is that a sensible face?

Wild. Po, po, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Maria. I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Po, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Maria. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you—there is no such thing as satisfying you—I am sure it was very good sense, what I said—Papa talks in that manner—Well, well! I'll be silent then—I won't speak at all; will that satisfy you? [Looks sullen]

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you—You have not seen your city lover, you say?

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders, and shakes her head.*]

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders again.*]

Wild. Po! don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Maria. Why, no, then; no——no, no, no, no, no——I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Maria. Why don't I tell you I have not seen him—but I am to see him this very day.

Beau.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha!—look there, brother; he is beginning again—But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it—My papa comes to me this morning—by the by, he makes a fright of himself with this strange dress—Why does he not dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Maria. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here—I am almost ashamed of him—But he comes to me this morning—“Hoic! hoic! our Moll—Where is the fly pufs—Tally ho!”—Did you want me papa?—“Come hither, Moll, I'll gee you a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow—he'll take cover, I warrant un—Blood to the bone.”

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Maria. Why, papa will be at home in a hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me—The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me: but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Maria. Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away—He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivell'd and pinch'd with care, and he shakes his head like a mandarine upon a chimney-piece—“Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right—and then he grins at me—I profess she is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son Bob is a very sensible lad—ay, ay! and I will underwrite their happiness for one and a half *per cent.*”

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

Beau.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes! Surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me—

Maria. I here, there, there he is frighten'd again.

[*Sings, Dearest creature, &c.*]

Wild. Pshaw! give over these airs——listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Maria. Oh! my dear brother, you are very good—but don't mistake yourself; though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself——There is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like——It is not you I like (*to Beaufort*)—no——no—I hate you——But let this little head alone; I know what to do——I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. [*Sings.*

Do not grieve me,

Oh! relieve me, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do——The old cit, you say, admires you for your understanding; and his son would not marry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit?

Maria. Even so——this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then I'll tell you——You shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from himself.

Maria. But how—how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

Wild. Why you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

Maria. Very well—what then? what then?—Oh!—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me—He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau.

Beau. My dear, Maria, don't talk of liking him.

Maria. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings, Voi Amanti, &c. and exit.*]

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Pshaw, follow me; don't be apprehensive—I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them I warrant you; the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere.

SCENE II. *Old Philpot's House.*

Enter OLD PHILPOT, DAPPER, *and* QUILLDRIVE.

Old Phil. Quilldrive, have those dollars been sent to the Bank, as I order'd?

Quill. They have, Sir.

Old Phil. Very well!—Mr. Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request—

Dap. You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

Old Phil. I believe it—Well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy—How much do you want upon it?

Dap. Three thousand; you had better take the whole; there are very good names upon it.

Old Phil. Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you—Quilldrive, step with those bills for acceptance—This way, Mr. Dapper, this way. [Exeunt.

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. A miserly old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; constantly, constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet under his veil of sanctity, he has a liquorish tooth left—running to the other end of the town sily every evening, and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

GEORGE PHILPOT, *peeping in.*

G. Phil. Hift, hift!—Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Master George!

G. Phil. Is Square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he ask'd for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. [*Walks in on tip-toe.*] Does he know I did not lay at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday—Damnation!—up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night!—Picqued, repicqued, flamm'd, and capotted every deal!—Old Dry-beard shall pay all—is forty seven good? no—fifty good? no! no, no, no—to the end of the chapter—Cruel luck!—Damn me, 'tis life tho'—this is life—'sdeath! I hear him coming [*runs off and peeps*—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these cloaths, Quill drive—

Quill. How come you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for old Square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bumbailey.—Pretty cloaths, an't they?

Quill. Ah! Sir—

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks—no—stay—it's in the next room, an't it?

Quill. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twinkling. [*Exit.*]

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old Cojer within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young Master comes to possession, "Ill got, ill gone," I warrant me; a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one—The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipp'd for the city—Damn the city—I wish the Papishes would set fire to it again

C

—I hate

—I hate to be beating the hoof here among them—
Here comes father—no ;—it's Dapper—Quilldrive,
I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit,*

Enter DAPPER.

Dap. Why you look like a devil, George.

G. Phil. Yes, I have been up all night ; lost all
my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it—what have I let you into the
secret for? Have not I advised you to trade upon your
own account—and you feel the sweets of it—How
much do you owe in the city?

G. Phil. At least twenty thousand.

Dap. Poh, that's nothing ! Bring it up to fifty or
sixty thousand, and then give 'em a good crash at
once—I have ensured the ship for you.

G. Phil. Have you ?

Dap. The policy's full ; I have just touch'd your
father for the last three thousand.

G. Phil. Excellent ! are the goods re-landed ?

Dap. Every bale—I have had them up to town,
and sold them all to a packer for you.

G. Phil. Bravo !—and the ship is loaded with rub-
bish, I suppose ?

Dap. Yes ; and is now proceeding on the voyage.

G. Phil. Very well—and to-morrow, or next day,
we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin,
or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G. Phil. Admirable ! and then we shall come up-
on the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper ! [*Embraces him.*

Dap. Yes ; I do a dozen every year. How do
you think I can live as I do, otherwise ?

G. Phil. Very true ; shall you be at the club after
Change ?

Dap. Without fail.

G. Phil. That's right ; it will be a full meeting ;
we shall have Nat Pigtail, the dry-salter, there ; and
Bob Reptile, the Change-broker ; and Soberfides, the
banker

A F A R C E. 11

banker—we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings.

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I must go now and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you—It will be time enough for you to break, when you see your father near his end; then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again—Good morning. [Exit.]

G. PHILPOT, solus.

G. Phil. Dapper, adieu—Who now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A Lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate—He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—Commissioner!—The King has not so good a thing in his gift, as a commission of bankruptcy—Don't we see them all with their country seats at Hogsdon, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the house, their Apollos, their Venus's and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion—Zoons! here comes old Dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is 144.

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half *per cent.*

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! What, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

Old Phil. That's right; it is a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! I instill'd good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, Sir—principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. [*aside*] I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, Sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

G. Phil. It intimated, Sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, [*laughs*] I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise mov'd than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

Old Phil. [*Bursts into a laugh.*] I remember it—ha, ha!—there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The Rule of Three—If one gives me so much; what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, ay. [*Laughs.*]

G. Phil. That was a hit, Sir.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. That was having his wits about him.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! It is a lesson for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha! ha! [*Both laugh.*]

G. Phil. What an old negro it is. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

G. Phil. Trade must be minded—A penny fav'd, is a penny got——

Old Phil. Ay, ay! [*Shakes his head, and looks cunning.*]

G. Phil. He that hath money in his purse, won't want a head on his shoulders.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day—Fortunes are made by degrees—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to loose——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old Curmudgeon [*aside.*] thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world——Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying—I never heard it before; it is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay——

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret, in the Minorities; and there I found him in all his misery! and a fine scene it was—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-stake was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left-knee, his right-leg employ'd in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it—And so there was business enough for them all—His wife rubbing away [*mimicks a washer-woman*] and he writing on, “The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies; Saxony shall be indemnify'd—He shan't have a foot in Silesia.” There is a sweet little baby! [*to the child on his knee*] then he rock'd the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!—then twisted the griskin, [*snaps his fingers*] hush ho! “The Russians shall have Prussia,” [*writes*] The wife [*washes and sings*] he—“There's a dear.” Round goes the griskin again, [*snaps his finger*] “and Canada must be restor'd” [*writes*]—and so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Phil. Oh! no; charity begins at home, says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said—I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me—I am ready with my joke—"a fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha—An old skin-flint. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay—a fool and his money are soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. [*Aside.*] And yet trade has its inconveniencies—Great houses stopping payment!

Old Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrin'd!—Nothing of that sort has happen'd to thee, I hope?—

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—The Spanish Galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay!—[*Shakes his head.*]

G. Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty *per cent.* profit—But this blow coming upon me—

Old Phil. Why this is unlucky—how much money?

G. Phil. Three and twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue [*aside.*] That will never do, I shall be blown upon Change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has open'd his affairs—He appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time, but I must crack before that.

Old Phil. It is unlucky! A good man you say he is?

G. Phil. No body better. *Old*

Old Phil. Let me see—Suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, Sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man you say?

G. Phil. Yes, Sr.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G. Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

G. Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond.

G. Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check—You shall have a draught on the bank.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, (*going.*)

Old Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—Stocks are under *par*—You must pay the difference.

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech, (*aside*). By all means, Sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. [*aside.*]

[*Exit G. Philpot.*]

OLD PHILPOT, *Solus.*

What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—Let me see—what is the lady's name,

[*Takes a letter out.*] Corinna! ay, ay, by the description

tion

tion she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits—Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's passions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city here, as if one had no passions at all—I long for the evening methinks—Body o'me—I am a young man still.

Enter QUILDRIVE.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter Sir JASPER and MARIA.

[*Sir Jasper dressed as a Fox-hunter, and singing.*]

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasper. Ay, ay, I ha brought un to zee you—There's my girl—I ben't asham'd of my girl.

Maria. That's more than I can say of my father—luckily these people are as much strangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwise this visit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance—Tho' but late a boarding-school girl, I know enough of the world for that. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why she looks three and a half per cent. better than when I saw her last.

Maria. Then there is hopes that in a little time, I shall be above par—he rates me like a lottery-ticket.

[*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss has the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that she would not do for my son—George is a shrewd lad, and I have often heard him declare, no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Maria.

Maria. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [*Aside.*]

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart—I think I'll have his daughter; if it's only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What zay you? Are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, Sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid—I like you—I like un master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash.

G. Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to those modest women—Sir;—Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind; by advertising for her in a new's-paper?

Old Phil. Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl——and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently.

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot——come along; I ben't afraid of my girl——come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasp. and Old Phil.*]

Maria. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. [*Aside.*]

Maria. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. [*Aside.*]

Maria. When will he begin?—Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me; that's what I will; and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match: not a word yet—he is in a fine confusion [*Looks foolish*] I think I may as well sit down;
Sir: D G. Phil.

G. Phil. Ma'am—I—I—I—[*frighted.*—I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am——there, Ma'am.
[*Bows awkwardly.*

Maria. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. I'll sit down too. [*In confusion.*]

Maria. Heigho!

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I——did not you say something, Ma'am?

Maria. No, Sir; nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! you are a sweet creature. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on. [*Sits silent, looks foolish, and steals a look at her.*

Maria. An agreeable interview this!

G. Phil. Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concerts! what's that, Sir?

G. Phil. A musick meeting.

Maria. I have been at a Quaker's meeting; but never at a musick meeting.

G. Phil. Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts——She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody——will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am.

Maria. [*Looking simple and awkward.*—A ticket——what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, Ma'am, at your service.

Maria. [*Curtseys awkwardly.*] I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtsy there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an idiot.

[*Aside.*

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me. [*Aside.*] And is this a ticket, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am——And is this a ticket.

[*Mimicks her aside.*

Maria. [*Reads.*] For sale by the candle, the following goods——thirty chests straw hats——fifty tubs chip hats——pepper, sago, borax——ha——ha! Such a ticket!

. *Phil.*

G. Phil. I—I—I have made a mistake Ma'am—— here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, Sir,—I never go to such places.

G. Phil. No, Ma'am—I don't know what to make of her—Was you ever at the White-Conduit-house?

Maria. There's a question. [*Aside.*] Is that a nobleman's seat?

G. Phil. [*Laughs.*] Simpleton!—No Miss—is it not a nobleman's seat—Lord! it's at Islington.

Maria. Lord Islington!—I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town,

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. I am glad of it.

G. Phil. What is she glad of?

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me.

[*Aside.*

G. Phil. What sha'll I say to her next? Have you been at the burletta, Ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G. Phil. The burletta.

Maria. Sir, I would have you to know that I am no such person—I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am——

Maria. I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a damn'd fool she is. [*Aside.*]—The burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

Maria. Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage—to affront me in this manner!

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, Ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Maria. Who me a connoisseur, Sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much

as thought of such a thing. Sir, I won't be call'd a connoisseur—I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Bursts out a crying.*]

G. Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence—A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Maria. Don't virtuoso me! I am no virtuoso, Sir, I would have you to know it—I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

[*Cries bitterly.*]

G. Phil. But, Ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Maria. [*In a passion, choking her tears and sobbing.*] Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England—My family was always remarkable for virtue—My mamma [*bursts out*] was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget [*sobbing*] was a virtuous woman too—And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and as virtuous a wife as any at all—And so, Sir, don't call me a virtuoso—I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Cries bitterly.*]

G. Phil. The girl's a natural—So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up—Ma'am, upon my word you misunderstand me.

Maria. Sir [*drying her tears*] I won't be call'd connoisseur by you nor any body—And I am no virtuoso—I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Maria. Taste! [*Sobbing.*]

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; Oh! that's another thing—I have a taste to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, Ma'am—O you're a cursed ninny.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. Yes, I know I have—I can read tolerably; and I begin to write a little.

G. Phil. Upon my word, you have made a great progress!—What could old Square-Toes mean by passing

passing her upon me for a sensible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her—I'll talk to her openly at once—Come sit down, Miss—Pray Ma'am, are you inclin'd to matrimony?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Those naturals are always amorous [*aside.*] How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things——

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony, [*aside.*] Do you love me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free, (*aside.*) But not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Better may be?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! [*aside.*] And, perhaps, if I should marry you I should have a chance to be made a——

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear; Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir.

G. Phil. I have done, Ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, Ma'am, no;—No such thing—You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere, I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot?—But you must——my papa said you must——And I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense, [*aside.*] Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria.

Maria. Not marry me Mr. Philpot? (*bursts out in tears*) but I say you shall, and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why—You shall—You shall—

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here——

Maria. I wonder you an't ashamed of yourself to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa—I will—I will—I will. [*crying bitterly.*]

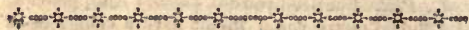
G. Phil. And so you may—I have no more to say to you—and so your servant, Miss—your servant.

Maria. Ay! and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you.

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob? [*going.*]

Maria. How can you be so cruel, Mr. Philpot? how can you—oh—[*cries and struggles with him. Exit G. Phil.*]
Ha! ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly; ha! ha! He will break off the match now of his own accord——Ha! ha! This is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of spirit.

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CORINNA, TOM following her.

Cor. **A**N elderly gentleman did you say?
Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, Ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs. [*Exit, Tom.*]
These old fellows will be coming after a body—but they pay well, and so——Servant, Sir.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Fair Lady, your very humble servant—Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

Cor. Yes, Sir, I know Bob Poacher—He is a very good friend of mine; (*reads to herself*) he speaks so handsomely of you, Sir, and says you are so much of the

the gentleman, that, to be sure, Sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, Sir.

Old Phil. Really you are very agreeable—You see I am punctual to my hour.

[*Looks at his watch.*]

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

Old Phil. Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time—This is a mighty pretty lodging—I have twenty guineas here in a purse, here they are; (*turns them out upon the table*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers play'd with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

Old Phil. There are [*aside.*] some light guineas among them—I always put off my light guineas in this way—You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it—Oh! I could eat it up—Fair lady, your lips look so cherry—They actually invite the touch; (*kisses*) really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution—You have really a mighty pretty foot—Oh, you little rogue—I could smother you with kisses—Oh you little delicate, charming—[*kisses her.*]

GEORGE PHILPOT, *within.*

G. Phil. Gee-houp!—Awhi!—Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

Old Phil. Hey—What is all that?—Somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

Old Phil. What shall I do?—I would not be seen for the world—Can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, Sir—These wild young fellows take such liberties—He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected—Get under the table—He shan't remain long whoever he is—Here—Here, Sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; that will do—Don't let him stay long—Give me another buss—Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush!—Make haste.

Old

Old Phil. Ay; ay; I will fair lady—[*Creeps under the table and peeps out.*] Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! Silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter G. PHILPOT, dress'd out.

G. Phil. Sharper do your work—Aw! Aw! So my girl—how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you—I did not expect to see you so soon—I thought you was to be at the club—The servants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress, and so I concluded you would have staid all night as usual.

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill-fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes—Suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. [*peeping*] Ah the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash—I have taken in old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

Old Phil. [*peeping out*] Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

Old Phil. [*peeping*] Ay! let us hear.

G. Phil. I talk'd a world of wisdom to him.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

G. Phil. He is a sad old fellow!

Old Phil. Ay! Go on.

G. Phil. And so I appear'd to him as deserving of the gallows as he is himself.

Old Phil. Well said boy, well said—Go on.

G. Phil. And then he took a liking to me—Ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade—George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then

as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a Jew broker, when he has cheated his principal of an eighth *per cent.*—And cried ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade—A fool and his money are soon parted—(*mimicking him*) and so, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till, at last, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

Old Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones—But then I discover myself—Lie still, Isaac, lie still.

G. Phil. Oh! I understand trap—I talked of a great house stopping payment—The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me tho'.

Old Phil. Ay, you have found it out—Have ye?

G. Phil. No old usurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worse with me—I must have commission upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer—Your bond—Lawful interest, while I am out of my money; and the difference for selling out of the stocks—an old miserly good for nothing skin-flint.

Old Phil. My blood boils to be at him—Go on, can you tell us a little more?

G. Phil. Po! he is an old curmudgeon—And so I will talk no more about him—Come give me a kiss.

[*They kiss.*]

Old Phil. The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it, I am as good a coachman as any in England—There was my lord—What d'ye call him—He kept a stage-coach for his own driving, but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

E

Cor.

Cor. No!

G. Phil. Oh! no—I know my road-work, my girl,
—When I have my coachman's hat on—is my hat
come home?

Cor. It hangs up yonder! but I don't like it.

G. Phil. Let me see it—Ay! the very thing—
Mind me when I go to work—Throw my eyes
about a few—Handle the braces—Take the off-
leader by the jaw—Here you—how have you
curbed this horse up?—Let him out a link, do you
blood of a—Whoo Eh!—Jewel—Button!—Whoo
Eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gal-
lows? you know he'll take the bar of Sharper—Take
him in two holes, do—There's four pretty little
knots as any in England—Whoo Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no—See me mount the box, handle
the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows,
stamp with my foot—Gee up!—Off we go—
Button, do you want to have us over!—Do your
work do—Awhi! awhi!—There we bowl away;
see how sharp they are—Gallows!—Softly up hi'
[whistles] there's a public-house—Give 'em a mouthful
of water, do—And fetch me a dram—Drink it off—
Gee up! Awhi! Awhi!—There we go scrambling
altogether—Reach Epsom in an hour and forty-
three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we
do—There's your work my girl!—Eh! damn me.

Old. Phil. Mercy on me! What a profligate de-
bauched young dog it is.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna—Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your servant, Sir.

Wild. Sir, your Servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, Sir?

Wild. For you, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, for me, Sir?

Wild. No, Sir, I have no commands for you.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, business.

Wild.

Wild. Why, very good business I think—My little Corinna—My life—My little——

G. Phil. Is that your business?—Pray, Sir,——Not so free, Sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, Sir!

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you! Who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!——Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-taylor, I suppose, who chuses to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Taylor!—What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no taylor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, Sir.

G. Phil. You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not—But if you have a mind for a frolick—Let me put by my sword—Now, Sir, come on [*In a boxing attitude.*]

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

G. Phil. Not I——come on.

Wild. Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

G. Phil. I'll give you satisfaction this way [*pushes at him.*]

Wild. Draw, Sir, Draw; You won't draw!——There, take that, Sirrah—and that—and that, you scoundrel.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; well done; lay it on—[*peeps out.*]

Wild. And there you rascal; and there.

Old Phil. Thank you; thank you—Could not you find in your heart to lay him on another for me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, Sir.

Wild. My dear, Corinna, don't be frighten'd; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. I am safe here—lie still Isaac, lie still—I am safe——

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. [*Sits down.*] [*Old Philpot's watch strikes ten under the table.*] Whose watch is that? [*stairs round*] Hey! what is all this? [*looks under the table*] your humble servant, Sir! Turn out pray, turn out—You won't—Then I'll unshell you. [*Takes away the table.*] Your very humble servant, Sir.

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time!

[*Aside.*]

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. [*Still on the ground.*] No Sir; not I truly, But the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

Wild. No, Sir, not I; I pass.

Old Phil. George, you are there I see.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, and you are there I see.

Wild. Come rise—Who is this old fellow?

Cor. Upon my word I don't know—As I live and breathe I don't—he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll go and ask her—let me run out of the way, and hide myself from this scene of confusion.

[*Exit Corinna.*]

G. Phil. What an Imp of hell she is. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Come, get up Sir; you are too old to be beat.

Old Phil. [*Rising.*] In troth, so I am—But there you may exercise yourself again if you please.

G. Phil. No more for me, Sir—I thank you.

Old Phil. I have made but a bad voyage of it—The ship is sunk, and stock and block lost. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laugh at his old square toes—As for you, Sir, you have had what you deserv'd—Ha, ha! you are a kind cull, I suppose—ha, ha! And you, reverend dad, you must come here tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

Old Phil. Oh! George! George!

G. Phil. Oh! father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what father and son! And so you have found one another out, ha, ha!—Well, you

may have business, and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. *[Exit,*

G. Phil. This is too much to bear——What an infamous jade she is! All her contrivance!——don't be angry with me, Sir—I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in this matrimonial noose—and never have any thing to do with these courses again. *[Going,*

Old Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will. *[Exeunt,*

Enter BEAUFORT, dressed as a lawyer, and SIR JASPER WILDING, with a bottle and glass in his hand.

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper, I can't drink any more.

Sir Jasp. Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, master Quagmire—come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused—you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! it's all about out-houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons, and backsides. I am o'the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley, and so truce with your jargon, master Quagmire.

Beau. But, Sir, you don't consider, marriage is an affair of importance——it is contracted between persons, first consenting; secondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments, and can only be dissolved for canonical causes or levitical causes——See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii Harry VIII. chapter vii.

Sir Jasp. You shall drink t'other Bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Old Mr. Philpot, Sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right, they'll take me out of the hand of this lawyer here. *[Exit.*

BEAUFORT, solus.

Beau. Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pumple-nose family of Furnival's-Inn,

Sir

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand Pounds you know is a great deal of money—I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more, before I embark; for to be plain, Sir, she appears to me a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench—and here, here's zon Bob.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Sir Jasp. Bob, gee us your hand—I ha' finish'd the business—and zo now—here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

Old Phil. Of all the birds in the air, is that he! [*Aside.*

G. Phil. He has behav'd like a relation to me already. [*Aside.*

Sir Jasp. Go to un man—that's your vather—

Wild. This is the strangest accident—Sir—
Sir—[*stifling a laugh*] I—I—Sir—upon my soul, I can't stand this. [*Bursts out a laughing.*]

Old Phil. I deserve it! I deserve to be laugh't at.

G. Phil. He has shewn his regard to his sister's family already. [*Aside.*

Sir Jasp. What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law—[*Pulls Old Philpot to him.*] Master Philpot, that's Bob—Speak to un Bob—speak to un—

Wild. Sir—I—I am [*stifles a laugh*] I say, Sir—I am, Sir—extremely proud—of—of—

G. Phil. Of having beat me, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Wild. Of the honour, Sir—of—of— [*Laughs.*

G. Phil. Ay! that's what he means. [*Aside.*

Wild. And, Sir—I—I—this opportunity—I cannot look him in the face—[*bursts out into a laugh*] ha, ha! I cannot stay in the room—[*Going.*

Sir

Sir Jasp. Why the volks are all mad, I believe! you shall stay, Bob; you shall stay. [*Holds him.*]

Wild. Sir I—I cannot possibly—

[*Whispers his father.*]

Old Phil. George, George! what a woeful figure do we make!

G. Phil. Bad enough of all conscience, Sir.

Sir Jasp. An odd adventure, Bob. [*Laughs heartily.*]

Old Phil. Ay! there now he is hearing the whole affair, and is laughing at me.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha! Po, never mind it—a did not hurt un.

Old Phil. It's all discover'd.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha!—I told ye zon Bob could find a hare squat upon her form with any he in Christendom—ha, ha! never mind it man, Bob meant no harm—here, here, Bob—here's your vather, and there's your brother—I should like to ha'zeen un under the table.

Wild. Gentlemen, your most obedient.

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

Old Phil. Sir, your servant—He has lick'd George well—and I forgive him.

Sir Jasp. Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now.

G. Phil. Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an idiot.

Sir Jasp. Zee her again then—zee her again—here, you, firrah, send our Moll hither.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together—Hoic! hoic—Our Moll—Tally over

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl—There, the gentleman wants to speak with you—Behave like a clever wench as you are—come along my boys—Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[*Exit singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort, manent George and Maria.*]

G. Phil.

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony—Well, Miss, you told me you could read and write?

Maria. Read, Sir, Heavens!——[*Looking at him.* ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. What does she laugh at?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. What diverts you so, pray?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha! What a fine taudry figure you have made of yourself? ha, ha!

G. Phil. Figure, Madam!

Maria. I shall die, I shall die! ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Do you make a laughing-stock of me?

Maria. No, Sir, by no means—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Let me tell you, Miss, I don't understand being treated thus.

Maria. Sir, I can't possibly help it—I—I—ha, ha!

G. Phil. I shall quit the room, and tell your papa, if you go on thus.

Maria. Sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times--- I am but a giddy girl--I cannot help it--I--I--ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ma'am, this is down right insult.

Maria. Sir, you look somehow or other—I don't know how, so comically—ha, ha ha!

G. Phil. Did you never see a gentleman dress'd before?

Maria. Never like you---I beg your pardon, Sir--- ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now here is an idiot in spirits---I tell you this is your ignorance—I am dress'd in high taste.

Maria. Yes, so you are—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Will you have done laughing?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I will—I will—there—there—there—I have done.

G. Phil. Do so then, and behave yourself a little sedate.

Maria. I will, Sir;—I won't look at him, and then I shan't laugh——

G. Phil. Let me tell you, Miss, that nobody understands dress better than I do.

Maria. Ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. She's mad sure.

Maria.

Maria. No, Sir, I am not mad—I have done, Sir—I have done—I assure you, Sir, that no body is more averse from ill manners, and would take greater pains not to affront a gentleman—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Again! Zounds! What do you mean! you'll put me in a passion, I can tell you, presently.

Maria. I can't help it—Indeed I can't—Beat me if you will, but let me laugh—I can't help it—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. I never met with such usage in my life.

Maria. I shall die—Do, Sir, let me laugh—It will do me good---ha, ha, ha!

[*Falls down in a fit of laughing.*]

G. Phil. If this is your way, I won't stay a moment longer in the room—I'll go this moment and tell your father.

Maria. Sir, Sir, Mr. Philpot, don't be so hasty, Sir—I have done, Sir; it's over now---I have had my laugh out—I am a giddy girl—but I'll be grave—I'll compose myself and act a different scene with him from what I did in the morning. I have all the materials of an impertinent wit, and I will now twirl him about the room, like a boy setting up his top with his finger and thumb. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. Miss, I think you told me you can read and write.

Maria. Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life—Do you love reading, Sir?

G. Phil. Prodigiously—How pert she is grown—I have read very little, and I'm resolv'd for the future to read less. [*Aside.*] What have you read, Miss?

Maria. Every thing.

G. Phil. You have?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh! brave—and do you remember what you read, Miss?

Maria. Not so well as I could wish—Wits have short memories.

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Maria. I am—and do you know that I feel myself provok'd to a simile now?

G. Phil. Provok'd to a simile!—Let us hear it!

F

Maria.

Maria. What do you think we are both like?

G. Phil. Well——

Maria. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Maria. *The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows ;
To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.*

That's me——now you.

*He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went [mimicks] for want of thought.*

G. Phil. This is not the same girl. [*Disconcerted.*]

Maria. Mark again, mark again :

*The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprize.*

[*He looks foolish, she laughs at him.*]

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her ; she is not the fool I took her for. [*Aside.*]

Maria. You seem surpriz'd, Sir——but this is my way—I read, Sir, and then I apply—I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Landfdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thompson.

G. Phil. Hey ! the devil—what a clack is here !

[*He walks a-cross the stage.*]

Maria. [*Following him eagerly.*] Shakespear, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in short every body ; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment—Well done, Miss Notable ! you have play'd your part like a young actress in high favour with the town. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

Maria. What do you say to me now, Sir ?

G. Phil. Say!—I don't know what the devil to say.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. What's the matter, Sir ? Why you look as if the stocks were fallen—or like London-bridge at low water—or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen—or like a politician without news—or like a prude without scandal—or like a great lawyer without a brief—or like some lawyers with one—or——

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband henpeck'd by a wit, and so say no more of that—What a capricious piece here is!

[*Aside.*

Maria. Oh, fy! you have spoil'd all—I had not half done.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience—You may content yourself.

Maria. But I can't be so easily contented—I like a simile half a mile long.

G. Phil. I see you do.

Maria. Oh! And I make verses too—verses like an angel—off hand—extempore—Can you give me an extempore?

G. Phil. What does she mean!—no, Miss—I have never a one about me.

Maria. You can't give me an extempore—Oh! for shame, Mr. Philpot—I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their sense so fine, their invention rich as Pæctolus.

G. Phil. A poet rich as Pæctolus! I have heard of Pæctolus in the city.

Maria. Very like.

G. Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Maria. As who?

G. Phil. Pæctolus—He was a great Jew merchant—liv'd in the ward of Farringdon without.

Maria. Pæctolus, a Jew merchant! Pæctolus is a river.

G. Phil. A river!

Maria. Yes—don't you understand geography?

G. Phil. The girl's crazy!

Maria. Oh! Sir—if you don't understand geography, you are nobody—I understand geography, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write—and I can dance too—will you dance a minuet?

[*Sings and dances.*]

G. Phil. You shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well, Sir—you refuse me—remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well—very well—remember—mark my words—I'll do it—you shall see---ha, ha!

[*Runs off in a fit of laughing.*]

GEORGE salus.

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door “Phil-pot’s punch-house.”

Enter OLD PHILPOT and Sir JASPER.

Sir Jasp. [*Singing*] “So rarely so bravely we’ll hunt
“him over the downs, and we’ll hoop and we’ll hollow.”
Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well—what
zay ye to un now?—Ben’t she a clever girl?

G. Phil. A very extraordinary girl indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell un zo—then you have nothing to do but to consummate as soon as you will.

G. Phil. No, you may keep her, Sir—I thank you—I’ll have nothing to do with her.

Old Phil. What’s the matter now, George?

G. Phil. Po! she is a wit.

Sir Jasp. Ay! I told un zo.

G. Phil. And that’s worse than t’other—I am off,
Sir.

Sir Jasp. Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Well, papa, the gentleman won’t have me.

Old Phil. The numskull won’t do as his father bids him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent I’ll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Maria. How! what does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk lover still—Fair Lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring——It melts away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature.

[*Falls a coughing.*]

Maria. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

Sir Jasp. Hey! What's in the wind now!—This won't take.—My girl shall have fair play—No old fellow shall totter to her bed—What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Maria. Sir, I have one small doubt—Pray can I have two husbands at a time?

G. Phil. There's a question now! She is grown foolish again.

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye—Two husbands at once—No; no—Men are scarce, and that's down-right poaching.

Maria. I am sorry for it, Sir—For then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir Jasp. Why not?

Maria. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted! To whom?

Maria. To Mr. Beaufort—That gentleman, Sir.

Old Phil. That gentleman!

Beau. Yes, Sir, [*Throws open his gown*] My name is Beaufort—And, I hope, Sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire! What are you young Beaufort all this time?

Old Phil. That won't take, Sir—That won't take.

Beau. But it must take, Sir—You have sign'd the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and, Sir Jasper, by this instrument has made me his son-in-law.

Old Phil. How is this? How is this? Then, Sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose, for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out sily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl? I ben't a sham'd o' my girl!—Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort

Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

Wild. Bravo! my scheme has succeeded rarely.

Old bil. And so here I am bubbled and choused out of my money——George! George! what a day's work have we made of it!——Well, if it must be so, be it so——I desire, young gentleman, you will come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning——And, I'll tell you what, here, here——Take my family watch into the bargain; and I wish it may play you just such another trick as it has me; that's all——I'll never go intriguing with a family watch again.

Maria. Well, Sir! [*To G. Phil.*] what do you think of me now? An't I a connoisseur, Sir! and a virtuoso——ha! ha!

G. Phil. Yes; and much good may do your husband——I have been connoisseur'd among ye to some purpose——Bubbled at play——dup'd by my wench——cudgel'd by a rake——laugh'd at by a girl——detected by my father——and there is the sum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

Old Phil. This end of the town! I desire never to see it again while I live——I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this side of Temple-bar. [*Going.*]

G. Phil. And, Sir, Sir!——shall I drive you?

Old Phil. Ay, you or any-body. [*Exit.*]

G. Phil. I'll overturn the old hocus at the first corner. [*Following him.*]

Sir Jass. They shan't go zo, neither——they shall Ray and crack a bottle. [*Exit after them.*]

Maria. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part?

Wild. } To a miracle.
Beau. }

Maria. Have I?——I don't know how that is——

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts

To win your— [*To Beaufort.*] *No! not yours——*

To win your hearts. [*To the Audience.*]

Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;

“There if I grow, the harvest is your own.”

EPILOGUE,

By OLD PHILPOT and GEORGE PHILPOT.

Fath. O H! George, George, George! 'tis such
 young rakes as you,
 That bring vile jokes, and foul dishonour too,
 Upon our city youth.

Geo. ———— 'Tis very true.

Fath. St. James's end o'th' town——

Geo. ———— No place for me.

Fath. No truly—no—their manners disagree
 With ours intirely—yet you there must run,
 To ape their follies——

Geo. ———— And so am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a vanity in vice,
 You turn mere fops——you game

Geo. ———— Oh damn the dice.

Fath. Bubbled at play——

Geo. ———— Yes, Sir——

Fath. ———— By every common cheat.

Geo. Ay! here's two witnesses—[*Pulls out his pockets.*]

Fath. ———— You get well beat.

Geo. A witness too of that, [*Shows his head*] and there's
 another. [*To Young Wilding.*]

Fath. You dare to give affronts——

Geo. ———— Zounds such a pother!——

Fath. Affronts to gentlemen!

Geo. ———— 'Twas a rash action——

Fath. Damn'e, you lie! I'll give you satisfaction.

[*Mimicking.*]

Drawn in by strumpets, and detected too!

Geo. That's a sad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you——

Fath. The dog he has me there——

Geo. ———— Think you it right——
 Under a table——

Fath. ———— Miserable plight!

Geo. For grave threescore to sculk with trembling
 knees,

And envy each young lover that he sees!

Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?

Fath. Wou'd I had stay'd to cast accounts at home.

E P I L O G U E.

Geo. Ay ! there's another vice——

Fath. —— Sirrah give o'er. }

Geo. You brood for ever o'er your much lov'd store,
And scraping *cent. per cent.* still pine for more. }
At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your son.

Fath. Rascal, enough !

Geo. —— I could add, but am loth——

Fath. Enough!—this jury [*to the audience*] will convict us both.

Geo. Then to the court we'd better make submission.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults—ye courtly train,
Farewel!—farewel, ye giddy and ye vain !
I now take up—forsake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

Fath. You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame,
I hate long speeches——But I'll do the same.
Come, George——To mend is all the best
can boast.

Geo. Then let us in——

Fath. —— And this shall be our toast,
May Britain's thunder on her foes be hurl'd,

Geo. And London prove the market of the world !

F I N I S.

WHAT we must ALL come to;

A

C O M E D Y

In TWO ACTS,

As it was intended to be Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN;

Laudat rura fui ——— Otium et oppidi Hor.

In mala ——— Nugæ seria ducent Hor.

L O N D O N;

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing Southampton-street;
in the Strand. MDCCCLXIV.

(Price One Shilling.)

Advertisement.

THE idea of the Character of DRUGGET, in the following piece, was taken from a paper written by Mr. POPE, and published in the Guardian, No. 173. The reader will perceive some strictures of true humour from thence inserted in this little Comedy. The violent differences between Sir Charles and Lady Rackett about a trifle, and the renewal of those differences by venturing, after they had subsided, to resume the object in thorough good humour, are, it is conceived, founded in Nature, because similar incidents often occur in real life. To shew the passions thus frivolously agitated, and to point out the ridicule springing from their various turns and shiftings, was the main drift of the ensuing scenes. But some people were determined not to hear, and the Author could not be induced by any private motives to send the Performers a second time into so painful a service as that of the Stage always is, when a few are unwilling to be entertained.

Lincoln's Inn,
January 10, 1764.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir CHARLES RACKETT,	Mr. DYER.
DRUGGET,	Mr. SHUTER.
LOVELACE,	Mr. CUSHING.
WOODLEY,	Mr. WHITE.

W O M E N.

Lady RACKETT,	Miss ELLIOT.
Mrs. DRUGGET,	Mrs. PITT.
NANCY,	Miss HALLAM.
DIMITY,	Mrs. GREEN.

A Servant, &c.



WHAT we must ALL come to.

A C T I.

Enter WOODLEY and DIMITY.

Dimity.

* * * O! Po! — no such thing — I tell
* P * you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere
* * * novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason,
Mrs. Dimity — has not your master, Mr.
Drugget, invited me down to his country-
house, in order to give me his daughter
Nancy in marriage; and with what pre-
tence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence! — you put a body
out of all patience — but go on your own
way, Sir; my advice is all lost upon you.

Wood. Come now, do me justice — have
not I fix'd an interest in the young lady's
heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick? — You
ought to have made love to the father and
B mother

mother — what, do you think the way to get a wife, is by speaking fine things to the lady you've a fancy for? — That was the practice, indeed, but things are alter'd now — you must address the old people, Sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress — None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches, — “Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor, dying” — Pshaw! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion. — Go your ways to the old Curmudgeon, humour his whims — “I shall esteem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste.” “Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman.” — Then wheel about to the mother: “Your daughter, Ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake.” “Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worse.” “La, Mama, I can never consent.” — “I should not have thought of your consent — the consent of your relations is enough: why how now, Hussy! — So away you go to church, the knot is tied, and you quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives — that's the way of the world now.

Wood. But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim.

Dim. Attention ! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company ; but what then ? — You should have entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But if my temper is too frank —

Dim. Frank, indeed ! I hate the word, except when I receive a letter. — Have not you to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country — and yet you must find fault with his situation ! — What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it ; and could not you have commended his taste ? But you must be too frank ! — “ Those walks and alleys are too regular — those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes.” — And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature — Oh, you're likely to be a successful lover !

Wood. But why should not I save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock ?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first —

Wood. Why he can't open his windows for the dust — he stands all day looking thro' a pane of glass ; and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

Dim. Po! Po! — you have ruin'd yourself by talking sense to him; and all your nonsense to the daughter won't make amends for it. — And then the mother; how have you play'd your cards in that quarter? — She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter — “Don't you see (says she) how happy my eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Rackett — Nancy shall have a man of quality too.”

Wood. And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last — But what then? You should have humour'd the old folks, — you should have been a talking empty sop, to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him — he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, that's here in the house with him; the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you're undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason, a million of reasons — To-morrow is fix'd for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night — they are engag'd, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding. — The family is sitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep ye all up, in the next room there,
till

till they arrive—and to-morrow the business is over—and yet you don't despair!—Hush!—hold your tongue; here he comes, and Lovelace with him. — Step this way with me, and I'll devise something, I warrant you.—'Tis enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DRUGGET *and* LOVELACE.

Drug. And so you like my house and gardens, Mr. Lovelace.

Love. Oh! perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

Drug. Very true, rightly distinguish'd:—now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myself.

Love. What, had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

Drug. Lackaday! no, — ha! ha! I did it all myself—I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

Love. Elegant to a degree!

Drug. Don't you like the sun-dial, plac'd just by my dining-room windows?

Love. A perfect beauty!

Drug.

6 WHAT WE MUST

Drug. I knew you'd like it — and the motto is so well adapted — *Tempus edax, & index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it — Time eateth and discovereth all things — ha! ha! — pretty, Mr. Lovelace! — I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by — ha! ha!

Love. Why now I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

Drug. Oh no — they have got into a false taste. — I bought that bit of ground, the other side of the road — and it looks very pretty — I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

Love. Charmingly imagin'd!

Drug. My leaden images are well —

Love. They exceed ancient statuary. —

Drug. I love to be surpriz'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts — ha! ha! — Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you — Just by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure, with a scythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth — that's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace. —

Love. That escap'd me: a thousand thanks for pointing it out — I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

Drug. Lackaday, Sir! they look uncouth — I have a design about them — I intend

tend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace — I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guild-hall —ha! ha!

Love. Exquisite!—Why then they won't look like trees. —

Drug. Oh, no, no—not at all—I won't have any thing in my garden that looks like what it is—ha! ha!

Love. Nobody understands these things like you, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Lackaday! it's all my delight now —this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make still—I propose to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I shall have the Moro castle, and the Havanna; and then near it shall be ships of myrtle, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

Love. Why you have the most fertile invention, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden — but I must beg your pardon for a few moments—I must step and speak with a famous nurseryman, who is come to offer me some choice things — Do go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace — my daughter Rackett and Sir Charles will be here presently — I shan't go to bed till I see 'em — ha! ha!

I did

—I did all this myself, Mr. Lovelace — this is what I have been working for — I find for Sheriff to enjoy these things — ha! ha! *[Exit.]*

Love. Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunk, in his little box at the side of a dyke, has as much taste and elegance. — However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can rob his garden of that flower — why then I shall say, “This is what I have been working for.”

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace — you’re a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natur’d action.

Love. Why how now! what’s the matter?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it. — Do, run and advise him against it — she is your friend, you know she is, Sir.

Love. Oh, if that’s all — I’ll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. My mistress will be for ever oblig’d to you; and you’ll marry her daughter in the morning.

Love. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, Sir, put him against dealing with that nursery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Love.

Love. Does she?

Dim. Mortally.

Love. Say no more, the business is done.

[*Exit.*

Dim. If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive him. — My brain was at it's last shift; but if this plot takes — So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

Nan. Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, Miss? — I thought you were gone to bed!

Nan. What should I go to bed for? only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy — they are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Dim. Why then you're the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frighten'd at such a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me chuse for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nan. My mama does; but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion; not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than follow the fashion?

Nan. Ah! I know there's a fashion for dressing the hair, and a fashion for new
c bonnets

10 WHAT WE MUST

bonnets—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

Dim. Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

Nan. Does it?—Pray who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim. All the fine ladies in London, o' my conscience.

Nan. And what's the last new fashion, pray?

Dim. Why to marry any fop, that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; something of a pert phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable taylor.

Nan. And do they marry without loving?

Dim. Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

Nan. Why then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

Dim. And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan. Pshaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleas'd with himself all the while. — I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing — I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Rackett — and I'll forfeit my new cap, if they don't quarrel soon.

Dim. I'll be sworn they will — but what say you then to Mr. Woodley?

Nan.

Nan. Ah!—I don't know what to say—
but I can sing something that will explain
my mind.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN first the dear youth passing by,
Disclos'd his fair form to my sight,
I gaz'd, but I could not tell why ;
My heart it went throb with delight.

2.

As nearer he drew, those sweet eyes
Were with their dear meaning so bright,
I trembled, and, lost in surprize,
My heart it went throb with delight.

3.

When his lips their dear accents did try
The return of my love to excite,
I feign'd, yet began to guess why
My heart it went throb with delight.

4.

We chang'd the stol'n glance, the fond smile,
Which lovers alone read aright ;
We look'd, and we sigh'd, yet the while
Our hearts they went throb with delight.

5.

Consent I soon blush'd, with a sigh
My promise I ventur'd to plight ;
Come, Hymen, we then shall know why
Our hearts they go throb with delight.

Enter WOODLEY.

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betray'd me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that, — Run both into my room, and say all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haste away.— [*Exeunt Woodley and Nancy.*]

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

Dim. Yes, Sir;—It works upon him I see.— [*Exit.*]

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already—a sorry ignorant fop!—When I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by.—And then to abuse the nursery-man's rarities!—A finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it—But have it I will.—

There's

There's a fine tree of knowledge too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose not quite grown, but it's thought in the spring will be very forward—I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground-ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feast in honey-suckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: and three modern beaux in jeffamine, somewhat stunted: they all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will—

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guild-hall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, tho' you praise the green banks, shall be wall'd round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nursery-man's whole catalogue—Do you think after retiring to live all the way here, almost
four

four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it's as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more—And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.—

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of it, but I'll disappoint ye both—And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this not I—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure: must I give myself pain?—don't ask me, pray don't.

Drug. I am resolv'd, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. (*Cries*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off—if it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither—

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!—

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackett arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again—you know, mysweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his Lady are—they have been married these six weeks, and have never had the least difference—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Sir Charles and his Lady, Ma'am.

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!—Where are they? I long to see 'em. *[Exit.*

Dim. Well, Sir; the happy couple are arriv'd.

Drug. Yes, they do live happy, indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! don't forbode any ill, you jade—don't, I say—It will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humour'd

—but

—but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest trifle.

Drug. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, Sir; I have done;—and yet there is in the composition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head—When once it fixes there, mercy on very body about him! but here he comes. [Exit.]

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My dear Sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand on ceremony? to find you up thus late, mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unisons in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir Cha. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy, I find.

Drug. Why my wife is so minded.

Sir Cha. Oh, by all means, let her be made happy—A very pretty fellow Lovelace

lace.—And as to that Mr.—Woodley I think you call him—he is but a plain underbred, ill-fashion'd sort of a—Nobody knows him, he is not one of us—Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it must be so — Would you take any refreshment?

Sir Cha. Nothing in nature—it is time to retire.

Drug. Well, well! good night then, Sir Charles—ha! here comes my daughter—good night, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Bon repos!

Drug. (*Going out*) My Lady Rackett, I'm glad to hear how happy you are, (*without*) I won't detain you now—there's your good man waiting for you—good night, my girl.

Sir Cha. I must humour this old putt, in order to be remember'd in his will.

Enter Lady RACKETT.

Lady R. O la! — I'm quite fatigu'd — I can hardly move—why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir Cha. There; take my arm—“Was ever thing so pretty made to walk.”

Lady R. But I won't be laugh'd at—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. Don't you?

D

Lady

Lady R. No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you help me off with my glove? pshaw!—Yow awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about me, I might as well not be married for any use you are of—reach me a chair—You have no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—Why do you drag me to routs—You know I hate 'em?

Sir Cha. Oh! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour, I lost all my money.

Sir Cha. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir Cha. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir Cha. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool!—but I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury—do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night—I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir Cha. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips—and then I was cramm'd up in a corner of the room with such a strange party

party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind 'em?

Sir Cha. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade—She behav'd so strangely to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natur'd, good sort of a good for nothing kind of man,—but she so teiz'd him —“How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are —Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Ah fye!—I'm a sham'd of you!”

Sir Cha. She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then to crown all—there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins, “Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your La'ship—my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world,—a spade led!—there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—Let me look at the last trick—and so Me'm, little Pompey—And if your La'ship was to see the dear creature pinch'd with the frost, and

mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And so, Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsy—Your La'ship knows Captain Flimsy—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—And so, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once—And so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he receiv'd was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is heal'd, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

Sir Cha. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now let's go to bed—but Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir Cha. My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

Sir Cha. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon, I am allow'd to play better than you.

Sir Cha. All conceit, my dear, I was perfectly right.

Lady

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was the play.

Sir Cha. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady R. Oh, no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

Sir Cha. Zounds! Madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for?

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you once more the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so—have it your own way (*walks about, and sings.*)

Sir. Cha. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever liv'd, there's no conversing with you — Look'ye here, my Lady Rackett—it's the clearest case in the world, I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, Sir! ha! ha! ha! (*with a sneering laugh*)

Sir Cha. I had four cards left—a trump was led—they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—then you know—the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't see it—give me leave, Sir Charles—your left hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finess'd the club, and rough'd the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond—

Sir

Sir Cha. Zoons ! Madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir Cha. Death and fury ! can't you hear me ?

Lady R. Go on, Sir.

Sir Cha. Zoons, hear me I say—will you hear me ?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.
(*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

Sir Cha. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic.—(*Looks at her, and she walks about, and laughs uneasily.*) Very well, Madam ; —You know no more of the game than a hobby-horse—no more than my coachman.

Lady R. Ha ! ha !—(*takes out a glass, and settles her hair.*)

Sir Cha. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, Sir.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be as I please —I'll order my chariot this moment—(*going*) I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you —(*going*)—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, Madam, were squandering away
whole

whole estates at cards; whole estates, my Lady Rackett—(*She hums a tune and he looks at her*)—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent—Look'ye, my Lady Rackett—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business—

Lady R. To finesse the club.

Sir Cha. Damn it, I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. [*Exit.*]

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman's in! ha! ha! (*laughs in a peevish manner*) I promise him, I'll not give up my judgment.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. My Lady Rackett, look'ye, Ma'am — once more out of pure good-nature —

Lady R. Sir, I am convinc'd of your good-nature.

Sir Cha. That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so—I have no objection.

Sir Cha. It's the clearest point in the world — we were nine, and —

Lady R. And for that very reason:—you know the club was the best in the house.

Sir Cha. There is no such thing as talking to you — You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with
your

your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant—(*Stops at the door*) The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! Well!—I'll go to bed;—will you come?—you had better—come then—you shall come to bed—not come to bed when I ask you?—Poor Sir Charles! [*Looks and laughs, then Exit.*]

Sir Cha. That ease is provoking. (*Crosses to the opposite door, where she went out*)—I tell you the diamond was the play, and I here take my final leave of you—(*walks back, as fast as he can*) I am resolv'd upon it, and I know the club was not the best in the house. [*Exit.*]



A C T II.

Enter DIMITY.

Dimity.

HA! ha! ha! oh! heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing—This is the modish couple that were so happy—such a quarrel as they have had—the whole house is in an uproar—ha! ha! A rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall
never

never hear people of fashion mention'd again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter—ho! ho! ho!

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity—What am I call'd down stairs for?

Dim. Why there's two people of fashion—*(Stifles a laugh.)*

Drug. Why you saucy minx!—Explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour—are you satisfied now? —

Drug. Ay! — what have they quarrell'd—what was it about?

Dim. Something above my comprehension and your's too, I believe—People in high life understand their own forms best—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. *[Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. *(To the people within)* I say, let the horses be put to this moment—So, Mr. Drugget.

Drug. Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle—I did not expect this—what can be the matter?

E

Sir

Sir Cha. I have been us'd by your daughter, in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determin'd not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunder-bolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you liv'd together, to find now all sunshine vanish'd—Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir Cha. Sir, 'tis impossible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be over hasty,—let me intreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it—in the morning when you're cool—

Sir Cha. Oh, Sir, I am very cool, I assure—ha! ha!—it is not in her power, Sir, to—to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine—But quietly and deliberately I can resent ill usage—I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife, with the severity, and at the same time with the composure of an old judge, harden'd in his office—That man, am I, Sir.

Drug. The injuries done you by a treacherous wife!—my daughter I hope—

Sir Cha. Her character is now fully known to me—she's a vile woman! that's all I have to say, Sir.

Drug. Hey! how!—a vile woman—what has she done—I hope she is not capable—

Sir Cba. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget, the time and circumstances won't allow it at present—But depend upon it I have done with her—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put-to.

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble—Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's any thing amiss.

Sir Cba. Madam, I am very sorry for your sake—but there is no possibility of living with her.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! What can she have done?

Sir Cba. What all her sex can do, the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay! ay! ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us—This comes of her marrying a man of fashion.

Sir Cba. Fashion, Sir!—That should have instructed her better—She might have been sensible of her happiness—Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life, claims respect — claims obe-

E 2 dience,

dience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world as she has been by an alliance with me.

Drug. And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir Cha. And, Sir, my character is dear to me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

Sir Cha. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Sir Cha. Nothing can excuse her—'tis to no purpose—She has married above her; and if that circumstance makes the Lady forget herself, she at least shall see that I can and will support my own dignity.

Drug. But, Sir, I have a right to ask—

Mrs. D. Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

Drug. Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience, I must and will enquire.

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say—you're not a person of fashion at least—My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Cha. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then it's all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour!

Sir Cha. I know her thoroughly—and there is no such thing as being connected with her a moment longer.

Mrs. D. How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [Exit.

Sir Cha. She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town—My mind is fixed—She sees me no more, and so, your servant, Sir. [Exit.

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us! as good a girl, and as well dispos'd till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turn'd her to folly.

Enter LOVELACE.

Love. Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

Drug. Don't insult me, Sir—I desire you won't.

Love.

Love. Insult you, Sir!—is there any thing insulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

Drug. There! there!—the manners of high life for you — He thinks there's nothing in all this — the ill behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character —Mr. Lovelace, you shall have no daughter of mine.

Love. My dear Sir, never bear malice—I have reconsider'd the thing, and curse catch me if I don't think your notion of the Gulid-hall giants, and the court of Aldermen in hornbeam—

Drug. Well! well! well! there may be people of the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

Love. Yes, faith, so there may—and I believe I could recommend you a tolerable collection—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

Drug. But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you —no more daughters of mine shall have their minds deprav'd by polite vices.

Enter WOODLEY.

Mr. Woodley—you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promis'd you—take her to-morrow morning.

Wood.

Wood. Sir, I have not words to express—

Love. What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now ?

Drug. And hark ye, Mr. Woodley—I'll make you a present for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full grown before April next.

Wood. I shall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

Drug. Ay, ay ! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks—I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone ! — Is Sir Charles Rackett gone ?

Wood. Not yet ;—he makes a bawling yonder for his horses—I'll step and call him to you. [Exit.

Drug. I am out of all patience—I am out of my senses,—I must see him once more—Mr. Lovelace, you nor no person of fashion, shall ruin another daughter of mine.

[Exit.

Love. Droll this !—damn'd droll ! And every syllable of it Arabic to me—the queer old putt is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case— I'll brush, and leave him to his exotics.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Lady RACKETT, Mrs. DRUGGET,
and DIMITY.

Lady R. A cruel barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this—your shame won't end here; it will be all over St. James's parish by to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there's one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, Madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her—No, no, no, my dear child, the disgrace will be all your own.

Lady R. Will it?—I am sure I shan't blush for any thing that has past—I know a little more of the world than that comes to.

Mrs. D. You shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so harden'd.

Lady R. Harden'd do you call it?—I have liv'd in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falshood to your husband's bed?

Lady R. How! — (*Turns short, and stares at her.*)

Dim. That! that's a mere trifle indeed—I have been in as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now, I'm sure.

Mrs. D. My Lady Rackett, my Lady Rackett, I never could think to see you come to this deplorable shame.

Lady R. Surely the base man has not been capable of laying any thing of that sort to my charge—(*Aside.*) All this is unaccountable to me—ha! ha! — 'tis ridiculous beyond measure.

Dim. That's right, Madam:—Laugh at it—you serv'd him right.

Mrs. D. Charlotte! Charlotte! 'm astonish'd at your wickedness.

Lady R. Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this—has Sir Charles accus'd me?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true he has—he has found you out, and you have behav'd basely he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty like many others of your sex, he says, and he is resolv'd to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why then if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ake before I live with him again.

F

Dim.

Dim. Hold to that, Ma'am, and let his head ake into the bargain.

Mrs. D. Oh! what shall I do? it is all too true I find.

Lady R. True!—'tis false as scandal, and the vilest calumny that ever was invented.

Dim. Po! never go to deny it—own it Ma'am.

Lady R. Stand away;—don't talk to me—Sir Charles! Sir Charles!—Pray, Madam, let Mr. Woodley have my sister—I am unfortunate ever to have seen so vile a slanderer—is it possible that he could have talked thus meanly of me?

Mrs. D. Your poor father heard it as well as me.

Lady R. Then let your doors be open'd for him this very moment—let him return to London—if he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, tho' he beg on his knees at my very door—a base injurious man! [Exit.

Mrs. D. Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself. [Exit.

Dim. She has excuse enough I warrant her—What a noise is here indeed!—I have liv'd in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. [Exit.

Enter Sir CHARLES, and DRUGGET.

Sir Cha. 'Tis in vain Sir, my resolution is taken—
Drug.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father,—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir Cha. She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive—there may be some mistake.

Sir Cha. No mistake—did not I see her, hear her myself?

Drug. Lackaday! I am an unfortunate man!

Sir Cha. She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—She may thank herself—She might have been happy had she been so dispos'd.

Drug. Why truly, I think she might.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. I wish you'd moderate your anger a little—and let us talk over this affair with temper—my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir Cha. Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. D. She does indeed.

Sir Cha. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir Cha. So! She does not allow it to be wrong then!—Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly, I say I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

Mrs D. Then you are in opposite stories—She swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband's bed in her born days.

Sir Cha. And what then?—What if she does say so!

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir Cha. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charg'd her with infidelity to me, Madam—there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did not you charge her then?

Sir Cha. No, Sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you're a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Prithee, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet—tho' he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it—did not I fine for sheriff?—yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir Cha. What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charg'd her with falshood to your bed.

Sir Cha. No—never—never.

Drug. But I say you did—you call'd yourself a cuckold—did not he, wife?

Mrs. D. Yes, Lovey, I'm witness.

Sir

Sir Cha. Po! po! po! no such thing—

Drug. But I aver you did—

Mrs D. You did indeed, Sir—

Sir Cha. But I tell you no—positively, no.

Drug. and Mrs. D. And I say yes—
positively yes—

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath, this is all madness—

Drug. You said you had found her out
in the very fact—

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget — give me leave,
Sir—

Drug. That she follow'd the ways of
most of her sex—

Sir Cha. I said so—and what then?

Drug. There he owns it—owns that he
call'd himself a cuckold—and without
rhyme or reason into the bargain—

Sir Cha. I never own'd any such thing—

Drug. You own'd it even now—now—
now—now—

Enter DIMITY, in a fit of laughing.

Dim. What do you think it was all
about—ha! ha!—the whole secret is come
out, ha! ha!—It was all about a game of
cards—ha! ha!—

Drug. A game of cards!—

Dim. (Laughing) It was all about a club
and a diamond (*runs out laughing.*)

Drug. And was that all, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. And enough too, Sir—

Drug.

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir Cha. I can't bear to be contradicted; when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

Mrs. D. Oh!—I understand the affair now—this was only one of those polite disputes, which people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to.

Drug. I never heard of such a heap of nonsense in all my life—Woodley shall marry Nancy.

Mrs. D. Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will be all made up.

Drug. Why does not he go and ask her pardon then?

Sir Cha. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assur'd— [Exit.

Drug. Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you—

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my Lady Rackett to speak to him—then all will be well. [Exit.

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I'm glad it's no worse however.

Enter NANCY.

So Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it?—With all this noise in the house, and you're going to marry

marry me as ill as my sister—I hate Mr. Lovelace.

Drug. Why so child?

Nan. I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall — don't fright yourself, child — step to your sister, bid her make herself easy—go, and comfort her, go—

Nan. Yes, Sir. [Exit.]

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. [Exit.]

Enter Sir CHARLES, with a pack of cards in his hand.

Sir Cha. Never was any thing like her behaviour—I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there—now—there—no—damn it—no—there it was—now let's see—They had four by honours—and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation! honours were divided—ay!—honours were divided—and then a trump was led—and the other side had the—confusion!—this preposterous woman has
put

put it all out of my head (*puts the cards into his pocket.*) Mighty well, Madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. D. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail—come with me and speak to her.

Sir Cha. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bath'd in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I'm so treated again—I'll have nothing to say to her (*going, stops*) does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does, she agrees to any thing.

Sir Cha. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please—She's all submission.

Sir Cha. Then I'll step and speak to her—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now—and then they'll be as happy as ever. [*Exit.*]

Enter NANCY.

Nan. Well! they may talk what they will of taste, and genteel life—I don't think it's natural—give me Mr. Woodley—La! there's that odious thing coming this way.

Enter

Enter LOVELACE.

Love. My charming little innocent, I have not seen you these three hours.

Nan. I have been very happy these three hours.

Love. My sweet angel, you seem disconcerted—And you neglect your pretty figure—no matter for the present; in a little time I shall make you appear as graceful and genteel as your sister.

Nan. That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

Love. Ay, but my pretty little dear, that shou'd engage your attention—to set off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, should be the business of your life.

Nan. Ah! but I have learnt a new song that contradicts what you say, and tho' I am not in a very good humour for singing, yet you shall hear it.

Love. By all means; —dont check your fancy—I am all attention.

Nan. It expresses my sentiments, and when you have heard them you won't teize me any more.

S O N G.

I.

TO dance, and to dress, and to flaunt it
about,

To run to Park, play, to assembly and rout,
G To

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To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,
And one poor hair torture a million of ways,
To put, at the glass, ev'ry feature to school,
And practise their art on each fop and each
fool,

Of one thing to think, and another to tell,
These, these are the manners of each giddy
belle.

2.

To smile, and to simper, white teeth to display;
The time in gay follies to trifle away;
Against ev'ry virtue the bosom to steel,
And only of dress the anxieties feel;
To be at Eve's ear, the insidious decoy,
The pleasure ne'er taste yet the mischief enjoy,
To boast of soft raptures they never can know,
These, these are the manners of each giddy
beau. [Exit.

Love. I must have her notwithstanding
this—for tho' I am not in love, yet I'm in
debt.

Enter DRUGGET.

Drug. So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from
above-stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an
end—have they made it up?

Love. Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir—these
little fracas among the better sort of people
never last long—elegant trifles cause elegant
disputes, and we come together elegantly
again—as you see—for here they come, in
perfect good humour. *Enter*

*Enter Sir CHARLES and Lady RACKETT,
Mrs. DRUGGET.*

Sir Cha. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you, Sir; you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconcil'd again?

Lady R. All made up, Sir—I knew how to bring the gentleman to—this is the first difference, I think we ever had, Sir Charles.—

Sir Cha. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am at ease again—Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

Sir Cha. Infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. D. My dear, they are as happy now as two intriguing ducks in our pond yonder—You'll give Nancy, to Mr. Lovelace?

Sir Cha. Oh, to be sure, my friend Lovelace must be the man.

Lady R. And then my sister and I shall be near neighbours, and we shall so rival each other in the beau monde.

Drug. Well! well! I believe it must be so—we'll talk of these matters in the morning—It's time to retire now—I am glad to see you happy again—and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles—Mr. Lovelace,

this is your way—fare ye well both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end—This way, Mr. Lovelace — come, come my dear—come, we'll go and take care of one another,

[*Exeunt Lovelace, Drugget, and Mrs.*

Drugget.

Lady R. Ah! your a sad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done—

Sir Cha. My dear, I grant it—and such an absurd quarrel too—ha! ha!

Lady R. Yes—ha! ha!—about such a trifle—

Sir Cha. It's pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha! ha!—

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression, —ha! ha!

Sir Cha. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha! ha!

Lady R. That too is a diverting part of the story—ha! ha! but Sir Charles, must I I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

Sir Cha. No, no, prithee— don't remind me of my folly.

Lady R. Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters selling White-chapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, spare my blushes.

Lady R. How could you say so low a thing?—I don't love you.

Sir Cha. It was indelicate I grant it.

Lady.

Lady R. Am I a vile woman?

Sir Cha. How can you, my angel?

Lady R. I shan't forgive you!—I'll have you on your knees for this. (*Sings and plays with him.*)—"Go, naughty man"—Ah! Sir Charles—

Sir Cha. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

Lady R. (*Sings*) "Go, naughty man, I can't abide you"—Well! come let us go to rest (*Going.*) Ah, Sir Charles!—now it's all over, the diamond was the play—

Sir Cha. Oh no, no, no,—my dear! ha! ha!—It was the club indeed—

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you're mistaken—

Sir Cha. Oh, no, no, no—

Lady R. But I say, yes, yes, yes—(*Both laughing.*)

Sir Cha. Pshaw, no such thing—ha! ha!—

Lady R. 'Tis so, indeed—ha! ha!—

Sir Cha. No—no—no—you'll make me die with laughing—

Lady R. Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha! ha! (*Toying with him.*)

Enter FOOTMAN.

Footm. Your honour's cap and slippers—

Sir Cha. Ay, give me my night cap—
and here, take these shoes off (*He takes 'em off, and leaves 'em at a distance*) Indeed my
Lady

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Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha! ha!—

Lady R. You may laugh—but I'm right notwithstanding—

Sir Cha. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir Cha. Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett—We can now talk of this matter in good humour—

Lady R. So we can—and it's for that reason I venture to speak to you—are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir Cha. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty—but indeed you play'd the card wrong—

Sir Cha. Po, there is nothing so clear—if you will but hear me—only hear me—

Lady R. Ah!—but do you hear me—the thing was thus—your club being the best in the house—

Sir Cha. How can you talk so!—(Some-what peevish.)

Lady R. See there now—

Sir Cha. Now see—this was the affair—

Lady R. Pshaw! fiddlestick! hear me first.

Sir Cha. Po—no—damn it—let me speak—

Lady R. Well, to be sure you're a strange man—

Sir Cha. Plague and torture!—there is no such thing as conversing with you—

Lady

Lady R. Very well, Sir—fly out again—

Sir Cha. Look here now—here's a pack of cards—now you shall be convinc'd—

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow, I know I'm right (*walks about.*)

Sir Cha. Why then by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here now—here are the very cards—

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last—

Sir Cha. Damn it! will you let a man shew you! Po! it's all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it—(*Puts up the cards.*) Come, we'll go to bed (*Going.*) Now only stay a moment — (*Takes out the cards*) — Now, mind me — see here—

Lady R. No, it does not signify—your head will be clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed—

Sir Cha. Stay a moment, can't ye —

Lady R. No—my head begins to ache—(*Affectedly.*)

Sir Cha. Why then damn the cards—there—there—(*Throwing the cards about.*) and there, and there — you may go to bed by yourself—and confusion seize me, If I live a moment longer with you — (*Putting on his shoes again.*)

Enter DIMITY.

Dim. Did you call, Sir?

Sir Cha. No—never—never—Madam—

48 WHAT WE MUST

Dim. (*In a fit of laughing*)—What, at it again !

Lady R. Take your own way, Sir—

Sir Cha. Now then I tell you once more you are a vile woman.

Dim. Law! Sir — This is charming ! — I'll run and tell the old couple. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. (*Still putting on his shoes*)—You are the most perverse obstinate, nonsensical—

Lady R. Ha ! ha ! don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles—

Sir Cha. Hell and the devil — will you sit down quietly and let me convince you—

Lady R. I don't chuse to hear any more about it—

Sir Cha. Why then, I believe you are possess'd — it is in vain to talk sense and reason to you—

Lady R. Thank you for your compliment, Sir—such a man (*With a sneering laugh*) I never knew the like—(*Sits down.*)

Sir Cha. I promise you, you shall repent of this usage—before you have a moment of my company again — it shan't be in a hurry you may depend, Madam—Now see here—I can prove it to a demonstration (*Sits down by her, she gets up.*) Lookye there again now—you have the most perverse and peevish temper — I wish I had never seen your face—I wish I was a thousand miles off from you—sit down but one moment—

Lady R. I'm dispos'd to walk about, Sir—

Sir

Sir Cha. Why then may I perish if ever—a blockhead—an idiot I was to marry (*Walks about*) such a provoking—impertinent—(*She sits down.*)—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—She is not worth my notice—(*Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneasy.*) I'll take no more pains about it—(*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*) Is not it very strange, that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir I am very ready to hear you—

Sir Cha. Very well then — very well — you remember how the game stood — I'll write it down and send it to Arthur's ; and if the best judges there—

Lady R. I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me—

Sir Cha. Why can't you listen?—

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly—

Sir Cha. Death and confusion!—there is no bearing this—farewell— [Exit.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, LOVELACE, and NANCY.

Drug. What's here to do now?

Lady R. Never was such a man born—I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

Drug. And about a club again, I suppose,
H pose,

50. WHAT WE MUST

pose ; come hither, Nancy ; Mr. Woodley, she is yours for life—

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so—

Drug. It shall be so—take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness—

Love. The devil ! and so I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I ?

Lady R. Oh ! my dear Sir, this is nothing—I have a lure to bring the gentleman back again —

Drug. Never tell me—it's too late now— Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—tho', mercy on all married folks, say I!—for these wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we must All come to.*

Lady Rackett, coming forward.

WHAT *we must all come to?* What?—
Come to what ?

Must broils and quarrels be the marriage lot ?
If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet,
'The man's a fool ! a blockhead ! and I'll shew
it.

What could induce him in an age so nice—
So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,
To form a plan so trivial, false, and low ?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau :

As

As if there were—in these thrice happy days,
 One who from nature, or from reason strays!
 There's no cross husband now; no wrang-
 ling wife,—

The man is downright ignorant of life.

'Tis the millennium this—devoid of guile,
 Fair gentle Truth, and white-rob'd Can-
 dour smile.

From every breast the sordid love of gold
 Is banish'd quite—no boroughs now are
 sold!

Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I
 vow,)

Pray—is there such a thing as Gaming now?
 Do peers make laws against that giant Vice,
 And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
 No—no—our lives are virtuous all, austere
 and hard; —

Pray, ladies,—do you ever see a card?
 Those empty boxes shew you don't love
 plays;

The managers, poor souls! get nothing now
 a days.

If here you come—by chance—but once a
 week,

The pit can witness that you never speak:
 Pensive Attention fits with decent mien;
 No paint, no naked shoulders to be seen!

And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,
 May learn one useful lesson from the stage.
 Shun strife, ye fair, and once a contest o'er,
 Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more—

From fierce debate fly all the tender Loves,
And Venus cries, "Coachman,—Put-to my
doves,"

The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,
"And every day becomes a day of cares."

F I N I S.

THE
DESERT ISLAND,
A
DRAMATIC POEM,
IN
THREE ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

VIRG.



L O N D O N,

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing Southampton-street,
in the Strand. MDCLXII.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

THE
DESERT ISLAND,

A
DRAMATIC POEM,

IN
THREE ACTS.

As it is acted at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

By the Author, in his own person.
LONDON.



LONDON:
Printed by P. A. Colnaghi, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.
1790.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Piece is founded on the *Ifola Disabitata* of the celebrated ABBE METASTASIO: In reading the Performance of that great Genius, the present Writer received so exquisite a Pleasure, that he contracted a Passion for the Subject, and could not refrain from exercising his Pen upon it. In the Prosecution of his Plan, he knew enough of the modern Theatre, to perceive that it was thin of what our Play-followers call Business; and he was aware that on the Stage it might prove (to use *Milton's* Words) *very different from what among us passes for Best*. The same Remark was made by a Friend of the Author's, who thought it hazardous to offer to a popular Assembly a Piece, in which there were none of those Strokes that generally succeed with the Multitude. "Can't you," said he, "throw
" in something here and there to season it more to
" the public Appetite? — Suppose you were to
" change the Title, and fix the Scene among the
" *Anthropopaghi*, or among the *Men, whose Heads*
" *do grow beneath their Shoulders* — a few of those
" extraordinary Personages exhibited on the Stage,
" will prove very acceptable: — What think you
" of an *Irish* Servant in it? — That certainly will
" insure Success, the more especially if you add
" some aerial Beings, and conclude the Whole
" with a drunken Song by the Tars of *Old Eng-*
" *land*." — The Author was sensible of the Force
of these Observations; but the GREAT MILTON
(mentioned above) stared him in the Face, with
his Reflections on " the Error of introducing tri-
" vial and vulgar Persons, which, by all Judicious,
" hath been counted absurd, and brought in with-
" out Discretion, CORRUPTLY to gratify the Peo-
" ple."* — He therefore determined to preserve the

* Vide. Preface to *Samson Agonistes*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Integrity of his original Design, and to try what would be the Effect of a simple Fable, with but few Incidents, supported entirely by the Spirit of Poetry, Sentiment, and Passion. To combine these three Qualities is indeed an arduous Task; and the Author, therefore, does not flatter himself that he has entirely succeeded in so difficult an Attempt.

In Justice to METASTASIO, he thinks proper to inform the mere *English* Reader, that he hath not been a Translator on this Occasion, but has followed the Impulse of his own Imagination, excepting in a few Passages. The ITALIAN POET gave the Fable; the present Writer made his own Use of it; or in other Words, the Ground-work, or *Canevas*, (as the *French* call it) is METASTASIO'S; for the Colouring Mr. *Murphy* is answerable.

He could not but be surprized to find that, on the first Nights the Scene in the third Act, between *Sylvia* and *Henrico*, was deemed equivocal. There is always a sufficient Number ready to ascribe to an Author various Meanings, which he never had, “and see at Cannon’s what was never there.”—To these Gentlemen he returns his Thanks; but the Species of Wit, which they are willing to allow him, he begs leave publicly to disclaim. The Character of a Girl, who has never seen a Man, and who has been taught to think of such a Being with Horror, is merely imaginary; but the possible, or Poetical Existence of such a Girl being once established, it is to be wished that the Critics would agree what Questions it is natural for her to ask on her first Interview with a Man. METASTASIO makes her say,

Che vuoi da me?

Un Uom Sei dunque!

Andiamo Insieme.

Ab! troppo non trattenerli, &c.

And

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

And these little Touches, (so differently do we judge in *England*) were thought abroad to be delicate Strokes of the most elegant Simplicity.

He could wish it had been universally understood that it was not a TRAGEDY he offered to the Public, but a DRAMATIC POEM; that is to say, a Piece with some interesting Situations to engage the Affections, but which affords more Room for a Picturesque Imagination to display itself, than is generally allowed to the more important Concerns of real Tragedy, where the Distress should be always encreasing, where the Passions should be always rising to fuller and stronger Emotions, and where of Course the Poet ought not to find Leisure for Imagery and Description. Had this been felt and acknowledged, no Body would have looked for another Kind of Entertainment than was promised, and the Smiles arising from SYLVIA's Dread of a Man (on the first Discovery of him,) and her gradual Attachment to him in Compliance with natural Instinct, would never have been judged inconsistent with the Colour of the Whole. But if the Author of the *Desert Island* has erred in this, he has the Consolation of having erred with the greatest Poet now in *Europe*.

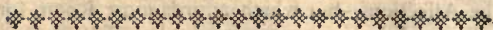
As many of the malevolent Writers of the Age have heretofore honoured the Author with their Abuse, and as he was apprehensive that they still remained under the Oppression of their Dullness and Obscurity, it was deemed proper to call them forth into Daylight, by exhibiting one general Representative of them all on the Stage. For this he returns his Thanks to the Author of the Prologue; and if any needy Booksellers, or unhappy Authors, can find their Account in taking further Liberties with him, he hereby declares, he should be sorry not to have Merit enough to provoke some of them, and for their Encouragement,
he

ADVERTISEMENT.

he adds in the Words of the noble Author of the *Characteristics*, that “ He will never reply, unless he should hear of them or their Works in any good Company a Twelve-month after.”

Lincoln's Inn,
Jan. 26, 1760.

The AUTHOR.



P R O L O G U E,

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK,

In the Character of a DRUNKEN POET.

*A*LL, all shall out—all that I know and feel;
I will by Heav'n—to higher Powers appeal!—
Behold a Bard!—no Author of to-night—
No, no,—they can't say that, with all their spite:
Ay, you may frown (looking behind the scenes) I'm at you,
great and small—
Your Poet, Players, Managers and all!—
These Fools within here, swear that I'm in liquor—
My passion warms me—makes my utt'rance thicker;—
I totter too—but that's the Gout and Pain,—
French Wines, and living high, have been my bane.—
From all temptations now, I wisely steer me;
Nor will I suffer one fine woman near me.
And this I sacrifice, to give you pleasure—
For you I've coin'd my brains,—and here's the treasure!
[Pulls out a Manuscript.]

*A treasure this, of profit and delight!
And all thrown by for this damn'd stuff to-night:—
This is a play would water ev'ry eye!—
If I but look upon't, it makes me cry:
This Play would tears from blood-stain'd Soldiers draw,—
And melt the bowels of hard hearted Law!
Would fore and aft the storm-proof Sailor rake;—
Keep turtle eating Aldermen awake!
Would the cold blood of ancient Maidens thrill,
And make ev'n pretty younger tongues lie still.*

Thiz

P R O L O G U E.

*This Play not ev'n Managers would refuse,—
Had Heav'n but giv'n 'em any brains to chuse!—*

[Puts up his Manuscript.

*Your Bard to-night, bred in the ancient school,
Designs and measures all by critic rule;
'Mongst Friends—it goes no farther—He's a Fool.
So very classic, and so very dull—
His Desert Island is his own dear Skull:
No Soul to make the Play-house ring, and rattle,
No Trumpets, Thunder, Ranting, Storms, or Battle!
But all your fine poetic Prittle-prattle.*

The Plot is this—A Lady's cast away—

“ Long before the beginning of the Play;”

*And they are taken by a Fisherman,
The Lady and the Child—'tis Bays's plan—*

So on he blunders—He's an Irishman.—

'Tis all alike—his comic stuff I mean—

I hate all humour—it gives me the Spleen;

So damn'em both, with all my heart, unsight, unseen.

But should you ruin him, still I'm undone—

I've try'd all ways to bring my Phoenix on—

[Shewing his Play again.

Flatter I can with any of their Tribe—

Can cut and slash—indeed I cannot bribe;

What must I do then?—beg you to subscribe.

Be kind ye Boxes, Galleries, and Pit—

'Tis but a Crown a piece, for all this Wit:

All Sterling Wit—to puff myself I hate—

You'll ne'er supply your wants at such a rate!

'Tis worth your money, I would scorn to wrong ye,—

You smile consent—I'll send my hat among ye.

[Going, he returns.

So much beyond all praise your bounties swell!

Not my own Tongue, my Gra-ti-tude can tell—

“ A little Flattery sometimes does well.”

[Staggers off.

Dramatis

THE OCEAN

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FERDINAND, Husband } Mr. HOLLAND.
to Constantia,

HENRICO, Friend to } Mr. FLEETWOOD.
Ferdinand,

W O M E N.

CONSTANTIA, Mrs. PRITCHARD.

SYLVIA, her Daughter, Miss PRITCHARD.

SCENE, A DESERT ISLAND.



T H E

DESERT ISLAND.

A C T I.

The scene represents a vale in the Desert Island, surrounded by rocks, caverns, grottos, flowering shrubs, exotic trees, and plants growing wild. On one side is a cavern in a rock, over the entrance of which appears, in large characters, an unfinished inscription. CONSTANTIA is discovered at work at the inscription, in a romantic habit of skins, leaves, and flowers; in her hand she holds a broken sword, and stands in aet to finish the imperfect inscription.

After a short pause, she begins.



EST, rest my arm — ye weary
sinews, rest —

Awhile forget your office — On
this rock

Here sit thee down, and think thy-
self to stone. [Sits down.]

— Would heav'n I could! — [rises.] Ye shrubs,
ye nameless plants,

B

That

That wildy-gadding 'midst the rifted rocks
 Wreathe your fantastic shoots;—ye darksome trees,
 That weave yon verdant arch above my head,
 Shad'wing this solemn scene;—ye moss-grown
 caves,

Romantic grottos, — all ye objects drear, —
 Tell me, in pity tell me, have ye seen,
 Thro' the long series of involving time,
 In which you have inclos'd this lonely mansion,
 Say, have ye seen another wretch like me?—
 No, never! — You, in tend'rest sympathy,
 Have join'd my plaits — you, at the midnight
 hour,

When with uprooted hair I've strew'd the earth,
 And call'd my husband gone;—have call'd in vain
 Perfidious Ferdinand! — you, at that hour,
 Have waken'd echo in each vocal cell,
 Till ev'ry grove, and ev'ry mountain hoar,
 Mourn'd to my gress responsive—Well you know
 The story of my woes — Ev'n yonder marble
 Relenting feels the touch; receives each trace
 That forms the melancholy tale.—Tho' rude,
 And inexpert my hand; — tho' all uncouth
 The instrument, yet there behold my work
 Well nigh complete — let me about it freight.

[She advances toward the rock.]

Ye deep engraven letters, there remain;
 And if in future time resistless fate
 Should throw some Briton on this dismal shore;
 Then speak aloud; — to his astonish'd sense
 Relate my sad, my memorable case —
 Alarm his soul, call out —————

STOP

STOP TRAVELLER.

HERE

CONSTANTIA,

WITH HER LITTLE INFANT,

SYLVIA,

WAS DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE PERFIDIOUS

FERDINAND;

WHO PRETENDING TO LAND HER

FOR REFRESHMENT

FROM THE DANGERS OF A STORMY SEA,

BARBAROUSLY LEFT HER

ON THIS UNHOSPITABLE ISLAND,

WHERE SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

FRIEND!

WHOE'ER THOU ART,

PITY MY WRONGS,

BUT AGAINST MY HUSBAND,

(FOR LOVE LIKE MINE CANNOT FORGET
WHERE ONCE WITH DELIGHT IT FIXED)

I CHARGE YOU NEVER MEDITATE R - - -

Revenge! — the word Revenge is wanting still.

Ye holy pow'rs! if with one pitying look

You'll deign to view me, grant my earnest pray'r!

Let me but finish this my sad inscription,

Then let this busy, this afflicted heart

Be still at once, and beat my breast no more.

[She goes on with her work.]

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

My dearest mother — oh! quite out of breath.

CONSTANTIA.

What is the matter, child?

SYLVIA.

Why, ma'am, my heart,

Beats wild with joy — oh! such an incident! —

CONSTANTIA.

What incident, my sweet?

SYLVIA.

My little fawn,

My dear, my loveliest fawn, — for many days

Whose loss I've mourn'd; for whose dear sake
I've left

No corner of the Isle unsearch'd; — this monument

O'er the dew-spangled lawn, with printless feet,

Came bounding to me; playful frisk'd about

With inexpressive airs of glad surprize,

With eager signs of transport — Big round tears

Stood trembling in his eye, and seem'd to speak

His fond regret still mingling with his joy.

CONSTANTIA.

And is it that, my love, delights thee so? —

SYLVIA.

And can you wonder, ma'am? — yes, that de-
lights me,

Transports me, charms me; — he's my darling
care,

My dear companion, my sweet little friend,

That loves me, gambols round me, watches still

With anxious tenderness my ev'ry motion,

Pants

Pants on my bosom, leaps into my arms,
 And wanders o'er me with a thousand kisses.
 Before this time, he never once stray'd from me;
 —I thought I lost him; — but he's found again!
 And can you wonder I'm transported thus!

CONSTANTIA.

Oh! happy state of innocence! — how sweet
 Thy joys, simplicity, e'er yet the mind
 With artificial passions learns to glow;
 Ere taste has ta'en our senses to our school,
 Has given each well-bred appetite her laws,
 Taught us to feel imaginary bliss,
 Or else expire in elegance of pain.

SYLVIA.

Nay, now, again, you're growing grave—'tis you
 Give laws to appetite; — forbid each sense
 To minister delight; your eyes are dimm'd
 With constant tears; — the roses on your cheek
 Fade like yon violets, when excessive dews
 Have bent their drooping melancholy heads;
 Soon they repair their graces; soon recal
 Their aromatic lives, and smiling yield
 To sighing Zephyr all their balmy sweets
 To grief you're still a prey; still wan despair
 Sits with'ring at your heart, and ev'ry feature
 Has your directions to be fix'd in woe.
 Nay, pr'ythee now clear up—you make me sad—
 —Will you, Mama, forget your cares? —

CONSTANTIA.

Forget! —

Oh! sweet oblivion, thy all healing balm

To

To wretches you refuse! — can I forget
 Perfidious Ferdinand? — His tyrant form
 Is ever present — The deluding looks,
 Endearing accents, and the soft regards
 With which he led me to yon moss-clad cave,
 There to repose awhile — oh! cruel man!
 And you, ye conscious wilds, I call you false!
 Accompllices in guilt! — The Zephyrs bland
 That pant upon each leaf; — the melody
 That warbles thro' your groves; the falling foun-
 tains

That at each deep'ning cadence lull the mind,
 Were all suborn'd against me; all conspir'd
 To wrap me in the silken folds of sleep.

Sudden I wake — where, where is Ferdinand?
 I rave, I shriek, — no Ferdinand replies; —
 Frantic I rove thro' all your winding glades, —
 I seek the shore, — no Ferdinand appears —
 I climb yon craggy steeps; I see the ship
 Unfurling all her sails — I call aloud,
 I stamp, cry out; — deaf as the roaring sea
 He catches ev'ry gale that blows from heav'n,
 And cleaves his liquid way. —

SYLVIA.

Why will you thus
 Recal your past afflictions? —

CONSTANTIA.

Ah! what then,
 Thou wretched Constance, what were then thy
 feelings?

I rend

I rend my tresses, — beat my breast in vain,
In vain stretch out these ineffectual arms,
Pierce with my frantic cries the wounded air,
Dash my bare bosom on the flinty rock,
Then rise again, and strain my aching sight,
To see the ship still less'ning to my view,
And take the last, last glimpse, as far, far off
In the horizon's verge she dwindles still,
Grows a dim speck, and mixes with the clouds
Just vanishing, — just lost, — ah! seen no more.

SYLVIA.

I pr'ythee don't talk so — my heart dies in me —
Why won't you strive a little to forget
This melancholy theme? — the twilight grey
Of morn but faintly streaks the east; the stars
Still glimmer thro' the whit'ning air; the groves
Are mute; yon all-devouring deep lies hush'd;
The tuneful birds, and the whole brute creation
Still sink in soft oblivious slumber wrapp'd,
Forgetful of their cares; — all, — all but you
Know some repose; — you pass the dreary night
In tears and ceaseless grief; then rising wild
Anticipate the dawn, and here resume
Your doleful task, or else ascend the height
Of yonder promontory; their forlorn
You sit, and hear the brawling waves beneath
Lash the resounding shore; your brimful eye
Still fix'd on that sad quarter of the heav'ns
Where my hard father disappear'd.

CONSTAN-

C O N S T A N T I A.

Yes, there
 My melancholy loves to dwell; there loves
 To sit, and pine over its hoard of grief;
 To roll these eyes o'er all the fullen main,
 In hopes some sail may this way shape its course,
 With tidings of the human race—Oh! heav'ns!
 Could I behold that dear, that wish'd for sight,
 Could I but see some vestiges of man,
 Some mark of social life, ev'n tho' the ship
 Should shun this isle, and court propitious gales
 Beneath some happier clime; yet still the view
 Would cheer my soul, and my heart bound
 with joy

At that faint prospect of my fellow creatures.
 But not for me, such transport;—not for me—
 Dear native land, I now no more must see thee,
 Condemn'd in ever-during solitude to mourn,
 From thy sweet joys, society, debarr'd!

S Y L V I A.

But to your happiness what's wanting here?
 Full many a time I've heard you praise the arts,
 The polish'd manners, and gay scenes of bliss
 Which Europe yields—yet ever and anon
 I from your own discourse can gather too
 That happiness is all unknown to Europe,
 That envy there can dwell, and discontent;
 The smile, that wakens at another's woe;
 The heart, that sickens at another's praise;
 The tongue, that carries the malignant tale;

The

The little spirit, that subverts a friend;
 Fraud, perfidy, ingratitude, and murder.
 Now sure with reason I prefer these scenes
 Of innocence, tranquillity and joy!

CONSTANTIA.

Alas! my child, 'tis easy to forego
 Unknown delights — pleasures we've never
 felt. —

SYLVIA.

Are we not here what you yourself have told me
 In Europe sovereigns are? — here we have fix'd
 Our little sylvan reign. — The guileless race
 Of animals, that roam the lawns and woods,
 Are tractable and willing subjects; — pay
 Passive obedience to us — and yon sea
 Becomes our tributary; hither rolls
 In each hoarse-murm'ring tide his various stores
 Of dantiest shell-fish — the unbidden earth,
 Of human toil all ignorant, pours forth
 Whatever to the eye, or taste, can prove
 Rare, exquisite, and good — at once the spring
 Call forth its green delights, and summer's blush
 Glows on each purple branch. The seasons here
 On the same tree, with glad surprize,
 Behold each other's gifts arise:
 Spontaneous fruits around us grow;
 For ever here the Zephyrs blow:

Shrubs ever flow'ring,

Shades embow'ring;

Heav'nly spots,

Cooling grots,

C

Verdant

Verdant mountains,
 Falling fountains;
 Pure limpid rills,
 Adown the hills,
 That wind their way
 And o'er the meadows play,
 Enamour'd of th' enchanted ground.

C O N S T A N T I A.

What is this waste of beauty, all these charms
 Of cold, inanimate, unconscious nature,
 Without the social sense? those joys, my Sylvia,
 Thou can'st not miss; for thou hast never
 known 'em.

S Y L V I A.

But still those beauteous tracts of Europe,
 which you so much regret, are full of men;
 And men, you know, are animals of prey:
 I'm sure that you yourself have told me so
 A thousand times. —

C O N S T A N T I A.

And if I have, my child,
 I told a dismal truth. — Oh! they are false,
 Inexorable, cruel, fell deceivers;
 Their unrelenting hearts no harbour know
 For honour, truth, humanity, or love.

S Y L V I A.

Well then, in this lone isle, this dear retreat
 From them at least we're free. —

CONSTAN•

CONSTANTIA.

Poor innocent!

I can't but grieve for her — [*Bursts into tears, aside.*]

SYLVIA.

Why fall afresh

Those drops of sorrow? — pray you, now give
o'er. —

CONSTANTIA.

My heart will break—I do not grieve, my child—
I can't conceal my tears—they must have way—

SYLVIA.

Nay, if you love me, sure you will not thus
Make my heart ache within me! —

CONSTANTIA.

No, my sweet —

I will not weep — all will be well, my love —

Oh! misery! — I can't, — I can't contain —

The black ingratitude! — [*Weeps.*]

SYLVIA.

Say, is there aught

That I can do, Mama, to give you comfort? —

If there is, tell me — shall I fetch my fawn?

Dry up your tears, and he is your's this moment
— I'll run and bring him to you. —

CONSTANTIA.

Sylvia, no! —

SYLVIA.

Nay do, Mama—I beg you will—you shall. [*Exit*]

CONSTANTIA *alone.*

Alas! I fear my brain will turn — the sun
 Full sixteen times has made his annual course,
 Since here I've dragg'd a miserable being,
 The victim of despair; which long e'er now,
 To phrenzy kindling, must have forc'd me dash
 My brain in madness on yon flinty rocks,
 And end my pangs at once; if the keen instinct
 Of strong maternal love had not restrain'd
 My wild disorder'd soul, and bade me live
 To watch her tender infancy; to rear
 Her blooming years; with fond delighted care
 To tend each blossom of her growing mind,
 And see light gradual dawning on her soul.
 And yet to see her thus, — to see her here,
 Cut off from ev'ry social bliss; condemn'd
 Like some fair flow'r that in a desert grows,
 To breathe its sweets into the passing wind,
 And waste its bloom all unperceiv'd away!
 It is enough to break a mother's heart.
 Let me not think on't — let me shun that thought.

[Sits down and sings.]

I.

What tho' his guilt my heart hath torn,
 Yet lovely is his mien,
 His eyes mild-op'ning as the morn,
 Round him each grace is seen.
 But oh! ye nymphs, your loves ne'er let him win,
 For oh! deceit and falshood dwell within.

II, From

II.

From his red lip his accents stole;

Soft as kind vernal snows;

Melting they came, and in the soul

Desire and joy arose.

But oh! ye nymphs, ne'er listen to his art,

For oh! base falshood rancles in his heart.

III.

He left me in this lonely state!

He fled, and left me here,

Another Ariadne's fate,

To mourn the live-long year.

He fled — but oh! what pains the heart must
prove,

When we reveal the crimes of him we love!

Re-enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I cannot bring him now — in yonder stream

That thro' its pebbled channel glides along

Soft-murm'ring to the sea, he stands to cool

His beauteous form in the pure limpid rill.

But still he shall be your's —

CONSTANTIA.

To thee, my child,

To thee he causes joy — but joy to me

There's nothing now can bring — left by my
husband!

By the false barb'rous man! —

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

And yet this man
 You still regret — you must excuse me now —
 I vow, I can't but think, 'midst all your grief,
 All your reproaches, your complaints against
 him,
 That still this man, this cruel fell deceiver,
 Has found, — I know not why — within your
 breast
 Some tender advocate, to plead his cause.

CONSTANTIA.

No, Sylvia, no; my love is turn'd to hath! —

SYLVIA.

Then dry your sorrows and this day begin
 A happier train of Years — and lo! the sun
 Emerges from the sea — He lifts his orb
 Above the purpled main, and streams abroad
 His golden fluid o'er the world — the birds
 Exulting wake their notes — all things rejoice,
 And hills, and groves, and rocks, and vallies
 smile.

Let me entreat you then forget your cares,
 And share the general bliss. —

*[The sun is seen to rise at a distance, as it
 were out of the sea,*

CONSTANTIA.

Once more all hail,
 Thou radiant power, who in your bright career
 Or rising or descending, hast beheld
 My never-ceasing woe! — again thou climb'st

In

In orient glory, and recall'st the cares
And toils of man and beast — but oh! in all
Your flaming course, your beams will never light
Upon a wretch so lost, so curst as I am.

S Y L V I A.

And yet, my mother —

CONSTANTIA.

Mine are pangs, my child,
Strokes of adversity no time can cure,
No lenient arts can soften or assuage.
But I'll not grieve thee, Sylvia — I'll retire
To some sequester'd haunt — There, all forlorn,
I'll sit, and wear myself away in thought. [*Exit.*]

SYLVIA, *alone.*

Alas! how obstinately bent on grief
Is her whole mind! — the votarist of care!
In vain I try to soften her afflictions,
And with each art beguile her from her woe.
I chide, intreat, caress, and all in vain.
And what to me seems strange, perverse, and
wond'rous.

The more I strive, the more her sorrows swell;
Her tears the faster fall, fall down her cheek
In streams so copious, and such bitter anguish,
That I myself at length, I know not how,
Catch the soft weakness, and o'erpow'r'd with
grief,

Flow all dissolving in unbidden tears.

Assist her heav'n.—Her heart will break at last—
I trem-

I tremble at the thought — I'll follow straight
And still implore, beseech, try ev'ry way
To reconcile her to herself and me.
But see, look yonder! what a sight is there!
What can it mean, that huge enormous mass
That moves upon the bosom of the deep!
— A floating mountain! — no — a mountain
never
Could change its place — for such a monstrous
bulk
How light it urges on its way — how quick,
How rapid in its course! — What can it be ——
— I'll tow'rd the shore, and from the pointed
rock
That juts into the waves, at leisure view
This wond'rous sight, and what it is explore.

END of the first Act.

A C T



A C T II.

SCENE, *Another view of the Island, with an opening to the sea between several hills and rocks.*

Enter SYLVIA.

S Y L V I A.

***** TILL I behold it—still it glides along
 * S * Thro' the tumultuous sea—and lo!
 * * * before it

The waves divide! and now they
 close again,

Leaving a tract of angry foam behind.

It must be, sure, some monster of the deep;
 For see!—upon its huge broad back it bears
 Expanded wings, that, spreading to the wind,
 Lie broad incumbent o'er the surge beneath—
 —Ah! save me, save me!—what new forms
 appear!

What shapes of unknown being rise before me!

From yon huge monster's side they issue forth,
 And bolt upon the shore!—behold, they stop,
 And now with eager disconcerted pace

Precipitate rush forward on the isle, —

Now 'mongst the rocks they wind their silent
 way.

D

FERDI-

FERDINAND *and* HENRICO *appear.*

Protect me, heav'n! defend me! shield me!
— ah!

Hide me, ye woods, within your deep recess;
Ne'er may these monsters penetrate your haunts;
Ne'er trace my footsteps thro' your darksome
ways.

Behind the covert of this woodbine bow'r
Oh! let me rest conceal'd! — [She retires.

FERDINAND *and* HENRICO *come forward.*

H E N R I C O.

No trace appears,
No vestige here is seen of human kind.
'Tis drear, 'tis waste, and unfrequented all.
And hark! — what noise? — from yonder toil-
ing deep
How dreadful sounds the pealing roar! — my
friend,
My valued Ferdinand, 'twere best retire.
This cannot be the place. —

F E R D I N A N D.

Oh! my Henrico,
This is the fatal shore — the well-known scene,
Yon bay, yon rocks, yon mountains, from
whose brows
Th' imbow'ring forest over-hangs the deep,
Each well-remember'd object strikes my view,
Answers the image in my mind preserv'd,
Engraven

Engraven there by love's recording hand,
And never, but with life, to fade from thence.

H E N R I C O.

And yet thy love-enfeebled soul may form
Imaginary tokens of resemblance.
This soil unbeaten seems by mortal step.

F E R D I N A N D.

No, my Henrico, no — this is the spot —
My heart in ev'ry pulse confirms it to me.
This is the place, the very place, where fate
Began to weave the tissue of my woes.
Oh! I was curst, abhorr'd of heav'n, or else
I ne'er had trusted the contentious waves,
But kept my store of happiness at home.

H E N R I C O.

Repine not for an action that arose
From filial piety, — a father's mandate
Requir'd obedience from you. —

F E R D I N A N D.

To his summons
I paid a glad attention — yet, good heav'n!
Why in that early æra of my bliss
Should then his orders come, to dash my joys?—
Oh! I was blest with all that rarest beauty,
With all that ev'ry Venus of the mind,
The tender heart, and the enliven'd wit
Could pour delightful on the raptur'd sense
Of the young bridegroom, whose admiring eyes
Still hung enamour'd on her ev'ry charm,

And thence drank long inspiring draughts of
 love,
 Unfated still, — still kindling at the view.

H E N R I C O.

Thy fate indeed was hard ———

F E R D I N A N D.

Heav'n knows it was ———
 Each soft desire, each joy refin'd was mine —
 The hours soft glided by, and as they pass'd
 Scatter'd new blessings from their balmy wings;
 They saw our ever new delight; they saw
 A blooming offspring crown our mutual loves;
 The mother's features, and her ev'ry grace
 In this our daughter exquisitely trac'd.
 But to be torn from that supreme of bliss, —
 My wife, — Constantia, — and my beauteous
 babe,
 Here to be left on this untravell'd isle,
 To pine in bitterness of want! — their bed
 The cold bare earth, while the inclement winds
 From yonder main came howling round their
 heads,
 Until at length the friendly hand of death
 In pity threw his shroud upon their woes,

H E N R I C O.

Too sure, I fear, they're lost. ———

F E R D I N A N D.

Perhaps, my friend,
 Perhaps when gasping in the pangs of death, —
 — When

— When ev'ry beauty faded from her cheek,
 — And her eye languish'd motionless and dim,
 Perhaps ev'n then, in that sad dismal hour,
 My name still hover'd on her quiv'ring lips,
 And nought but death could tear me from her
 heart.

H E N R I C O.

Her tend'rest thoughts no doubt were fix'd on
 thee.

F E R D I N A N D.

Her tend'rest thoughts! oh! no! — her utmost
 rage —

Who knows, Henrico, but she deem'd me false;
 Deem'd me a vile deserter from her arms?

She did, — she must — each strong appearance
 join'd

To mark me guilty — Oh! that thought strikes
 deep

It's scorpion stings into my very heart.

Could she but think me so refin'd in guilt,

So exquisite a villain, as to cause

A moment's anguish in that tender breast,

Where all the loves, where all the virtues dwelt,

— 'Twere misery, — 'twere torture in th' ex-
 treme —

And yet she thought me such — by heav'n she
 did —

Accus'd me of the worst, the blackest treason,

Of treason to my love — stung with th' idea

She roam'd this isle, and to these desert wilds

Pour'd

Pour'd forth her lamentable tale ; — who knows
 But on some craggy cliff whole nights she sat
 Raving in madness to the moon's pale gleam ;
 Until at length all kindling into phrenzy,
 Clasp'ing her infant closer to her breast,
 With desperation wild from off the rock
 Headlong she plung'd into the roaring waves,
 While her last accents murmur'd faithless Fer-
 dinand.

HENRICO.

Distract not thus your soul with fancied woes.
 She could not think thee faithless ; thee, whose
 mind,
 Whose ev'ry virtue were so well approv'd.

FERDINAND.

Still will I hope she did not. — Oh ! she knew
 I made that voyage in duty to a father.
 A while we steer'd a happy course, until
 Beneath the burning line, from whence the sun
 In streight direction pours his ardent blaze
 On ev'ry fever'd sense, a storm arose,
 Sudden and wild ; as if a war of nature
 Were thund'ring o'er our heads — full twenty
 days
 It drove us headlong on the dashing surge
 Far from our destin'd way, until at length
 In evil hour we landed on this isle.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA *returns, and peeps from behind a hedge.*

SYLVIA.

Methought I heard a sound, as if they both
Held mutual converse — yonder lo! they
stand —

They do not follow me — what can they be! —

FERDINAND.

There is the spot, just where yon aged tree
Imbrowns the plain beneath, on which the
villains,

The unrelenting band of pirates, seiz'd me —
There I receiv'd my wound, and there I fought
Till my sword shiver'd in my hand — worn out,
Oppress'd by numbers, pow'rless, and disarm'd,
They bore me headlong to the beach; in vain
Piercing the air with horrid cries; in vain
Back towr'd the cave, where poor Constantia
slept,

With her lov'd infant daughter in her arms,
Straining my ardent eyes — my eyes alone!
For oh! their cruelty had bound my arms,
And tears and looks were all I then could use.

SYLVIA.

The voice but indistinctly strikes my ear,
Would they would turn this way. —

FERDINAND.

Fetter'd, ty'd down,
They dragg'd me to the vessel — bore me hence —

In

In vain our ship pursued — In vain gave chase —
 Form'd with detested skill the guilty bark
 In which they plung'd me, gliding oe'r the main
 Outstripp'd their tardy course — they steer'd
 away

Far to their regions of accursed bondage,
 Far from Constantia, far from ev'ry joy
 A doating husband, and delighted father
 Feels in mix'd rapture with his wife and child.
 Oh! I could pour my plaints — but I'll not
 wound

Thy ear, my friend, with further lamentation.

— H E N R I C O.

Would Heav'n I could remove the cause —

F E R D I N A N D.

Alas!

That cannot be — Thou can'st not bid return
 The irrevocable flight of time; recall
 The moments of our young delight; annul
 And render void, what once the hand of fate
 Hath from it's stores of woe, pour'd down upon
 me.

S Y L V I A (*half concealed.*)

Why will they stand with looks averted thus?
 I long to see their countenance and mein.

— F E R D I N A N D.

But yet, thou best of friends, yet grant me this;
 Assist my search; — oh! let me roam around
 This fatal shore — the isle's circumference

Circles

Circles a scanty space — we cannot lose
 Each other here — do thou pursue that path
 That leads due east — this way I'll bent my
 course.

HENRICO.

By heav'n there is no task of hardihood
 Of toil, or danger but I'll try for thee;
 For thee, my friend; — to thee I owe my life,
 And that more precious boon, my liberty:
 Thou hast releas'd me from the falling chain,
 From slav'ry's bitter presure — 'twas thy skill
 That form'd the plan of freedom, seiz'd the
 vessel,
 And made your friends the partners of your
 flight.

— For thee I'll roam around — but oh! I fear
 Our search will prove in vain —

FERDINAND.

Too sure it will —
 And yet it is the doom of love like mine
 To dwell for ever on the sad idea
 Of the dear object lost; to visit oft
 A lonely pilgrim ev'ry well known scene,
 Each haunted glade, where the lov'd object
 stray'd;
 To call each circumstance of pass'd delight
 Back to the soul; in fond excursions seek
 The dear lamented shade — Then, oh! my
 friend,

Then let me taste that sad, that pensive comfort,

E

Range

Range thro' these wilds; ascend each craggy
steep,
Try in each grotto, in each gloomy cave
If haply there remain some vestige of Constantia.

[Exit.

HENRICO.

On yonder beach we'll meet again — fare-
well! —

SYLVIA.

Conceal thee Sylvia;—ah!—it comes this way! —
Then let me seek the covert of the woods,
Where nods the brownest horror; there lie safe
From the unusual sight of these strange beings.

[Exit.

HENRICO, *solus*.

How cruel is my friend's condition! — doom'd
For ever to regret, yet never find
The object of his soul — his early love
He lavish'd all on her — with her it goes
To the dank grave, and leaves him hapless here
To die a lingering death. — Yet still I'll try
By ev'ry office friendship can perform
To heal the wound that preys upon his life.

[Exit.

The

The back scene closes, and presents a thick wood; then enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

What have my eyes beheld? — my flutt'ring
heart

Beats quick in strange emotions — from yon
grove

Of tufted trees, I saw this nameless being
Walk o'er the russet heath — its face appear'd
Confess'd to view — It cannot be a man —
No lines of cruelty deform'd his visage. —
Were it a man, his untam'd savage soul
Would strongly speak in each distorted fea-
ture —

This was all pleasing, amiable and mild :
A gentle sorrow, bright'ning into smiles,
Such as bespoke a calm, yet feeling spirit,
Sat on its peaceful brow, and o'er it threw
A gentle gleam of sweetness and of pain.
— It cannot be a woman neither — no —
The dress accords not with that mode, which
oft

My mother hath describ'd — Whate'er it be
Attraction dwells about it; winning smiles;
Assuasive airs of tenderness and joy.
I'll seek my mother — she perhaps may know
These forms, to me unusual — By this row
Of darksome pines, my steps all unperceiv'd

May gain the place where with assiduous hand
 She works, and teaches the rude rocks to tell
 Her mournful elegy — what mean my feet?
 — Why stand they thus forgetful of their office?
 — Why leaves th' involuntary sigh! — and
 why

Thus in quick pulses beats my heart? — my
 eyes

A misty dimness covers — In my ears
 Strange murmurs sound — my very breath is
 lost —

What can it be? — I know thee fear! — 'tis thou
 That caus'est this! — and yet it can't be fear —
 Fear cannot thrill with pleasure thro' the veins;
 Knows not this dubious joy — these grateful
 tremblings —

I cannot guess what these emotions mean,
 Nor what this busy thing my heart would want!
 Let me seek shelter in my mother's arms. [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to the first view of the island
 where CONSTANTIA'S inscription is seen*

Enter FERDINAND.

No — never more shall these fond eyes behold
 her.

Lost, lost, my poor Constantia lost! — In vain
 I search these gloomy woods — In vain call out
 Her honour'd name to ev'ry hill and dale.

My

My eyes are false, or on the craggy base
 Of yonder rock some instrument appears,
 The mark of human kind — *[Takes it up.*
 A broken sword!
 Oh! all ye heav'nly pow'rs! — the very same —
 This once was mine — unfaithful to it's trust
 It fail'd me at my utmost need — I see
 The well known characters; the very words
 That form'd it's motto — 'tis, it is the same —
 Oh! were Constantia found! — what do I see?
 All o'er with hair the flinty rock bestrew'd! —
 These were her decent tresses — these in anguish
 She tore relentless from her beauteous head,
 Up by the roots she tore, and scatter'd wild
 To all the passing winds — she still may live! —
 Constantia? — my lov'd, — my life, return! —
 Constantia! — ha! — what mystic characters
 Are hewn into the rock? — my name appears —
[He reads.

STOP TRAVELLER.

HERE

CONSTANTIA,

WITH HER LITTLE INFANT,

SYLVIA,

WAS DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE PERFIDIOUS

FERDINAND;

WHO PRETENDING TO LAND HER

FOR REFRESHMENT

FROM

FROM THE DANGERS OF A STORMY SEA,
 BARBAROUSLY LEFT HER
 ON THIS UNHOSPITABLE ISLAND,
 WHERE SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

Support me, heav'n! — ah! no — withhold your
 aid,

Ye unrelenting pow'rs, and let me thus,
 Each vital spark subsiding, thus expire.

[Leans against the rock.]

Enter HENRICO.

HENRICO.

What ho! — my Ferdinand! — this way the
 found

Struck on my list'ning ear — what means my
 friend

Thus growing to the rock, transform'd to stone,
 A breathing statue, 'midst these shapeless piles? —

FERDINAND.

Henrico there! — read there! —

HENRICO.

Letters engrav'd! — *[He reads to himself as
 far as*

SHE ENDED HER DEPLORABLE LIFE.

Alas! my friend — *They gaze speechless at each
 other for some time, then Ferdinand falls.*

The storm of grief o'erpow'rs his feeble spirits.

Now

Now rouse thy strength, my Ferdinand, and
bear

This load of sorrow like a man. —

F E R D I N A N D.

I do —

Thou see'st I do — I do not weep, my friend —
These eyes are dry — their very source is dry —
— I am her cruel husband to the last. —

H E N R I C O.

Oh! thou wert ever kind and tender to her.

F E R D I N A N D.

Tender and kind! — look there! — there stands
— the black,
The horrid roll of guilt denounc'd against me.
Lo! the dread characters! — let me peruse
The whole sad record; of this bitter woe
Still deeper drink, and gorge me with affliction.

[He reads.

F R I E N D!

WHOE'ER THOU ART,

PITY MY WRONGS,

BUT AGAINST MY HUSBAND,

(FOR LOVE LIKE MINE CANNOT FORGET

WHERE ONCE WITH DELIGHT IT FIXED)

I CHARGE YOU NEVER MEDITATE R - - -

Revenge, she meant to say—the word's begun—
But death untimely stopt her hand—oh! misery!
She thought me false, and yet could love still—

The

The wound now pierces deeper — had she loath'd
me,

Abhorr'd me, curs'd me, 'twere not half the
torture

This angel-goodness causes — and to lose her!
To lose a mind like her's, that thus could pour
Such unexampled tenderness and love,
Amidst the keenest anguish — on the earth
Measure thy length, thou wretch accurst! —
there lie,

For ever lie, and to these woods and wilds
Howl out thy griefs in madness and despair.

— H E N R I C O.

I feel, I feel thy sorrows — oh! my friend, —
Cruel event! — your tears alas! are just —
Then let them flow, and let me mingle mine —
Your gushing sorrows may assuage your grief,
This storm of rage attemp'ring into peace.

F E R D I N A N D.

Who talks of peace? — let phrenzy seize my
brain —

Come, moon-struck madness, with thy glaring
eye,

And clanking chain; come, shoot thy kindling
fires

Into my utmost soul; — blast ev'ry thinking
pow'r;

Raze each idea out; — tear up at once
The seat of memory — no — leave me that —

Still leave me memory, to picture forth

Constan-

Constantia's lovely form, that I may sit
 With unclad sides, upon some blasted heath
 And gloat upon her image ; — see her still,
 See her whole days with fancy's gushing eye,
 And gaze on that alone —

H E N R I C O.

Arise my friend,
 And quit this fatal shore —

F E R D I N A N D.

And quit this shore !
 But whither turn ? — ah ! whither shall I go ? —
 Where shelter me from misery ? — this isle
 Shall be my journey's bound. —

H E N R I C O.

What can'st thou mean ?

F E R D I N A N D.

Never again to draw the vital air
 But where my love expir'd — to feed my soul
 With these sad objects, this sepulchral tale,
 Ev'n to the height of yet unheard-of anguish :
 To print my pious kisses on the rocks ;
 To bathe the ground, which her dear footsteps
 press'd,
 With the incessant tears of burning anguish ;
 To make these wilds all vocal with her name,
 Till this cold lifeless tongue shall move no more.

H E N R I C O.

By heav'n, you must not think —

F

FERDI-

FERDINAND.

Farewell! — farewell! —

Consult thy happiness! — for ever here

By fate I'm doom'd to stay — alas! Constantia! —

To perish with thy infant here! — no friend

To close thy ghastly orbs! — thy pale remains

On the bare earth expos'd, without the tribute

Of a fond husband's tears o'er thy dead corse; —

Without the last sad obsequies — yet here,

I still will raise an empty sepulchre.

There shall no cold unconscious marble form

In mockery of imitated woe

Bend o'er the fancy'd urn: myself will be

The sad, the pensive, monumental figure,

Distilling real anguish o'er the tomb;

Till wasting by degrees I moulder down,

And sink to silent dust. —

HENRICO.

What man could do,

Already you've perform'd —

FERDINAND.

Prithee, no more —

I will about it streight — this place affords

Materials for the work — Thither I'll bring

Whate'er can deck the scene — Constantia, yes,

I will appease thy discontented shade,

Then follow thee to yonder realms of bliss.

[Exit.

HENRICO.

HENRICO *solus.*

His vehemence of grief bears down his reason.
 He must not linger here — his stay were fatal —
 Force will be necessary — to our boat
 I'll hasten back and call some trusty friends
 To drag him from this melancholy shore.

END of the Second ACT.





A C T III.

The same scene continues.

Enter SYLVIA.



HRO' the befriending gloom of arch-
ing bow'rs,

Thro' walks, where never fun-beam
pierc'd, at length

I've gain'd this deep-encircled vale — ah! me!
I feel strange tremors still — she is not here —
Mama! — where can she be? — her mournful
task

Waits for her ling'ring hand — my dearest
mother —

She answers not — what noise is that? — me-
thought

I heard some steps advancing — 'tis my fawn
That rustles thro' the forest glade — he stops
And looks, then runs, and stops again to take
A fearful gaze — he too perhaps has seen
These unknown beings — yonder lo! he stands
In mute expressive wonder — heav'n protect me!
— Thro' this close path, that gradual winding

up

Leads

Leads on to plains, to woods, and verdant lawns
Embosom'd in the rock, I'll journey up —
The day now glows intense, but by the rills,
That thro' embow'ring groves come purling
down,

I oft can lay me, and enjoy each breeze
That plays amid those craggy scenes — a noise
From yonder interwoven branches — ha! —
Ye guarding angels, save me! — see, see there —
That thing again! —

Enter HENRICO.

HENRICO.

What beauteous form in these forlorn abodes
Attracts my wond'ring eyes? —

SYLVIA. — ! nam A

Ye heav'nly pow'rs! [*Retiring from him.*

HENRICO. —

It swims before my sight — whate'er thou art,
Virgin, or goddess — oh! a goddess sure! —
Thou goddess of these mansions! — for thy looks
Beam heav'nly radiance, with propitious ears
Accept my supplication —

SYLVIA.

Ha! — it speaks —
It speaks — what dost thou mean! —

HENRICO.

Oh! say what place,
What clime is this? — and what art thou that thus
Adorn'st this lonely mansion? —

SYLVIA.

S Y L V I A.

Will you first

Promise to come no nearer?

H E N R I C O.

With devotion

As true as ever pilgrim offer'd up

In holy fervor to his saint, — I promise.

S Y L V I A.

How gentle it's demeanor! — tell me now

What thing thou art?

H E N R I C O.

One born to misery; —

A man, whom fate —

S Y L V I A.

A man! — art thou a man?

H E N R I C O.

I am. —

S Y L V I A.

Oh! heav'ns! — a man! — protect me — save

me — *[Runs away.]*

H E N R I C O.

Nay, fly me not — a sudden impulse here

Bids me pursue — forgive, thou unknown fair,

That with soft violence I thus presume

To force thee measure back thy steps again.

[He brings her back.]

S Y L V I A.

Force me not thus, inhuman, barb'rous man —

What have I said — Oh! worthy gen'rous man,

Thus

Thus on my knees I beg, — have mercy on
me —

— I never did you harm — indeed I did not. —

H E N R I C O.

Arise, [*raises her*] thou lonely tenant of these
woods,

And let me thus, — thus as befits the man
Whose mind runs o'er with rapture and surprize,
Whose heart throbs wild with mingled doubt
and joy,

Thus let me worship this celestial form,
This heav'nly brightness, to my wond'ring eyes
That sheds such influence, as when an angel
Breaks thro' a flood of glory to the sight,
Of some expiring faint, and cheers his soul
With visions of disclosing heav'n.

S Y L V I A.

He kneels! —

He kneels to me! — how mild his very look —
How soft each word! — are you indeed a man? —

H E N R I C O.

I am, sweet saint — and one whose heart is prone
To melt at each idea beauty prints
On his delighted sense; and sure such beauty,
Touch'd by the hand of harmony, adorn'd
With inexpressive graces, well may claim
My lowliest adoration and my love.

S Y L V I A.

This language all is new; — but still it has
I know not what of charming in't, that gains

Upon

Upon the list'ning ear — If this be falshood ; —
Then falshood can assume a pleasing look.

H E N R I C O.

Why those averted eyes?

S Y L V I A.

What would you have?

H E N R I C O.

Oh! if thou art as gracious, as thou'rt fair,
Say have you seen Constantia? when and where,
And how did she expire? —

S Y L V I A.

Constantia lives —

Why didst thou say expire? — my mother lives,
Lives in these blest abodes —

H E N R I C O.

Ah! gentle Sylvia, —

So I will call thee, — daughter of Constantia,
Oh! fly and find her out — mean time I'll seek
Th'afflicted Ferdinand. —

S Y L V I A.

What dost thou say? —

Can he, can Ferdinand be here? — that false,
Perfidious, barb'rous man, — can he be here?

H E N R I C O.

He is, my fair; nor barbarous nor false.

Fortune that made him wretched, could no
more.

ANON

Anon you'll know the whole; to waste a moment.

In conference now, and longer to suspend
The meeting of this pair, who now in agony
Bemoan their lot, were barbarous indeed.

S Y L V I A.

But may I trust him? won't he do her harm?

H E N R I C O.

He won't, my beauteous fair. —

S Y L V I A.

Is he like you? —

H E N R I C O.

His goodness far transcends me —

S Y L V I A.

Then I think

I'll venture to comply — let's go together. —

H E N R I C O.

Oh! I could tend thy steps for ever; hear
Soft accents warbling from thy vermeil lip,
Watch thy mild-glancing eye; behold how
grace,

Whate'er you do, which ever way you bend,
Guides each harmonious movement; but this
hour

Is friendship's due; then let us instant fly
Thro' diff'rent paths — thou to seek out Con-
stantia,

And I to find her husband — haply so

G

Their

Their meeting will be speedier — farewell!
 I'll bring him to this very spot — adieu!
 For a short interval adieu, my love!

SYLVIA.

Farewell! — another word — pray what's your
 name?

HENRICO.

Fair excellence, Henrico I am call'd.

SYLVIA.

Pray do not tarry long, Henrico —

HENRICO.

Why

That pleasing charge, my sweet?

SYLVIA.

I cannot tell;
 But as you're leaving me, each step you move,
 My spirits sink; a melancholy gloom
 Darkens the scene around, and I methinks
 Helpless in solitude am left again
 To wander all alone a dreary way.

HENRICO.

Oh! I will come again, thou angel sweetness!
 Yes, I will come, and at that lovely shrine
 Pour out my adoration and my vows.
 Yes, I will come, to part from thee no more;
 A moment now farewell! — [Exit.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, *alone.*

Farewell! — be sure you keep your word —

He's gone,

And yet is with me still — absent I hear

And see him in his absence — still his looks

Beam with mild dignity, and still his voice

Sounds in my ear delightful — what it means,

This new-born sense, this wonderful emotion,

Unfelt till now and mix'd of pain and joy,

I cannot guess — how my heart flutters in me!

I'll not perplex myself with vain conjecture;

Whate'er the cause, th'effect, I feel, is pleasing.

[Constantia is heard singing within the scenes.

Oh! heav'ns! what noise! — it is my mother's

Voice ———

Again she pours her melancholy forth,

As sweetly plaintive as when sad Philomel,

Beneath some poplar shade, bemoans her young,

And sitting pensive on the lonely bough,

Her eye with sorrow dimm'd, she tunes her dirge,

Warbling the night away, while all around

The vocal woodland, and each hill and dale

Ring with her griefs harmonious — hark! —

that way

It sounds — all gracious pow'r's direct me to her.

[Exit.

A short song is heard within the scenes,

then enter CONSTANTIA.

From walk to walk, from glade to glade, o'er all

The sea-girt isle, o'er ev'ry mountain's top,

G 2

I roam

I roam from place to place ; but oh ; no place
 Affords relief to me — the sun now leads
 The sultry hours, and from his burning ray
 Each living thing retires ; yet I endure
 His fiercest rage. The fever in my mind
 Heeds not external circumstance, and time
 Witholds his medicinal aid — the trees,
 And rocks themselves his pow'ful influence
 own ;

— All but my grief — that, each succeeding
 day

Sees in my heart fresh bleeding as at first.
 Delay not thus, ye cruel fates, but come
 And wrap me in eternal rest. — Till then
 Let me pursue my melancholy task.

[Works at the inscription.]

Enter FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Away with their ill-tim'd, officious care.
 I'll none of it — 'tis cruelty not friendship —
 'Tis misery protracted, 'tis with art,
 Inhuman art, to lengthen out the life
 Of him who groans in torment — no — they
 never shall

Compel me back to a base world again ! —
 I've liv'd enough — my course is ended here —
 For here Constantia lies — ye heav'nly pow'rs !
 What means upon yon consecrat d ground
 That visionary form, with lifted arm
 And gleaming steel, that seems in act to carve
 The rugged stone ? —

CONSTAN-

CONSTANTIA.

What is't I hear! — a voice!
A groan! — from whence — ha!

[*Seeing Ferdinand.*]

FERDINAND.

'Tis, it is her ghost,
Her discontented shade that hovers still
About this place.

CONSTANTIA.

Avaunt, thou air-drawn shape
Of that Perfidious — ah! — [She faints away.]

FERDINAND.

Leave me not thus —
Oh! ever gracious, ever gentle, say —
'Tis gone — in sullen silence gone! —

Enter HENRICO.

HENRICO.

Quick let me find him, to his raptur'd ear
[*Laying hold of Ferdinand.*]
Give the delightful tidings — ha!

FERDINAND.

And thus
I sink at once and follow my belov'd,
[*Falls into Henrico's arms.*]

HENRICO.

He faints — He faints — the chilling dews of
death

Distil

Distil thro' ev'ry pore — my Ferdinand,
 Awake, arise, and hear the joyful sounds
 Of happiness restor'd — His eyes untold
 To seek fair day light, and now close again
 As if they sicken'd at the view —

F E R D I N A N D.

Forbear,
 And let me die! —

H E N R I C O.

Constantia lives — she lives
 Once more to fold thee in her warm embrace.

F E R D I N A N D.

I saw her fleeting ghost — sullen and pale
 It vanish'd from my sight —

C O N S T A N T I A.

Haunt me not thus
 Thou cruel tyrant form! — [*Coming to herself.*]

H E N R I C O.

Whence is that voice?
 Oh heav'ns — Constantia there! — she too
 entranc'd
 Lies stretch'd upon the ground —

F E R D I N A N D.

Where is Constantia?
 Oh! let me fly to her embrace — 'tis she —

To each passion she — *It*

It is my wife! — it is Constantia! — still,
— Oh! ecstasy of bliss? — she still survives —

CONSTANTIA.

'Tis mere illusion all; — the false creation
Of some deceitful dream —

FERDINAND.

'Tis real all —
Again I fold her thus — the known embrace
Hath thrill'd it's wonted transport to my heart.
My life, my soul, thy Ferdinand is come,

CONSTANTIA.

And com'st thou then, inhuman as thou art,
Com'st thou again to wreak thy falsehood on me?

FERDINAND.

By heav'n I ne'er was false — dash not my joys
With thy unkind suspicion of my love,
While thus transported far above the lot
Of human bliss, I press my lips to thine,
Inhaling balmy sweets, and all my soul
Runs o'er with joy, with wonder and delight.

CONSTANTIA.

Did'st thou not meanly leave me here a prey?

FERDINAND.

And can Constantia deem me then so base?
Can she believe me such a vile betrayer?
— Can'st thou? —

CONSTANTIA.

On this unhospitable shore
Left as I was —

FERDI-

FERDINAND.

Oh! misery! — thou we're
 While I was dragg'd by an insidious band
 Of pyrates, savage blood-hounds! into bondage
 But witness heav'n — witness ye midnight hours
 That heard my ceaseless groans, how her dear
 image

Grew to my very heart! —

CONSTANTIA.

And hast thou then
 Been doom'd to slavery?

FERDINAND.

I have.

CONSTANTIA.

And groan'd
 This long, long time beneath oppression's hand?

FERDINAND.

E'er since these eyes have gaz'd delighted on
 thee,
 The bitter draught of misery was mine.

CONSTANTIA.

And wert thou true indeed?

FERDINAND.

By heav'n I was.

CONSTANTIA.

And have I then accus'd thee? — have I pour'd
 A thousand strong complaints against thee? —
 called

High

High judging heav'n to witness to my wrongs,
 Told all these wilds, these rocks, these wood-
 crown'd hills
 Of injur'd truth and violated love?
 Falsely I talk'd, unjustly I complain'd
 Of injur'd truth and violated love,
 My Ferdinand was true — again 'tis giv'n
 With his lov'd form to glad these eyes, to rush
 With eager transport to his fond embrace,
 To cling around his neck, and growing to him
 Pour the warm tears of rapture and of love.

[They embrace.]

Enter SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I heard my mother's voice — what do I see?
 In a man's arms! — embracing and embrac'd!

FERDINAND.

Is that my Sylvia? — oh! it must be so —
 My child, my child survives! — survives to take
 A raptur'd father's blessing, and o'erpay
 His suff'rings past by his excess of joy,
 This interview of mingled tears and kisses.

[Embraces her.]

SYLVIA.

How gentle his deportment too! — I feel
 A soft attraction bind my soul to his.
 —Mama, are these the men, whom you describ'd
 Inexorable, cruel, fell deceivers? —

H

CONSTAN-

CONSTANTIA.

I was deceiv'd myself, my child; for truth,
Honour, and love, and constancy are theirs.
I now have proof of unexampled goodness

SYLVIA.

Indeed I strongly thought you wrong'd 'em
much,
When first Henrico met my wond'ring eyes.

FERDINAND.

Henrico is my friend, my best, Constantia,
And thou hereafter shalt know all his virtues.

SYLVIA.

And shall I know him too? —

HENRICO.

Thou shalt; — and I
Will live thy slave, if thou wilt deign to love me.

SYLVIA.

Love, you! — I know not what you mean by
love;

But if with pleasure to behold thee; if
To hang upon thy words; to mourn thy absence;
With joy to meet again, and feel my heart
Form new desires, and wish it knows not what,
If that be love — I do already love you —
I love you better than my fawn.

HENRICO.

How sweet

The voice of innocence — oh! thou shalt be, —
— My

—My friend will smile consent, — yes, thou fair
nymph,

Shalt be my bride —

S Y L V I A.

Your bride! — what's that?

H E N R I C O.

My wife. —

S Y L V I A.

No, sir, not that. — I crave your pardon there —

— I beg to be excus'd — I do not chuse

To be left helpless on a desert island.

C O N S T A N T I A.

Thy father did not leave me, Sylvia; — no; —

He could not prove deliberately false.

His heart was unsusceptible of fraud. —

— Anon you'll know it all. —

H E N R I C O.

Mean time, my fair,

Banish thy fears; and let me with this kiss

On the white softness of this lovely hand,

For ever dedicate my heart.

S Y L V I A.

Oh! heav'ns!

What must I do, Mama? —

C O N S T A N T I A.

Requite his love

With fair return of thine, —

H 2

S Y L V I A.

SYLVIA.

Must I do so! —

The task appears not undelightful — yes;
To thee I can resign myself — but tell me;
Wilt thou ne'er leave me? wilt thou ever here
Fix thy abode? —

HENRICO.

No; — we'll convey thee hence,
To the soft influence of a milder clime:
There, like a flow'r transplanted, thou shalt
flourish,
And ne'er regret this warmer southern sky,
But thrive and ripen, to the wond'ring world
Unfolding all thy sweets to higher bloom

SYLVIA.

What place is that? — and whither will ye bear
me?

FERDINAND.

To thy dear native soil — to England, love. —

SYLVIA.

To England!

HENRICO.

Yes! the land of beauteous dames;
'Mongst whom thy matchless excellence shall
shine
With undiminish'd radiance, and exert
It's gentle pow'r, by innocence endear'd,
By virtue heighten'd, and by modest truth
Attemper'd

Attemper'd to such sweetness, that each fair
 With unrepining heart, and glad consent
 Shall own thy rival claim; and ev'ry youth
 Touch'd by the graces of thy native beauty,
 Shall join to make thy form the public care.

S Y L V I A.
 I cannot quit this Island; — cannot leave
 These woods, these lawns, these hills and deep-
 ning vales,

These streams oft-visited, each well known haunt
 Where hand in hand with innocence I've stray'd,
 And tasted joys serene as in the air,
 That pants upon yon trembling leaves. —

F E R D I N A N D.

Such joys
 For thee shall blossom in thy native land,
 And new delights arise. — There cultur'd fields
 Wave with the golden harvest; commerce pours
 Each delicacy forth; there stately domes
 Attract the wond'ring eye; there cities swarm
 With busy throngs intense, and smiles around
 A scene of active, cheerful, social life.
 Thither I'll lead thee, sweet —

S Y L V I A.

And yet my heart
 Misgives me much: — does not contention there,
 And civil discord render life a scene
 Of care, and toil, and struggle? — does not
 war

From foreign nations oft invade the land,
 With all his train of misery and death?

F E R D I -

FERDINAND.

Thy lovely fears are groundless — ours the
 land
 Where inward peace diffuses smiles around,
 And scatters wide her blessings — there a
 king, —
 (My friend comes later thence, and tells me all)
 There reigns a happy venerable king in
 Dispensing justice and maintaining laws
 That bind alike his people and himself.
 From that source liberty and ev'ry claim
 A free-born people boast, flow equal on
 And harmonize the state; while in the eve
 And calm decline of life our monarch sees
 A royal grandson still to higher lustre
 Each day expanding; emulous to trace
 His grandsire's steps, to copy out his actions;
 And bid the ray of freedom onward stretch
 To ages yet unborn.

SYLVIA.

And do the people
 Know their own happiness?

FERDINAND.

They do, my sweet:
 Pleas'd they behold their native rights secur'd;
 Their commerce guarded, and the useful arts,
 That raise, that soften, and embellish life,
 All to perfection rising. With a sense

Of

Of their own blessing touch'd, with one consent
 They pour their treasures, and exhaust their
 blood

In their king's righteous cause; and Albion thus
 Raises her envied head; thus ev'ry threat
 Of foreign force, each menace of invasion
 From a vain, vanquish'd, disappointed foe,
 Like broken billows on her craggy cliffs,
 Shall murmur at her feet in vain. —

S Y L V I A.

Methinks
 I long to see this place —

F E R D I N A N D.

My Sylvia, yes,
 Thou shalt return — propitious gales invite —
 Come then, Constantia — oh! what mix'd emo-
 tions
 Heave in this bosom at the sight of thee? —

C O N S T A N T I A.

I too run o'er with ecstasy of joy,
 And tears must speak my happiness — I long
 To utter all my fond, fond thoughts; — to tell
 The story of my woes, and hear of thine;
 While at each word our hearts shall melt within
 us,
 And thrill with grief, with tenderness, and love.

F E R D I N A N D.

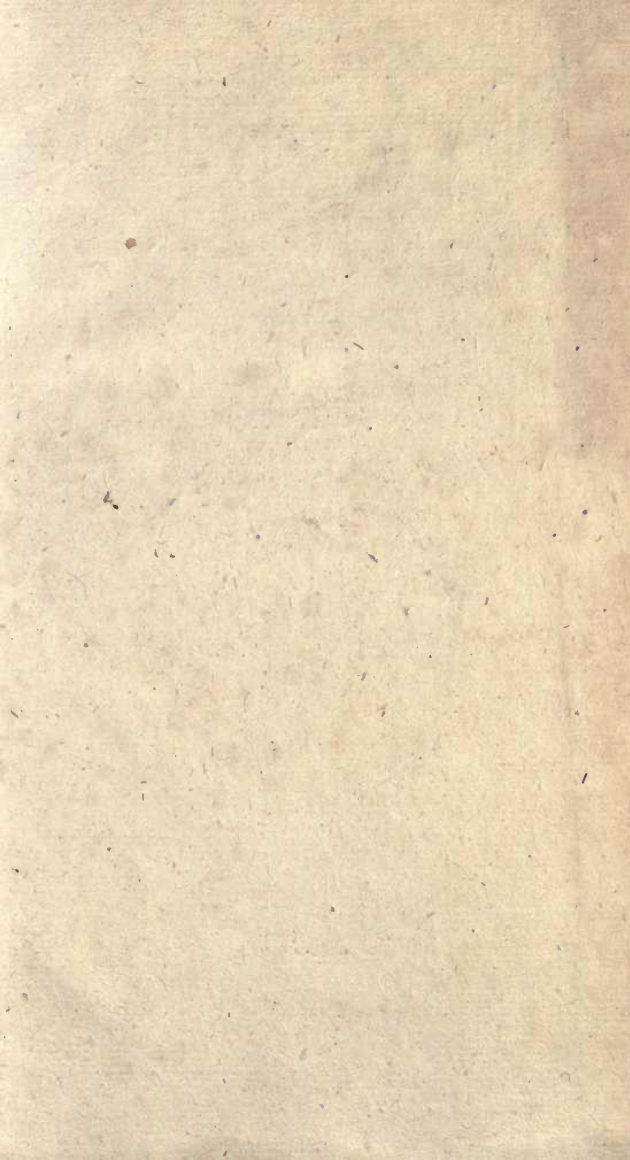
The tale shall serve us in our future hours
 Of tender intercourse, to sweeten pain,

To

To calm adversity, and reach our souls
 To bend in love, in gratitude, and praise
 To the All-good on high, who thus befriends
 The cause of innocence; who thus rewards
 Our suffering constancy; whose hand, tho' slow,
 Thus leads to rapture thro' a train of woe.

F I N I S.













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